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Harper's Magazine

THE CONTENTS FOR JUNE 1930

Frontispiece		
The Peculiar Weakness of Mr. Hoover	WALTER LIPPMANN	1
Secret Flowers. *A Poem*	KATHERINE MANSFIELD	7
The Desert Islander. *A Story*	STELLA BENSON	8
White Birches. *A Poem*	KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN	19
Step-Uncle Sam	LESLIE ROBERTS	20
A Defense of the English Climate	MARY BORDEN	28
Roosevelt and the War	OWEN WISTER	34
The Daughter of a Princess. *A Story*	CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE	50
Are Religious People Fooling Themselves?	HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK	59
Two Boys, a Gun, and a Dog	STEWART EDWARD WHITE	71
Those Vital Differences	KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD	79
After All. *A Story*	ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY	87
Aquarium. *A Poem*	HELENE MAGARET	97
The New Masculinism	LILLIAN SYMES	98
Vulnerable. *A Poem*	DOROTHY ALDIS	107
Where Is Aviation?	FRANCIS D. WALTON	108
On the Lake. *A Poem*	V. SACKVILLE-WEST	115
The Lion's Mouth		116
"Weighed and Found Wanting," by Charles A. Bennett — "The Professor Has An Idea," by R. S. Cotterill. Drawings by A. B. Walker.		
Editor's Easy Chair	EDWARD S. MARTIN	121
"Wanted: International Co-operation."		
Personal and Otherwise		125
Among the New Books	HARRY HANSEN	*Among Front Advertising Pages*
Where to Shop Section	JANE LORING	*Among Front Advertising Pages*
In the Financial World	PAUL TOMLINSON	*Among Back Advertising Pages*
Community and Industrial Opportunities	DON E. MOWRY	*Among Back Advertising Pages*
Travel News and Steamship Sailing Dates		*Among Back Advertising Pages*

Information about the authors whose contributions are printed in this issue of the Magazine will be found in the Personal and Otherwise department—Page 125

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

CLAUDE BOWERS showed in *The Tragic Era* that the time has come for a revaluation of political events which rankled in the memories of our fathers—the crises following the Civil War. Following this tack, H. J. Eckenrode has written *Rutherford B. Hayes: Statesman of Reunion*. The place of Hayes in American history is befogged by the smoke clouds that still hover over the political battlefield. But Mr. Eckenrode's study suggests that the perspective of distance will win for him his rightful place. He was a president of a thousand embarrassments. His very title was in dispute. Yet he was dignified through it all and held the reins of the government firmly in his hands. Mr. Eckenrode goes straight to the point of controversy over the Hayes-Tilden election, declaring that the election for Hayes was stolen through a plot hatched in the office of the old *New York Times*, and worked up by Zachariah and William E. Chandler. He gives little attention to the electoral commission which voted Hayes in, declaring that it was a foregone conclusion that the Democrats would be ushered out. But he strikes a new approach to Hayes and his times when he declares that no Democrat could successfully have reconciled the quarrelsome factions in the United States, and that tremendous upheavals, led by the veterans of the Civil War, might have resulted if Tilden had been seated. The country was still smarting from the Civil War, and hatreds were intense. This may to some extent explain the weak fight put up by Tilden, an honorable and kindly man, who suffered much in the political battles of the day. It is hard to credit to-day that the White House was ever in a state of disrepair, yet during the Hayes administration it was hardly representative of the nation's dignity and strength. Mr. Eckenrode writes: "There were crudities about the executive mansion in those days. Telephones were in the stage of infantile uselessness, typewriters not yet invented. Congress was too sullen during two years of the Hayes administration to make appropriations for the upkeep of the place and repairs were sadly needed after the ravages of sight-seers. The morning after every public reception men went around with baskets of crystal pendants to replace those taken from the chandeliers. The Hayeses could barely keep up appearances. They had to resort to reversing the ends of curtains and covering worn spots in the carpet with furniture to make the place pass muster as an executive mansion." The president had no privacy. Sometimes he locked himself in the bathroom to prepare some important state paper. Mr. Eckenrode relates that the Hayes occupation of the White House won the respect of the nation, although the worst that could be said of it was that it had been dull. Mr. Eckenrode sees in Hayes the first modern president—largely because he was less identified with the great issues of the past, such as slavery, than with those of the present, such as prohibition. "He was the forerunner by many years of Bryan and his grape-juice; prohibition as a presidential issue would have appealed to him." Strange to say, he bore no hatred against the South, although he was practically elected by men who wanted to see the South kept down at any terms, and South-baiting was a popular issue.

Among the New Books

This is the first in a series of books on American political leaders edited by Allan Nevins and published by Dodd, Mead and Co., to which David S. Muzzey, William Allen White, Frederic C. Howe, William A. Robinson, Geoffrey Parsons, and others will contribute. Among the books in preparation are biographies of Cleveland, Thomas Reed, Carl Schurz, Roosevelt, Blaine, Garfield, La Follette, Tilden, John Hay, McKinley, Chester A. Arthur, and Joseph Cannon.

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER'S LATEST

The Party Dress by Joseph Hergesheimer is a return to the manner of *Cytherea* and *The Bright Shawl*. After delving about in antiquarian lore and writing about the deep South, Mr. Hergesheimer has again removed the roof from the home of a well-to-do American couple and peered inside. He found there a restless married couple, in the fateful forties, the dangerous age for American matrimony. With his uncanny precision, Mr. Hergesheimer describes the lady taking her ablution, then dressing, then quarreling with her husband, who has provided well for her but finds it impossible to carry forward the love-making of his youth. The wife's aberration comes with the new dress—the first she has ever owned which came from Paris—and which somehow makes her alluring to men. We watch the fortunes of herself and of her husband, spun out with the usual Hergesheimer sagacity, drawn to an ironic close when both lose their dreams in reality. That the woman should have become the wanton and outraged the finer sensibilities of the man who wanted to love her is all in the Hergesheimer tradition; love that endures has little place in his tales, but passion that consumes crops up now and then with fatal consequences—no less in *The Party Dress* than in *Tampico* and *Cytherea*. An ironic commentary on married life, and on the pitiful aspirations of Americans who want to recapture the rapture of love in those years when youth is already in the middle distance. We do not catch, by grace of the author, the fascination of the lady who is so devastating; we have to watch her from the outside and take the author's word for it. He makes us feel that there is small hope for further intoxication once the fire of youth has burned itself out. Only the golf club remains, with its amenities and compensations. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN
Author of the "So You're Going" series, the latest of which is "So You're Going to Germany and Austria!"

JOHN MACY ON WOMEN

John Macy's contemplation of the lot of woman is detached and considerate, although not always complimentary. In *About Women* he has discussed the change that has come over woman in the last three centuries, or even more, with a fine urbanity. Several of the chapters in this book appeared originally in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. He is wholly favorable to the enlightenment of women, but wonders where she is going with her new knowledge. The embattled suffragettes, the feminists of pre-war days, have become complacent and maternal, and their daughters are not carrying banners and devising slogans. The new generation seems to have profited by the wider knowledge, but developed no aims and ambitions. Woman is still a luxury, and man is only too often her complaisant servitor. Mr. Macy is happy because the romantic ideal of woman has been disrupted; likewise, woman now knows her abilities, and man no longer takes advantage of her without her being aware what it's all about. He applauds sex knowledge, is grateful for the political and material independence of woman, yet finds her ineffective in politics because she follows the wrong directions, is easily sidetracked from main issues. What he wants is "masculism" as opposed to feminism; he hates "the increasing domination of the female" and believes

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The Negro in Washington

A Study in Race Amalgamation

by A. H. Shannon

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by Frank O. V. Acheson

(Simultaneous publication in New York, London, Auckland)

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Among the New Books

that men should assert themselves and reconquer some of their lost territory. It seems almost incongruous to ask that when the emancipation of woman from so many allegiances was done at the expense of the domination man had so long imposed upon her. Mr. Macy believes that women can no longer be led around by the nose by religious charlatans, that common sense is invading this sphere as all others. I think that what makes him criticize woman in politics is her adherence to prohibition. This is likely to interfere with the male thirst for some time to come. (William Morrow and Co.)

"ALEXANDER POPE"

A brilliant writer can shed luster on any life. Edith Sitwell, poet, becomes a poet's biographer in *Alexander Pope*, resuscitating one who has the repute of writing dull poetry. (Cosmopolitan Corporation.) Miss Sitwell's quarrel is with this judgment; to her Pope is brilliant, miraculous; his "Dunciad" and "The Rape of the Lock" are major poems in English literature. This gives her an opportunity to castigate those who have circulated the unfavorable opinions of Pope, and she does so with a right good will, landing heavily on Matthew Arnold who "overawes us with his goodness yet I do not know that any special act of kindness is ascribed to him." She thinks that Pope was not any worse than his time in the matter of personal journalism; that he suffered much because of his distorted body and chronic ailments, and that this was reflected in his writing. To attempt the rehabilitation of Pope's poetry at this stage is rather valiant, inasmuch as English literature has just accomplished, after two hundred years, its emancipation from the formal writing which Pope practiced; but Miss Sitwell has supported her opinion with illuminating comment, and even if much remains to be said in rebuttal, she has written a book which holds the reader's interest throughout. Pope's poetry alone would not have done this; but his career touched those of so many other poets, authors, and patrons of literature, and his friendships were so important that his life becomes a record of adventure. Miss Sitwell claims for him a great heart and a loyalty to friendship that has been obscured by the bickerings of later critics over the heroic couplet. *Alexander Pope* is a most readable biography, with an individual point of view.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM
Author of "Mogreb-el-Acksa, a Journey in Morocco," with an introduction by Edward Garnett

FRANK NORRIS

Those who recall the fascination with which they read Frank Norris's tales of American business life, *The Octopus* and *The Pit*, may now have an opportunity to refresh their memories, for both have just been reprinted by Doubleday, Doran & Co. Norris was a realist who gathered his materials at first hand—in the case of *The Pit* by interviewing men who took part in the great wheat crash that is the pivotal episode in his novel. Just how it stacks up to-day beside Arthur Train's *Paper Profits*, the story of the November crash in Wall Street, may now be judged. Certainly *The Pit* is just as consuming a story; it holds the interest to-day because Norris dealt with emotions of the human heart, with avarice, greed, ambition, fear, despair. Background has changed, but the methods of the grain markets have changed very little; characters now read other books, hear other music—*The Stones of Venice* mentioned by one of the characters in *The Pit* is hardly ever referred to now; Meredith is not of the moment; Silas Lapham is no longer a topic of conversation. "She spoke of the beauty of Ruskin's thoughts, of the gracefulness of Charles Lamb's style." There is talk about a yacht, buggies are in use, there is an organ. Electrical devices are coming in, but no radio, no motion pictures; it was, after all,

another world. But the firm hand of Norris is in every line of his writing; he was a competent American realist who bridged the gap between Howells and Dreiser.

"JOHNSON OF THE MOHAWKS"

A new study in American history, *Johnson of the Mohawks*, comes most opportunely. Many letters and documents dealing with the activities of Sir William Johnson in the Mohawk Valley before the Revolution have recently become available, and Arthur Pound has profited by their examination. He has written a lively biography in collaboration with Dr. Richard Day, editor of historical manuscripts for the State of New York. (Macmillan.) As superintendent of Indian affairs for the British Crown, Johnson was a redoubtable executive. He seems to have ruled with justice and common sense, pacifying the Indians with one hand and holding off rapacious colonists and corrupt officials with the other. In his own domain he was supreme and no man so thoroughly gained the confidence of the Mohawks. He was a constructive executive, building as he progressed, raising houses and allotting land to earnest settlers, teaching them how to get the best out of their acreage. The legends that cluster about his name deal more with his one hundred illegitimate children than his important acts, but Mr. Pound failed to find proof of the children, although Johnson installed different women in his house at Johnstown as his housekeepers and reared a large family. He was a successful squaw-man, and Molly Brant, the best-known of the women associated with his name, lived with him for twenty years, which can hardly be called a liaison. Molly was the half-sister of Joseph Brant, the Mohawk chief, who is sometimes called the son of Johnson, but of this Pound found only legend, no documentary evidence. The attempts of Johnson to adhere to the treaty of Fort Stanwix and his efforts to control the whites are laudable. Naturally his career was obscured by the Revolution, and further complicated by the fact that his sons and sons-in-law, thinking themselves defrauded, fought on the Tory side and later emigrated to Canada and England. He died in 1774, just before the issue burst into flame. Mr. Pound makes plain that he was a sagacious Irishman who controlled the gateway to the West; the best type of Irish politician of the eighteenth century. *Johnson of the Mohawks* is filled with entertaining sidelights on pioneer life

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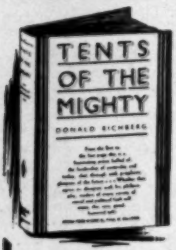

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before the Revolution. Johnson introduced many cultural innovations at his own house. Those who found Parkman fascinating will enjoy Pound's narrative, although it differs with Parkman's estimate of Johnson's character and work.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Our first inquiry this month concerns Abbé Ernest Dimnet, the author of *The Art of Thinking*, published by Simon and Schuster, 37 West 57th St., New York City, $2.50. As our correspondent has several questions about this writer which cannot be debated in this column, we suggest that Forrest C. MacConnell, Eden Park, R. I., write to the Abbé's publishers for the answers. . . . Miss E. Margery La Voo, Hannibal, Mo., we also must advise to write to the publisher for full information concerning *Hooper Dooper* by Frank Buckner, a spring publication of Barse & Co., Newark, N. J. It sells for $2.00. . . . We are sorry not to be able to locate the names of the publishers of Haywaid's translation into English of Goethe's *Faust*. If any of our readers can give us further information on this we shall be grateful. This book was requested by Melvin Ahlert, Chicago, Ill. . . . The question as to whether or not the characters of *Middletown* by Robert S. and Helen M. Lynd are real and knew that they were being dissected, and also whether or not Middletown itself is real and where it is located, can doubtless be best answered by the authors. A letter addressed to them, care of the publishers, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City, will be forwarded. Mr. J. G. Kinnerman, Goodland, Ind., sent in this request. The book *Middletown* sells for $5.00. . . . There is no book on the subject of the fifty best books chosen each year by the Institute of Graphic Arts. The *Publishers' Weekly*, 62 West 45th St., New York City, publishes the list. Whether or not they can supply F. C. Taylor, St. Louis, Mo., with back numbers since 1919 can be answered only by a direct request sent to them. Perhaps Mr. Taylor will have more success by going to the public library, which is certain to carry back numbers of this book-trade journal. . . . There is only one answer we can give to Mrs. C. L. Glessner, Blakely, Ga., and even then we are not sure that it is quite adequate. The American Library Association, 86 East Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., publishes booklets called *Reading with a Purpose*, listing titles of books on many subjects. These sell at 35 cents.

Among the New Books

If Mrs. Glessner had mentioned the topic which is under discussion at her study club we could doubtless have given her more definite information. . . . Those readers who have requested the publication date of *Arabesque*—the radio continued story that has been broadcast for some time over the Columbia Broadcasting System—will be interested to know that it is now available in book form—all the stories and poems by Yolande Longworthy. It is not sold at bookstores, but can be had by special request to Julius King, 122 East 42nd St., Suite 3706, New York City. The present price is $1.00. . . . Again the Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens controversy arises. This time to correct the statement of relationship. Wilkie and Charles Collins were brothers. Charles was the younger of the two. Charles became the son-in-law of Charles Dickens and not the brother-in-law. Thus our first statement concerning these people is proved correct. We wish to thank Mrs. W. S. Case, Hartford, Conn., and an anonymous correspondent for this correction.

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CHARACTER DEVELOPMENTAL VALUES OF THE SUMMER CAMP

By Mrs. Dwight L. Rogers

WE think of organized camping as something new, and set the date of its beginnings as not over thirty years ago.

Nevertheless, four thousand years ago a camping trip was undertaken with definite educational aims. In contrast to our maximum of two months, this trip lasted forty years. The Hebrews left Egypt a disorganized fleeing mob. They became through the experiences of those forty years that organized company, the steady rhythmic tread of whose feet brought down the walls of Jericho.

There are numerous analogies to be traced between the condition and development of this ancient people, and the condition and possible development of our own children. Their organization, their training in the laws of health and righteousness, all suggest stimulating comparisons to the student. We mention but one.

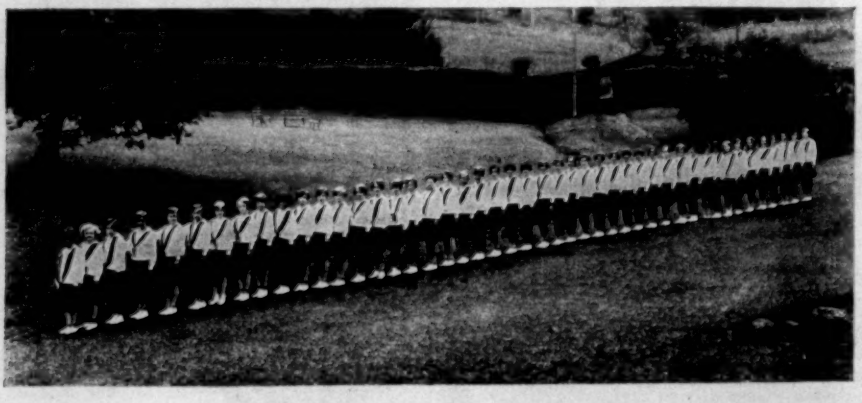
Moses led from Egypt a people slave-minded, weak in body and spirit, subservient yet rebellious, afraid of everything, vacillating, fretful, disorganized, dependent, possessing a group of traits which can all be classified together as "childish."

Children should doubtless be childish as well as childlike, but how pitiful is the case of the grown man or woman who is still mentally or emotionally childish! It is the proper task of every human being to become adult.

There is no place where the boy or girl can so painlessly or so surely take real strides toward this maturity as at a good camp.

The boy or girl at the pilot wheel, holding the sheet and tiller against wind and wave, is not only getting a thrill at the power under his hand and a lesson in elementary navigation but also a lesson in the making of decisions, in carrying responsibility. So, too, the planning of a gypsy trip, the cooking of food for the group over the camp fire, the sharing of many activities, the turning the raw material of wood or metal into a finished product of his own design, have developmental and character values beyond the joy of the occupation and the beauty of the result. The usual setting and program of a camp favors growth in its campers, even in the not infrequent case where the director fails to see the development of independent human beings as his objective.

The Promised Land stretches before every child. He longs for that time when he shall reach the estate of free choice, attain those privileges which he thinks of as the rights of "grown-ups." The camp which sees its opportunity clearly can go far in helping its campers in a happy purposeful march toward it.



See Personal and Otherwise, page 125.

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EIGHTY YEARS AGO

The Cover of the First Issue of Harper's Magazine, June, 1850

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Harpers Magazine

THE PECULIAR WEAKNESS OF MR. HOOVER

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

IN TELLING the story of a private life it is usually enough to describe the interaction of the hero's character with the circumstances in which he lived. But in the history of a public man there is a third element. That is the public character of the hero, the character, that is to say, which the public ascribes to him.

The triangle of fate, character, and reputation is peculiarly important in considering Mr. Hoover's first year of office. For to a greater degree than would be true, I think, of any other President, his reputation is a work of art. Mr. Hoover's ascent to the Presidency was planned with great care and assisted throughout by a high-powered propaganda of the very latest model. He is, in fact, the first American President whose whole public career has been presented through the machinery of modern publicity. The Hoover legend, the public stereotype of an ideal Hoover, was consciously contrived. By arousing certain expectations, the legend has established a standard by which the public judgment has estimated him; if, as I think most observers would admit, his first year ended in an atmosphere of mild disappointment, the cause in some measure at least was the inability of the real Hoover to act up to the standards of the ideal Hoover. Thus Mr. Hoover is blamed for not achieving things which nobody would ever have expected Mr. Coolidge to do.

In saying that Mr. Hoover's reputation was a work of art, I do not mean, of course, that it is a lie. I mean that it is an idealization, a portrait not of the man as he is but of his finest intentions and his greater abilities abstracted from the confusions of the flesh. The idealized Hoover exists in Mr. Hoover much as a play exists in the mind of a playwright before he has written it for production on Broadway.

The ideal Hoover was established by an efficient propaganda, and without the propaganda it is inconceivable that the miracle of Mr. Hoover's nomination could have been effected. The real man at the core of this idealization was not known to the American people at large, for he had never participated in the kind

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of political fighting which displayed his qualities. His great activities during the War were carried on in the abnormally uncritical atmosphere of wartime; in his subsequent career as Secretary of Commerce he was concerned with matters that are wholly mysterious to the mass of the people. Thus the real Hoover went to the White House accompanied by the ideal Hoover of the popular legend. In the White House the real Hoover struggling with sour circumstances and unmanageable passions must occasionally wish that his idealized reputation were at the bottom of the sea. For the ideal picture presents him as the master organizer, the irresistible engineer, the supreme economist. In the actuality these speculations deposited by the propaganda are like the toastmaster's introduction saying that John Smith will now get up and make the wittiest speech you have ever heard. It is depressing to be elevated too high, and it is depressing to be a master organizer with a disobedient Congress on your hands, or to be an irresistible engineer with wets and drys on the rampage, or a supreme economist at the tail end of a bull market. It is better to be lucky and unpretentious and to be admired, like Mr. Coolidge, for your deficiencies than to have to wear the hairshirt of your own idealism. The Woodrow Wilsons and the Herbert Hoovers who reach very high and arouse great expectations tempt the ironies of fate, and unless they do brilliantly well and have lots of luck, are often as much the victims of their disappointed admirers as of their avowed opponents.

The deliberation and the contrivance which went into creating the idealized Hoover are thoroughly consistent with Mr. Hoover's outlook on life. He has the peculiarly modern, in fact, the contemporary American, faith in the power of the human mind and will, acting through organization, to accomplish results. Mr. Hoover once delivered some semi-philosophical lectures in which he celebrated in orthodox fashion the traditional American laissez-faire individualism. He is, however, no true believer in letting nature take its course. He has not the piety, the skepticism, or the complacency which all true believers in laissez-faire have in some degree or other. In his world there must be a remedy for every wrong, a solution for every problem; there must always be something to do about everything. He may not know the remedies and solutions, he may even find it inexpedient to apply them, but he believes they can and will be found. He is a devotee of the religion of progress, of the faith that man can be master of his fate by studying, inventing, and arranging things. There have been other reformers in the White House but none, I think, who has had his peculiar reliance upon the power of the applied intelligence: the traditional American reformer is an apostle of the ancient righteousness like Roosevelt or of the messianic hope like Wilson. The popular acclaim which greeted the advent of an "engineer" to the Presidency was a recognition that at last a man had gone to the White House who believed that politics could be conducted by the kind of intelligence which has produced such excellent motor cars, airplanes, and refrigerators.

The faith that statesmanship could be made a branch of engineering would, of course, be more congenial to an engineer who had moved mountains of matter than to an experienced statesman who had tried to move mankind out of its ancient habits. The religion of progress is, in fact, a creed inspired by the history of man's triumphant conflict with matter plus a certain subconscious belief that as a source book of wisdom the history of man himself is bunk. The idea that human societies can be fabricated, that they can be rationally conceived, deliberately planned, and efficiently executed is one for which there is a ready market in contemporary America. Many circumstances conspired to make Mr. Hoover the embodiment of that idea. He is an idealist who has studied applied

science rather than history, a successful man who has lived on the frontiers of civilization, a promoter and engineer who has organized obedient subordinates, a public official baptized under the war dictatorship. Why should he not have entered office believing that human problems can be managed and arranged by the conferences of key men? The portrait of the ideal Hoover man was drawn from this model, and the difficulties of the real Hoover are in large measure due to the refusal of circumstances to fit the specifications.

Mr. Hoover's first year in office was marked by a series of major events which simply did not happen according to plan. He planned a limited revision of the tariff. He is getting a general revision. He planned a continuation of the prosperity which he had celebrated with a symphony of statistics. He got a first-class panic and depression. He planned to have prohibition quietly studied, largely ignored, and ultimately solved. He got an agitation which has made prohibition the paramount issue in those parts of the country where it hurts the most. In the light of the campaign talk, such an outcome is full of the most embarrassing ironies; and the Democrats cannot be blamed if they make the most of it. But there is a more interesting speculation than to dwell upon the contrast between promise and performance, and that is to ask why it is that events have so spectacularly eluded the control of a man who with fine purposes and high abilities had set himself the ideal of controlling them.

II

My own notion is that a close examination of Mr. Hoover's conduct in the critical matters will disclose a strange weakness which renders him indecisive at the point where the battle can be won or lost; further examination would show too, I think, that this weakness appears at the point where in order to win he would have to intervene in the hurly-burly of conflicting wills which are the living tissue of popular government; that he is baffled and worried, and his action paralyzed by his own inexperience in the very special business of democracy. When the decision lies in his own hands, he is happy and effective; in the questions which are not controversial, in making appointments which are not seriously challenged, he acts easily and with high intelligence. If his Administration were to be judged by these standards, it would rank among the most distinguished of our generation. But it is in the controversial questions that the real test comes.

The difficulty which most effects his immediate political fortunes is, of course, the depression in business. Mr. Hoover was elected when the boom was near its peak and the stock speculation was still rising to greater and greater heights. He took office at a time when the most experienced business men, bankers, and economists were pointing out the symptoms of extreme danger. Their voices were drowned out, of course, in the frenzied speculation; nevertheless, at the center, in the heart of the financial district, in the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the unpopular but sound view predominated, and, as we now know, efforts were made by that bank to stop the financial hysteria before the inevitable collapse occurred. The record recently disclosed shows that these efforts were vetoed from Washington during the early months of Mr. Hoover's administration, and that preventive measures were not authorized until it was too late to avert the crash.

These vetoes came from a board of which Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury is a member, a board so constituted that it could hardly fail to listen to any clear leadership from the President. One need not underestimate the risks of such leadership; under the circumstances a bold policy of deflation of stock prices would have made the administration intensely unpopular among a people the majority of whom seemed to

be committed to bullish speculation. I do not know of any President who would have taken the risks of such a policy, but we have had no President, on the other hand, who made quite the same claims to an understanding of how to maintain prosperity. We must assume that Mr. Hoover saw the dangers in the spring of 1929; to assume the opposite would be to doubt his reputation for economic wisdom. We must assume that he knew what steps ought to be taken to stop the speculation before it got completely out of hand, for the steps were laid before the Board on which Mr. Mellon sits. We are compelled to conclude that he shrank from facing the uproar and that he let matters drift until the fever had run so high in the late summer that action designed to avert the crash then appeared simply to bring it on. Except by the standards of the ideal Hoover, this indecision cannot be criticized too severely. For it would have taken a political superman to break a boom when almost everybody thought he was making money. No statesman in time of peace could have faced a severer test, and few indeed could have met it.

Mr. Hoover began to function on the maintenance of prosperity after prosperity had disappeared. He then improvised an impressive emergency relief organization. Then there was no controversy to face out. The post-panic situation was one in which he was thoroughly at home. Party lines, sectional lines, class lines were wiped out for the moment. It was like the days following the floods, the famines, the earthquakes amid which Mr. Hoover had his schooling in public affairs. I do not know, I do not suppose it is possible to know, how effective his emergency actions were. They certainly steadied people's nerves and undoubtedly prevented the panic from spreading. At any rate, he applied decisively the remedies which economic science prescribed. More than that could not be asked of any man. If they were not altogether effective, the fault lies not with Mr. Hoover but with the state of economic science.

The real point is that when economic knowledge could be applied only at the risk of a terrific controversy, Mr. Hoover shrank from applying it; when there was no controversy, but only a unanimity of feeling that something should be done, Mr. Hoover applied the teaching of economic science without further hesitation.

III

The same dualism appears in his attitude toward farm relief. When it was a question of laying down principles he was clear and decisive and confident in his own theoretical wisdom. "Certain vital principles," he said, "must be adhered to." There must be no undermining of private initiative, there must be no buying or selling or price-fixing through any government agency, there must be no lending of government funds or duplication of facilities where credit and facilities are already available at reasonable rates, there must be no activities which would result in increasing the surplus production. This was the plan in April. A few weeks later Congress passed the Agricultural Marketing Act providing for a Federal Farm Board. The President selected an able Board. In October cotton and grain prices fell below the prices obtaining when the Board was established. The powerful Farm Bloc demanded action. It demanded what it has always demanded—governmental price fixing. Here was a direct challenge to Mr. Hoover's principles, plans, and economic philosophy. The principles, plans, philosophy were scrapped, and the Farm Board embarked on a policy which was nothing less than the use of Treasury funds for a gigantic speculation aimed at price fixing of commodities. Every one of Mr. Hoover's "vital principles" was ignored. For Mr. Hoover had no taste for a head-on collision with the Farm Bloc.

The third great economic question which he faced was tariff revision. Again he laid out the plan. There was to be

limited revision only. His party in Congress ignored him and proceeded to make a general revision upward to the highest levels in the history of tariff making. In June Mr. Hoover was challenged by a coalition of Democrats and Western Republicans to intervene and hold Congress to the pledge of limited revision. It would have meant a collision with a faction of his own party. Mr. Hoover ignored the opportunity, and from that moment on he had lost control of both factions of his own party and of the whole situation in Congress. The prospect of a controversy with his own party silenced him, and as far as one can judge by his public acts he abdicated all claims to leadership in the tariff battle.

At one significant point he did, however, intervene, and that was on the question of his own powers under the flexible clause. Having refused the burden of leading Congress to the kind of tariff he desired, he asked Congress to give him the power to revise the tariff himself. He felt, and practically told the country in so many words, that he could write a better tariff bill than Congress was likely to write; why then waste time and effort with Congress when the thing could be done so much more efficiently by an honest, an able, and a far-seeing President? Nothing could more pertinently reveal his aversion from the processes of popular government and his profound desire to escape them.

Because of this proposal Mr. Hoover was denounced by partisan opponents as a usurper of constitutional privileges. I happen to think that Presidential tariff-making is a usurpation. But I am satisfied that Mr. Hoover's motives were not those of an excessively self-confident man. On the contrary they seem to me to be those of a man who is excessively diffident in the presence of the normal irrationality of democracy. The unreasonableness of mankind is not accounted for in Mr. Hoover's philosophy. He does not have Mr. Coolidge's sincere acceptance of human selfishness, or the capacity of a Roosevelt and a Wilson to fight fire with fire, passion with passion, slogans with slogans. When he feels the raw impact of mankind Mr. Hoover will seek to circumvent it or ignore it. In the realm of reason he is an unusually bold man; in the realm of unreason he is, for a statesman, an exceptionally thin-skinned and easily bewildered man. Thus he would rather write a tariff bill himself than attempt to hold his party to his pledges; he will express himself with the utmost boldness on the theoretical danger of price-fixing and then find himself utterly unable to stop his Farm Board from speculating in wheat in order to fix the price. For while he could run the Farm Board himself, he has no aptitude for running the interests which run the Farm Board.

The north pole in the realm of unreason is, of course, the prohibition question. Mr. Hoover began, when he first had to deal with the question as a candidate, with what in his philosophy would be a highly reasonable proposal. Let us, he said, regard prohibition as an experiment aimed to achieve a noble purpose. Let us concede that the experiment has developed grave abuses. Let us, therefore, agree to examine all the facts and then proceed to solve the problem. It did not take him long to discover that this reasonable procedure had no genuine connection with the actual prohibition problem, and that, in truth, prohibition was a gigantic conflict of wills. The forces engaged are fired with a zeal that puts them upon a wholly different plane from that on which reasonable inquiry can be conducted; in that conflict reason is a weapon of war and not an instrument of truth. The problem presented by this conflict of wills is just the kind of problem for which Mr. Hoover has the greatest distaste and the least native equipment. My own impression is that he regards both wets and drys as substantially insane, that he regards passionate conviction about prohibition as foolish, and that what he would best like to do about prohibition is to do nothing, since

there is nothing he can do without getting into a brawl. But popular government being what it is, brawling about prohibition is the order of the day.

By the rough judgments of politics Mr. Hoover finds himself set down as an irresolute and easily frightened man. His opponents believe that he shrinks from attack and that he will not fight back. They feel that the faction which first takes the offensive boldly will force his consent, that he fears denunciation and immediate criticism more than the ultimate defeat of his policies. Thus, because he shrinks from attack he invites it; though he occupies the most powerful office in the world, he does not impress the politicians with whom he deals as formidable. Here and there, by the influence of his bolder associates, he has, as in the Shearer incident, experimented with the strategy of using the offensive as the best defense, but normally in his first year he has let the opposition choose the weapons and the theater of war.

IV

Yet Mr. Hoover, though his conduct in office is that of a weak man, is not really a weak man. His public career for the last fifteen years is that of a man willing to face the most difficult tasks and to shoulder responsibilities that would terrify most men. A timid man would have shrunk from the risks of the Belgian relief; a weak and calculating man would have sought some other task in the War than that of reducing the popular consumption of food. Mr. Hoover at the Peace Conference, Mr. Hoover in the post-war relief operations, Mr. Hoover developing the Department of Commerce, Mr. Hoover taking on the disagreeable extra jobs during the Harding administration, may be subject to criticism for this or that; but that he was bold and self-confident beyond the ordinary cannot, I think, be questioned.

The weakness Mr. Hoover has displayed as President is a specific, not a general, weakness. He is weak in the presence of politics and politicians. Even during the War, when his fame was worldwide and his prestige incalculably great, it was known in Washington that the attack of a relatively obscure man like Senator Reed of Missouri could rattle him for days. He can face with equanimity almost any of the difficulties of statesmanship except the open conflict of wills; he falters only when he has to act in the medium of democracy.

Mr. Hoover, in spite of his vast experience of many things, has had very little experience in the art of government. He has never before been elected to any office. He has never been a legislator, a mayor, a governor. His weakness seems to me to be due to just the kind of uncertainty which might be expected of a man who suddenly finds himself in a strange environment, especially a conscientious, tender-minded, thin-skinned man to whom the behavior of the crowd is alarming because it is alien. Such a man would find it difficult to function at his full capacity until he had accustomed himself to the weird atmosphere of politics, had grown used to its maneuvers, its intrigue, and its special scale of values, and had got over the first impression that politicians, the press, the undifferentiated crowd are lions, tigers, and a stampede of wild elephants.

If intelligence and the capacity to learn are enough, Mr. Hoover may master this weakness of inexperience. If it is possible to acquire the art of politics late in life by rational induction, instead of through one's pores, as the natural politicians like Roosevelt and Al Smith acquire the art, then Mr. Hoover's first year may turn out to have been, not a mere series of considerable failures, but a very intensive, rather expensive, political education.

Should this happen it will be a conclusive demonstration of the fallaciousness of the popular notion that the art of governing is something which any competent business man, lawyer, or engineer can do better than an experienced politician. It is true, of course, that a

politician who is ignorant of business, law, and engineering will move in a closed circle of jobs and unrealities. It is also true—and the history of the Hoover legend illustrates it—that governing human societies is a thing in itself, with its own aptitudes, its own kind of training, its own fund of wisdom and tradition. The popular notion that administering a government is like administering a private corporation, that it is just business, or housekeeping, or engineering, is a misunderstanding. The political art deals with matters peculiar to politics, with a complex of material circumstances, of historic deposit, of human passion, for which the problems of business or engineering as such do not provide an analogy.

It is, I think, a realization that he has not yet mastered the political art which accounts for Mr. Hoover's peculiar weakness in meeting the controversial issues of his first year.

SECRET FLOWERS

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

IS love a light for me? A steady light,
A lamp within whose pallid pool I dream
Over old love-books? Or is it a gleam,
A lantern coming towards me from afar
Down a dark mountain? Is my love a star?
Ah me! so high above—so coldly bright!

The fire dances. Is my love a fire
Leaping down the twilight ruddy and bold?
Nay, I'd be frightened of him. I'm too cold
For quick and eager loving. There's a gold
Sheen on these flower petals as they fold
More truly mine, more like to my desire.

The flower petals fold. They are by the sun
Forgotten. In the shadowy wood they grow
Where the dark trees keep up a to-and-fro
Shadowy waving. Who will watch them shine
When I have dreamed my dream? Ah, darling mine!
Find them, gather them for me one by one.

THE DESERT ISLANDER

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

CONSTANTINE hopefully followed the Chinese servant through the unknown house. He felt hopeful of success in his plan of begging this Englishman for help, for he knew that an Englishman, alone among people of a different color (as this Englishman was alone in this south China town), treated the helping of stray white men almost as part of the White Man's Burden. But even without this claim of one lonely white man upon another, Constantine would have felt hopeful. He knew himself to be a man of compelling manner in spite of his ugly, too long face and his ugly, too short legs.

As Constantine stumped in on his hobnailed soles, Mr. White—who was evidently not a very tactful man—said, "Oh, are you *another* deserter from the Foreign Legion?"

"I am Constantine Andreievitch Soloviev," said Constantine, surprised. He spoke and understood English almost perfectly (his mother had been English) yet he could not remember ever having heard the word *another* applied to himself. In fact it did not—could not possibly—so apply. There was only one of him, he knew.

Of course, in a way there was some sense in what this stupid Englishman said. Constantine had certainly been a *légionnaire* in Tonkin up till last Thursday—his narrow pipe-clayed helmet, stiff khaki greatcoat, shabby drill uniform, puttees, brass buttons, and inflexible boots were all the property of the French government. But the core—the pearl inside this vulgar, horny shell—was Constantine Andreievitch Soloviev. That made all the difference.

Constantine saw that he must take this Didymus of an Englishman in hand at once and tell him a few exciting stories about his dangerous adventures between the Tonkin border and this Chinese city. Snakes, tigers, love-crazed Chinese princesses and brigands passed rapidly through his mind, and he chose the last, because he had previously planned several impressive things to do if he should be attacked by brigands. So now, though he had not actually met a brigand, those plans would come in useful. Constantine intended to write his autobiography some day when he should have married a rich wife and settled down. Not only did his actual life seem to him a very rare one but, also, lives were so interesting to make up.

Constantine was a desert islander—a spiritual Robinson Crusoe. He made up everything himself and he wasted nothing. *Robinson Crusoe* was his favorite book—in fact, almost the only book he had ever read—and he was proud to be, like his hero, a desert islander. He actually preferred clothing his spirit in the skins of wild thoughts that had been the prey of his wits and sheltering it from the world's weather in a leaky hut of his brain's own contriving to enjoying the good tailoring and housing that dwellers on the mainland call experience and education. He enjoyed being barbarous, he enjoyed living alone on his

island, accepting nothing, imitating nothing, believing nothing, adapting himself to nothing—implacably home-made. Even his tangible possessions were those of a marooned man rather than of a civilized citizen of this well-furnished world. At this moment his only luggage was a balalaika that he had made himself out of cigar boxes, and to this he sang songs of his own composition—very imperfect songs. He would not have claimed that either his songs or his instrument were better than the songs and instruments made by song-makers and balalaika-makers; they were, however, much more rapturously *his* than any acquired music could have been and, indeed, in this as in almost all things, it simply never occurred to him to *take* rather than *make*. There was no mainland on the horizon of his desert island.

"I am not a beggar," said Constantine. "Until yesterday I had sixty piasters which I had saved by many sacrifices during my service in the Legion. But yesterday, passing through a dark forest of pines in the twilight, about twenty versts from here, I met—"

"You met a band of brigands," said Mr. White. "Yes, I know . . . you all say that."

Constantine stared at him. He had not lived, a desert islander, in a crowded and over-civilized world without meeting many rebuffs, so this one did not surprise him—did not even offend him. On the contrary, for a minute he almost loved the uncompromising Mr. White, as a sportsman almost loves the chamois on a peculiarly inaccessible crag. This was a friend worth a good deal of trouble to secure, Constantine saw. He realized at once that the desert islander's line here was to discard the brigands and to discard noble independence.

"Very well then," said Constantine. "I did *not* meet brigands. I *am* a beggar. I started without a penny and I still have no penny. I hope you will give me something. That is why I have come." He paused, drawing long pleased breaths through his large nose. This, he felt, was a distinctly self-made line of talk; it set him apart from all previous deserting *légionnaires*.

Mr. White evidently thought so too. He gave a short grunting laugh. "That's better," he said.

"These English," thought Constantine lovingly. "They are the next best thing to *being* originals, for they *admire* originals." "I like you," he added extravagantly, aloud. "I like the English. I am so glad I found an Englishman to beg of instead of an American—though an American would have been much richer than you are, I expect. Still, to a beggar a little is enough. I dislike Americans; I dislike their women's wet fingernails."

"Wet fingernails?" exclaimed Mr. White. "Oh, you mean their manicure polishes. Yes . . . they *do* always have wet fingernails . . . ha, ha . . . so they do. I should never have thought of that myself."

"Of course not," said Constantine, genuinely surprised. "*I* thought of it. Why should *you* have thought of it?" After a moment he added, "I am not a gramophone."

Mr. White thought that he had said, "Have you got a gramophone?" and replied at once with some pleasure, "Yes, I have—it is a very precious companion. Are you musical? But of course you are, being Russian. I should be very lonely without my daily ration of Chopin. Would you like some music while the servants are getting you something to eat?"

"I should like some music," said Constantine, "but I should not like to hear a gramophone. I will play you some music—some unique and only music on a unique and only instrument."

"Thank you very much," said Mr. White, peering doubtfully through his glasses at the cigar-box balalaika. "What good English you speak," he added, trying to divert his guest's attention from his musical purpose. "But all Russians, of course, are wonderful linguists."

"I will play you my music," said Constantine. "But first I must tell you that I do not like you to say to me, 'Being Russian you are musical' or 'All Russians speak good English.' To me it seems so stupid to see me as one of many."

"Each one of us is one of many," sighed Mr. White patiently.

"*You*, perhaps—but *I*, not," said Constantine. "When you notice my English words instead of my thoughts it seems to me that you are listening wrongly—you are listening to sounds only, in the same way as you listen to your senseless gramophone—"

"But you haven't heard my gramophone," interrupted Mr. White, stung on his darling's behalf.

"What does it matter what sounds a man makes—what words he uses? Words are common to all men; thoughts belong to one man only."

Mr. White considered telling his guest to go to hell, but he said instead, "You're quite a philosopher, aren't you?"

"I am not quite an anything," said Constantine abruptly. "I am me. All people who like Chopin also say, 'You're quite a philosopher'."

"Now you're generalizing, yourself," said Mr. White clinging to his good temper. "Exactly what you've just complained of my doing."

"Some people *are* general," said Constantine. "Now I will play you my music, and you will admit that it is not one of many musics."

He sang a song with Russian words which Mr. White did not understand. As a matter of fact, such was Constantine's horror of imitating, that the words of his song were just a list of the names of the diseases of horses, learned while Constantine was a veterinary surgeon in the Ukraine. His voice was certainly peculiar to himself; it was hoarse—so hoarse that one felt as if a light cough or a discreet blowing of that long nose would clear the hoarseness away; it was veiled, as though heard from behind an intervening stillness; yet with all its hoarseness and insonorousness, it was flexible, alive, and exciting. His instrument had the same quality of quiet ugliness and oddity; it was almost enchanting. It was as if an animal—say, a goat—had found a way to control its voice into a crude goblin concord.

"That's my music," said Constantine. "Do you like it?"

"Frankly," said Mr. White, "I prefer Chopin."

"On the gramophone?"

"On the gramophone."

"Yet one is a thing you never heard before and will never hear again—and the other is a machine that makes the same sound for millions."

"I don't care."

Constantine chewed his upper lip for a minute, thinking this over. Then he shook himself. "Nevertheless, I like you," he said insolently. "You are almost a person. Would you like me to tell you about my life, or would you rather I explained to you my idea about Zig-zags?"

"I would rather see you eat a good meal," said Mr. White, roused to a certain cordiality—as almost all Anglo Saxons are—by the opportunity of dispensing food and drink.

"I can tell you my Zig-zag idea while I eat," said Constantine, leading the way towards the table at the other end of the room. "Are you not eating too?"

"I'm not in the habit of eating a meat meal at ten o'clock at night."

"Is not being 'in the habit' a reason for not doing it now?"

"To me it is."

"Oh—oh—*oh*—I wish I were like you," said Constantine vehemently. "It is so tiring being me—having no guide. I *do* like you."

"Help yourself to spinach," said Mr. White crossly.

"Now shall I tell you my Zig-zag idea?"

"If you can eat as well as talk."

Constantine was exceedingly hungry; he bent low over his plate, though he

sat sideways to the table, facing Mr. White, ready to launch a frontal attack of talk. His mouth was too full for a moment to allow him to begin to speak, but quick, agonized glances out of his black eyes implored his host to be silent till his lips should be ready. "You know," he said, swallowing hurriedly, "I always think of a zig-zag as going *downwards*. I draw it in the air, *so* . . . a straight honest line, then—see—a diagonal subtle line cuts the air away from under it—*so*. . . . Do you see what I mean? I will call the *zig* a *to*, and the *zag* a *from*. Now—"

"Why is one of your legs fatter than the other?" asked Mr. White.

"It is bandaged. Now, I think of this zig-zag as a diagram of human minds. Always human minds are *zigs* or *zags*—a *to* or a *from*—the brave *zig* is straight, *so* . . . the cleverer, crueller *zag* cuts away below. So are men's—"

"But why is it bandaged?"

"It was kicked by a horse. Well, so are men's understandings. Here I draw the simple, faithful understanding—and here—*zag*—the easy, clever understanding that sees through the simple faith. Now below that—see—*zig* once more—the wise, the serene, and now a *zag* contradicts once more; this is the cynic who knows all answers to serenity. Then below, once more—"

"May I see your leg?" asked Mr. White. "I was in an ambulance unit during the war."

"Oh, what is this talk of legs?" cried Constantine. "Legs are all the same; they belong to millions. All legs are made of blood and bone and muscle—all vulgar things. Your ambulance cuts off legs, mends legs, fits bones together, corks up blood. It treats men like bundles of bones and blood. This is so dull. Bodies are so dull. Minds are the only onliness in men."

"Yes," said Mr. White. "But minds have to have legs to walk about on. Let me see your leg."

"Very well, then, let us talk of legs. We have at least legs in common, you and I."

"Hadn't you got more sense than to put such a dirty rag round an open wound?"

"It is not dirty; it is simply of a gray color. I washed it in a rice field." Constantine spoke in a muffled voice from somewhere near his kneecap, for he was now bent double, whole-heartedly interested in his leg. "I washed the wound too, and three boils which are behind my knee. This blackness is not dirt; it is a blackness belonging to the injury."

Mr. White said nothing, but he rose to his feet as though he had heard a call. Constantine, leaving his puttee in limp coils about his foot like a dead snake, went on eating. He began to talk again about the zig-zag while he stuffed food into his mouth, but he stopped talking soon, for Mr. White was walking up and down the long room and not pretending to listen. Constantine, watching his host restively pacing the far end of the room, imagined that he himself perhaps smelled disagreeable, for this was a constant fear of his—that his body should play his rare personality this horrid trick. "What is the matter?" he asked anxiously, with a shamed look. "Why are you so far?"

Mr. White's lazy, mild manner was quite changed. His voice seemed to burst out of seething irritation. "It's a damn' nuisance, just now. It couldn't happen at a worse time. I've a great deal of work to do—and this fighting all over the province makes a journey so damn'—"

"What is so damn'?" asked Constantine, his bewilderment affecting his English.

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. White, standing in front of Constantine with his feet wide apart and speaking in an angry voice. "You're going to bed now in my attic, and to-morrow at daylight you're going to be waked up and driven down in my car, by me (damn it!) to Lao-chow, to the hospital—a two days'

drive—three hundred miles—over the worst roads you ever saw."

Constantine's heart gave a sickening lurch. "Why to hospital? You think my leg is dangerous?"

"If I know anything of legs," said Mr. White rather brutally, "the doctor won't let you keep that one an hour longer than he has to."

Constantine's mouth began instantly to tremble so much that he could scarcely speak. He thought, "I shall die—I shall die like this—of a stupid black leg—this valuable lonely me will die." He glared at Mr. White, hungry for consolation. "He isn't valuable—he's one of many . . . of course he could easily be brave."

Mr. White, once more indolent and indifferent, led the little Russian to the attic and left him there. As soon as Constantine saw the white sheets neatly folded back, the pleasant blue rugs squarely set upon the floor, the open wardrobe fringed with hangers he doubted whether, after all, he did value himself so very much. For in this neat room he felt betrayed by this body of his—this unwashed, unshaven, tired body, encased in coarse dirty clothes, propped on an offensive, festering leg. He decided to take all his clothes off, even though he had no other garment with him to put on; he would feel more appropriate to the shiny linen in his own shiny skin, he thought. He would have washed, but his attention was diverted as he pulled his clothes off by the wound on his leg. Though it was not very painful, it made him nearly sick with disgust now. Every nerve in his body seemed on tiptoe, alert to feel agony, as he studied the wound. He saw that a new sore place was beginning, well above the knee. With only his shirt on, he rushed downstairs, and in at the only lighted doorway. "Look—look," he cried. "A new sore place. . . . Does this mean the danger is greater even than we thought?"

Mr. White, in neat blue-and-white pajamas, was carefully pressing a tie in a tie-press. Constantine had never felt so far away from a human being in his life as he felt on seeing that tie-press, those pajamas, those monogrammed silver brushes, that elastic apparatus for reducing exercises that hung upon the door.

"Oh, go to bed," said Mr. White irascibly. "For God's sake, show a little sense."

Constantine was back in his attic before he thought, "I ought to have said, 'For God's sake, show a little *non*sense yourself.' Sense is so vulgar."

Sense, however, was to drive him three hundred miles to safety, next day.

All night the exhausted Constantine, sleeping only for a few minutes at a time, dreamed trivial, broken dreams about establishing his own superiority, finding, for instance, that he had after all managed to bring with him a suitcase full of clean, fashionable clothes, or noticing that his host was wearing a filthy bandage round his neck instead of a tie.

Constantine was asleep when Mr. White, fully dressed, woke him next morning. A clear, steely light was slanting in at the window. Constantine was always fully conscious at the second of waking, and he was immediately horrified to see Mr. White looking expressionlessly at the disorderly heap of dirty clothes that he had thrown in disgust on the floor the night before. Trying to divert his host's attention, Constantine put on a merry and courageous manner. "Well, how is the weather for our motor car jaunt?"

"It could hardly be worse," said Mr. White placidly. "Sheets of rain. God knows what the roads will be like."

"Well, we are lucky to have roads at all, in this benighted China."

"I don't know about that. If there weren't any roads we shouldn't be setting off on this beastly trip."

"I shall be ready in two jiffies," said Constantine, springing naked out of bed and shuffling his dreadful clothes out of Mr. White's sight. "But just tell me," he added as his host went through the

door, "why do you drive three hundred miles on a horrible wet day just to take a perfect stranger—a beggar too—to hospital?" (He thought, "Now he *must* say something showing that he recognizes my value.")

"Because I can't cut off your leg myself," said Mr. White gloomily. Constantine did not press his question because this new reference to the cutting off of legs set his nerves jangling again; his hands trembled so that he could scarcely button his clothes. Service in the Foreign Legion, though it was certainly no suitable adventure for a rare and sensitive man, had never obliged him to face anything more frightening than non-appreciation, coarse food, and stupid treatment. None of these things could humiliate him—on the contrary, all confirmed him in his persuasion of his own value. Only the thought of being at the mercy of his body could humiliate the excited and glowing spirit of Constantine. Death was the final, most loathsome triumph of the body; death meant dumbness and decay—yet even death he could have faced courageously could he have been flattered to its very brink.

The car, a ramshackle Ford, stood in the rain on the bald gravel of the compound, as Constantine, white with excitement, limped out through the front door. His limp, though not consciously assumed, had developed only since last night. His whole leg now felt dangerous, its skin shrinking and tingling. Constantine looked into the car. In the back seat sat Mr. White's coolie, clasping a conspicuously neat little white canvas kitbag with leather straps. The kitbag held Constantine's eye and attacked his self-respect as the tie-press had attacked and haunted him the night before. Every one of his host's possessions was like a perfectly well-balanced, indisputable statement in a world of fevered conjecture. "And a camp-bed—so nicely rolled," said Constantine leaning into the car, fascinated and humiliated. "But only one . . ."

"I have only one," said Mr. White.

"And you are bringing it—for me?" said Constantine, looking at him ardently, overjoyed at this tribute.

"I am bringing it for myself," said Mr. White with his unamused and short-sighted smile. "I am assuming that a *légionnaire* is used to sleeping rough. I'm not. I'm rather fixed in my habits and I have a horror of the arrangements in Chinese inns."

"He is morally brave," thought Constantine, though, for the first time, it occurred to him how satisfactory it would be to slap his host's face. "A man less brave would have changed his plans about the camp-bed at once and said, 'For you, my dear man, of course—why not?'" Constantine chattered nervously as he took his seat in the car next to his host, the driver. "I feel such admiration for a man who can drive a motor car. I adore the machine when it does not—like the gramophone—trespass on matters outside its sphere. This machine's sphere is space, you see—it controls space—and that is so adorable, for no non-machine except human thought can do that. And you control *it*. It is truly admirable—even when the machine is so very unimpressive as this one. Mr. White, your motor car is *very* unimpressive indeed. Are you sure it will run three hundred miles?"

"It always seems to," said Mr. White. "I never do anything to it except pour petrol, oil, and water into the proper openings. I am completely unmechanical."

"You cannot be if you work a gramophone."

"You seem to have my gramophone on your mind. To me it doesn't answer the purpose of a machine—it simply is Chopin, to me."

Constantine stamped his foot in almost delighted irritation, for this made him feel a god beside this groundling. After a few minutes of self-satisfaction, however, a terrible thought invaded him. He became obsessed with an idea that he had left fleas in his bed in Mr.

White's attic. That smug, immaculate Chinese servant would see them when he made the bed, and on Mr. White's return would say, "That foreign soldier left fleas in our attic bed." How bitterly did Constantine wish that he had examined the bed carefully before leaving the room, or alternatively, that he could invent some elaborate lie that would prevent Mr. White from believing this revolting accusation. Constantine's mind, already racked with the fear of pain and death and with the agony of his impotence to impress his companion, became overcast with the hopelessness and remorselessness of everything. Everything despairing seemed a fact beyond dispute; everything hopeful, a mere dream. His growing certainty about the fleas, the persistence of the rain, combined with the leakiness of the car's side-curtains, the skiddiness of the road, the festering of his leg, the thought of the surgeon's saw, the perfection of that complacent kitbag in the back seat, with the poor cigar-box balalaika tinkling beside it, the overstability and over-rightness of his friend in need—there was not one sweet or flattering thought to which his poor trapped mind could turn.

The absurdly inadequate bullock-trail only just served the purpose of a road for the Ford. The wheels slid about, wrenching themselves from groove to groove. Constantine's comment on the difficulties of the road was silenced by a polite request on the part of Mr. White. "I can't talk while I'm driving, if you don't mind. I'm not a good driver, and I need all my attention, especially on such a bad road."

"I will talk and you need not answer. That is my ideal plan of conversation. I will tell you why I joined the Foreign Legion. You must have been wondering about this. It will be a relief for me from my misfortunes, to talk."

"I'd rather not, if you don't mind," said his host serenely.

"Mean old horse," thought Constantine passionately, his heart contracting with offense. "It is so English to give away nothing but the bare, bald, stony fact of help—no decorations of graciousnesses and smilings. A Russian would be a much poorer helper, but a how much better friend."

The car ground on. Constantine turned over again and again in his mind the matter of the fleas. The wet ochre-and-green country of south China streamed unevenly past, the neat, complex shapes of rice fields altering, disintegrating and re-forming, like groups in a country dance. Abrupt horns of rock began piercing through the flat rain-striped valley, and these, it seemed, were the heralds of a mountain range that barred the path of the travelers, for soon cliffs towered above the road. A village which clung to a slope at the mouth of a gorge was occupied by soldiers. "This is where our troubles begin," said Mr. White peacefully. The soldiers were indolent, shabby, ineffectual-looking creatures, scarcely distinguishable from coolies, but their machine guns, straddling mosquito-like about the forlorn village street, looked disagreeably wideawake and keen. Constantine felt as if his precious heart were the cynosure of all the machine guns' waspish glances, as the car splashed between them. "Is this safe?" he asked. "Motoring through a Chinese war?"

"Not particularly," smiled Mr. White. "But it's safer than neglecting that leg of yours."

Constantine uttered a small, shrill, nervous exclamation—half a curse. "Is a man nothing more than a leg to you?"

As he spoke, from one side of the gorge along which they were now driving, a rifle shot cracked, like the breaking of a taut wire. Its echoes were overtaken by the sputtering of more shots from a higher crag. Constantine had been tensely held for just such an attack on his courage as this—and yet he was not ready for it. His body moved instantly by itself, without consulting his self-respect; it flung its arms round Mr. White. The car, thus immobilized at

its source of energy, swerved, skidded, and stood still, askew upon the trail. Constantine, sweating violently, recalled his pride and reassembled his sprawling arms. Mr. White said nothing, but he looked with a cold benevolence into Constantine's face and shook his head slightly. Then he started the car again and drove on in silence. There was no more firing.

"Oh, *oh*, I do *wish* you had been a little bit frightened too," said Constantine, clenching his fists. He was too much of a desert islander to deny his own fright, as a citizen of the tradition-ruled mainland might have denied it. Brave or afraid, Constantine was his own creation; he had made himself, he would stand or fall by this self that he had made. It was indeed, in a way, more interesting to have been afraid than to have been brave. Only, unfortunately, this exasperating benefactor of his did not think so.

The noon-light was scarcely brighter than the light of early morning. The unremitting rain slanted across the gray air. Trees, skies, valleys, mountains, seen through the rain-spotted windshield, were like a distorted, stippled landscape painted by a beginner who has not yet learned to wring living color from his palette. However, sun or no sun, noontime it was at last, and Mr. White, drawing his car conscientiously to the side of the bullock trail, as if a procession of Rolls Royces might be expected to pass, unpacked a neat jigsaw puzzle of a sandwich box.

"I brought a few caviar sandwiches for you," he said gently. "I know Russians like caviar."

"Are your sandwiches then made of Old England's Rosbif?" asked Constantine crossly, for it seemed to him that this man used nothing but collective nouns.

"No; of bloater paste."

They said nothing more but munched in a rather sullen silence. Constantine had lost his desire to tell Mr. White why he had joined the Foreign Legion—or to tell him anything else, for that matter. There was something about Mr. White that destroyed the excitement of telling ingenious lies—or even the common truth; and this *something* Constantine resented more and more, though he was uncertain how to define it. Mr. White leaned over the steering wheel and covered his eyes with his hands, for driving tired him. The caviar, and his host's evident weariness, irritated Constantine more and more; these things seemed like a crude insistence on his increasing obligation. "I suppose you are tired of the very sight of me," he felt impelled to say bitterly.

"No, no," said Mr. White politely but indifferently. "Don't worry about me. It'll all be the same a hundred years hence."

"Whether my leg is off or on—whether I die in agony or live—it will all be the same a hundred years hence, I suppose you would say," said Constantine, morbidly goading his companion into repeating this insult to the priceless mystery of personality.

"My good man, I can't do more than I *am* doing about your leg, can I?" said Mr. White irritably, as he re-started the car.

"A million times more—a million times more," thought Constantine hysterically, but with an effort he said nothing.

As the wet evening light smoldered to an ashen twilight, they drove into Mo-ming, which was to be their night's stopping-place. Outside the city wall they were stopped by soldiers; for Mo-ming was being defended against the enemy's advance. After twenty minutes' talk in the clanking Cantonese tongue, the two white men were allowed to go through the city gate on foot, leaving the Ford in a shed outside, in the care of Mr. White's coolie. Mr. White carried his beautiful little kitbag and expected Constantine to carry the camp-bed.

"What—and leave my balalaika in the car?" protested Constantine childishly.

"I think it would be safe," said Mr. White, only faintly ironic. "Hurry up. I must go at once and call on the general in charge here. I don't want to have my car commandeered."

Constantine limped along behind him, the camp-bed on one shoulder, the balalaika faintly tinkling under his arm. They found the inn in the center of a tangle of looped, frayed, untidy streets—a boxlike gaunt house, one corner of which was partly ruined, for the city had been bombarded that day. The inn, which could never have been a comfortable place, was wholly disorganized by its recent misfortune; most of the servants had fled, and the innkeeper was entirely engrossed in counting and piling up on the verandah his rescued possessions from the wrecked rooms. An impudent little boy, naked down to the waist—the only remaining servant—showed Mr. White and Constantine to the only room the inn could offer.

"One room between us?" cried Constantine, thinking of his shameful, possibly verminous, clothes and his unwashed body. He felt unable to bear the idea of unbuttoning even the greasy collar of his tunic within sight of that virgin-new kitbag. Its luminous whiteness would seem in the night like triumphant civilization's eye fixed upon the barbarian—like the smug beam of a lighthouse glowing from the mainland upon that uncouth obstruction, a desert island. "I'm not consistent," thought Constantine. "That's my trouble. I ought to be proud of being dirty. At least that is a homemade condition."

"Yes—one room between us," said Mr. White tartly. "We must do the best we can. You look after things here, will you, while I go and see the General and make the car safe."

Left alone, Constantine decided not to take off any clothes at all—even his coarse greatcoat—but to say that he had fever and needed all the warmth he could get. No sooner had he come to this decision than he felt convinced that he actually was feverish; his head and his injured leg ached and throbbed as though all the hot blood in his body had concentrated in those two regions, while ice seemed to settle round his heart and loins. The room was dreary and very sparsely furnished with an ugly, too high table and rigid chairs to match. The beds were simply recesses in the wall, draped with dirty mud-brown mosquito-veils. Constantine, however, stepped more bravely into this hard, matted coffin than he had into Mr. White's clean attic bed. As he lay down, his leg burned and throbbed more fiercely than ever, and he began to imagine the amputation—the blood, the yawning of the flesh, the scraping of the saw upon the bone. His imagination did not supply an anæsthetic. Fever came upon him now in good earnest; he shook so much that his body seemed to jump like a fish upon the unyielding matting, he seemed to breathe in heat, without being able to melt the ice in his bones. Yet he remained artistically conscious all the time of his plight, and even exaggerated the shivering spasms of his limbs. He was quite pleased to think that Mr. White would presently return and find him in this condition, and so be obliged to be interested and compassionate. Yet as he heard Mr. White's heavy step on the stair, poor Constantine's eye fell on the fastidious white kitbag, and he suddenly remembered all his fancies and fears about vermin and smells. By the time Mr. White was actually standing over him, Constantine was convinced that the deepest loathing was clearly shown on that superior, towering face.

"I can't help it—I can't help it," cried Constantine, between his chattering teeth.

Mr. White seemed to ignore the Russian's agitation. "I think the car'll be all right now," he said. "I left the coolie sleeping in it, to make sure. The General was quite civil and gave me a permit to get home; but it seems it's utterly impossible for us to drive on to Lao-chow. Fighting on the road is

particularly hot, and the bridges are all destroyed. The enemy have reached the opposite side of the river, and they've been bombarding the city all day. I told the General about your case; he suggests you go by river in a sampan down to Lao-chow. You may be fired on just as you leave the city, but nothing to matter, I dare say. After that, you'd be all right—the river makes a stiff bend south here, and gets right away from the country they're fighting over. It would take you only about eighteen hours to Lao-chow, going down stream. I've already got a sampan for you. . . . Oh Lord, isn't this disgusting," he added, looking round the dreadful room and wrinkling his nose. "How I loathe this kind of thing."

"I can't help it. I can't help it." Constantine began first to moan and then to cry. He was by now in great pain, and he did not try to control his distress. It passed through his mind that crying was the last thing a stupid Englishman would expect of a *légionnaire;* so far so good, therefore—he was a desert islander even in his degradation. Yet he loathed himself; all his morbid fears of being offensive were upon him, and the unaccustomed exercise of crying, combined with the fever, nauseated him. Mr. White, still wearing his expression of repugnance, came to his help, loosened that greasy collar, lent a handkerchief, ordered some refreshing hot Chinese tea.

"You should have known me in Odessa," gasped Constantine in an interval between his paroxysms. "Three of the prettiest women in the town were madly in love with me. You know me only at my worst."

Mr. White, soaking a folded silk handkerchief in cold water, before laying it on Constantine's burning forehead, did not answer. He unrolled the pillow from his camp-bed and put it under Constantine's head. As he did so, he recoiled a little, but after a second's hesitation, he pushed the immaculate little pillow into place with a heroic firmness.

"I wore only silk next the skin then," snuffled Constantine. The fever rose in a wave in his brain, and he shouted curses upon his cruelly perfect friend.

Mr. White lay only intermittently on his camp-bed that night. He was kept busy making use of his past experience as a member of an ambulance unit. Only at daylight he slept for an hour or so.

Constantine, awakened from a short sleep by the sound of firing outside, lay on his side and watched Mr. White's relaxed, sleeping face. The fever had left Constantine, and he was now sunk in cold, limp depression and fear. Luckily, he thought, there was no need to stir, for certainly he could not be expected—a sick man—to set forth in a sampan through such dangers as the persistent firing suggested. At least in this inn he knew the worst, he thought wearily, and his companion knew the worst too. "I will not leave him," Constantine vowed, "until I have somehow cured him of these frightful memories of me—somehow amputated his memory of me . . ." He lay watching his companion's face—hating it—obscurely wishing that those eyes, which had seen the worst during this loathsome night, might remain forever shut.

Mr. White woke up quite suddenly. "Good Lord!" he said, peering at his watch. "Nearly seven. I told the sampan man to be at the foot of the steps at daylight."

"Are you mad?" asked Constantine shrilly. "Listen to the firing—quite near. Besides—I'm a very sick man, as you should know by now. I couldn't even walk—much less dodge—through a crowd of Chinese assassins."

Mr. White, faintly whistling Chopin, laboriously keeping his temper, left the room, and could presently be heard hee-hawing in the Chinese language on the verandah to the hee-hawing innkeeper.

When he came back, he said, "The sampaneer's there, waiting—only too anxious to get away from the bombing they're expecting to-day. He's tied up

only about a hundred yards away. You'll be beyond reach of the firing as soon as you're round the bend. Hurry up, man; the sooner you get down to hospital, and I get off on the road home, the better for us both."

Constantine, genuinely exhausted after his miserable night, did not speak, but lay with his eyes shut and his face obstinately turned to the wall. He certainly felt too ill to be brave or to face the crackling dangers of the battle-ridden streets, but he was conscious of no plan except a determination to be as obstructive as he could—to assert at least this ignoble power over his tyrant.

"Get up, you damn' fool," shouted Mr. White, suddenly plucking the pillow from under the sick man's head, "or I'll drag you down to the river by the scruff of your dirty neck."

Dirty neck! Instantly Constantine sat up—hopeless now of curing this man's contempt, full of an almost unendurable craving to be far away from him—to wipe him from his horizon—to be allowed to imagine him dead. Invigorated by this violent impulse, he rolled out of bed and sullenly watched Mr. White settle up with the innkeeper and take a few packages out of that revoltingly refined kitbag.

"A small tin of water-biscuits," said Mr. White, almost apologetically, "and the remains of the bloater paste. It's all I have with me, but it ought to keep you alive till you get to Lao-chow tomorrow morning. . . . I'll see you down to the river first and then pick up these things." He spoke as if he were trying to make little neat plans still against this disorderly and unwonted background. He brushed his splashed coat with a silver clothes-brush, wearing the eagerly safe expression Constantine had seen on his face as he bent over the tie-press the night before last. The orderly man was trying to maintain his quiet impersonal self-respect amid surroundings that humiliated him. Even Constantine understood vaguely that his attacker was himself being attacked.

"Well, I've done my best," added Mr. White, straightening his back after buckling the last strap of the kitbag, and looking at Constantine with an ambiguous, almost appealing look.

They left the inn. The steep street that led down to the river between mean, barricaded shops was deserted. The air of it was outraged by the whipping sound of rifle fire—echoes clanked sharply from wall to wall.

"It is not safe—it is not safe," muttered Constantine, suddenly standing rooted, feeling that his next step must bring him into the path of a bullet.

"It's safer than a gangrenous leg." With his great hand, Mr. White seized the little Russian's arm and dragged him almost gaily down the steps. Constantine was by now so hopelessly mired in humiliation that he did not even try to disguise his terror. He hung back like a rebellious child, but he was tweaked and twitched along, stumbling behind his rescuer. He was pressed into the little boat. "Here, take the biscuits—good-by—good luck," shouted Mr. White, and a smile of real gaiety broke out at last upon his face. The strip of rainy air and water widened between the two friends.

"Strike him dead, God," said Constantine.

The smile did not fade at once from the Englishman's face, as his legs curiously crumpled into a kneeling position. He seemed trying to kneel on air; he clutched at his breast with one hand while the other hand still waved good-by; he turned his alert, smiling face towards Constantine as though he were going to say again—"Good-by—good luck." Then he fell, head downward, on the steps, the bald crown of his head just dipping into the water. Mud was splashed over the coat he had brushed only five minutes before.

There was a loud outcry from the sampan man and his wife. They seemed to be calling Constantine's already riveted attention to the fallen man—still only twenty yards away; they

seemed uncertain whether he would now let them row yet more quickly away, as they desired, or insist on returning to the help of his friend.

"Row on—row on," cried Constantine in Russian and, to show them what he meant, he snatched up a spare pole and tried to increase the speed of the boat as it swerved into the current. Spaces of water were broadening all about the desert islander—home on his desert island again at last. As Constantine swayed over the pole, he looked back over his shoulder and flaunted his head, afraid no more of the firing now that one blessed bullet had carried away unpardonable memory out of the brain of his friend.

WHITE BIRCHES

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

THE flat sea breaks beneath the upright rock,
And the sharp-fingered pine tree points to heaven.
But where the woods are shadowed and uneven,
Soft carpeted with moss, as if to mock
The righteous pines and the stern-featured earth,
The clustered birch trees, slender, gleaming, white,
Like nymphs that dance across a summer night
Are shaking leafy whispers of their mirth.
Beside the amber shallows of the lake,
Bending above the waters of a pool,
Deep in the woods, their shining branches break
Across the cloistered sunlight green and cool.
Naked, among the dark-robed trees they stand
The only pagans in a Christian land.

STEP-UNCLE SAM

A CANADIAN LOOKS ACROSS THE BORDER

BY LESLIE ROBERTS

IF YOU have lived beside a fellow grown paunchy with wealth, and have endured the countless irritations and pin-pricks which come from being patronized or having your liberties constantly trespassed upon, you will not find it difficult to understand the feeling which is growing in Canada against the United States. Travel anywhere in the Dominion and, unless you are recognized for an American, you will hear frankly spoken criticism of the lopsidedness of international relations. The belief is abroad in Canada that the United States has lost the faculty for reckoning on a fifty-fifty basis; that when favors are asked and secured by the United States, contempt for Canadian feelings will be proffered as thanks. Unfortunately there is a mountain of evidence to support the belief.

Chicago wants water for her drainage canal. Lake Michigan's banks are opened and a huge daily volume is led away, without thought for the lowering of navigation levels throughout the Saint Lawrence as a result of the diversion, though the item is of transcendent importance to Canada. Years pass. No amends are made. Chicago thumbs her nose. America asks extension of the three-mile limit to permit greater facility in the enforcement of prohibition. Canada grants the extension—and vessels of Canadian registry are shelled on the high seas. The Canadian Government, by request, extends administrative and legislative assistance to enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. In reply United States patrolmen stalk their prey on Canadian soil and shoot to kill. American traders' wares dominate the shelves of every Canadian shop and home, while American legislators pile brick on brick along the tariff wall raised against Canadian products. Amity and concord are sung at banquets and the christenings of international bridges—and Yankee politicians urge the restriction of Canadian immigration. Canadian commoners are engaged in passing a law to illegalize the export of alcoholic beverages to the United States, American legislators in Washington are engaged in banning the importation of Canadian maple products to please the farmers of New Hampshire and Vermont. Add to such major items as these the petty annoyances suffered by Canadians at the hands of immigration officers, customs officials, state policemen, border patrolmen, and humble traffic cops with the manners of longshoremen, and only one result can be looked for: a complete exasperation, among Canadians, at the thoughtlessness and intolerance of the United States toward its northern neighbor.

II

Alcoholic history has run a devious gamut in this dying decade. Even before the Eighteenth Amendment came to drive men to the drinking of fusel oil and methylated spirits, Canada had tinkered with prohibition and was discarding it for a system of control that

had the saving grace of being open and aboveboard, even though it failed to please the professional moralists. At one period of this experimental epoch the Province of Quebec was wet, and the adjoining bailiwick, Ontario, was dry. Lawmakers in the dry-lands, naturally enough, declared the transportation of liquors into their province illegal. Punitive patrols were sent out. Rude fellows under slouch hats threatened wayfarers from the corners of their mouths as they ransacked hand-baggage for bottles hidden in the folds of travelers' pajamas. Citizens were haled before the justices and fined. But no one had the temerity to suggest that Quebec must pass a law banning the export of liquor into arid Ontario, for the excellent reason that such a request would have brought a polite reply from the Prime Minister of Quebec suggesting that the enforcement of Ontario's domestic statutes was none of his concern, and this would have been an end of the matter.

It is only natural, therefore, that Canadian eyes opened wide in wonder when the Prime Minister himself introduced a measure in the House of Commons which bans liquor exportation from Canada into the United States. For ten years the Dominion Government had placed at the disposal of the neighboring administration every possible facility to prevent rum-running, without actually depleting its own excise treasury or restricting the legitimate business of Canadian distillers and brewers. Why then, Canadians asked, in the face of the fact that American enforcement officers have failed to avail themselves of the facilities already granted, are we to deplete our own national finances and curb legitimate Canadian enterprise? The answer is found in the reasons given in Parliament by the Prime Minister himself in urging passage of the Bill. Said the Right Honorable Mackenzie King:

> The dangers of possible delicate and difficult situations arising between the United States and Great Britain over rum-running on the Atlantic are as nothing compared to the delicate situation that at any moment may arise on our international frontier if this thing is permitted to continue. So perilous do I believe the situation to be that I would no longer assume responsibility in the matter of External Affairs in this regard if I were not sure that I had the support of this Parliament in any policy which I believe to be necessary to prevent a condition which might prove perilous to this country any day.

Serious Canadian thought, in fine, realizes that constant repetitions of the *I'm Alone* incident can have only one ultimate result, the bringing of Canadian patience to the breaking point. Political leaders in the Dominion, being privy to national thought, have recognized that recurrences of the *Shawnee* affair, the continued seizure of motor boats and speed craft in Canadians waters and petty disturbances such as the Laframboise incident on the Detroit-Windsor frontier, can lead only to an ultimate breaking of the camel's back of good-will. Canada, therefore, under the light touch of Washington's "friendly pressure," has clarified the Dominion's position in regard to America's prohibition laws. The gesture is a declaration of Canada's neighborly spirit, in that it refuses to Canadian citizens the privilege of taking commercial advantage of America's domestic position. At the same time it is an appeal to the American people to repay neighborly acts by schooling their officers not to sink Canadian ships on the high seas, or to invade Canadian territory for the purpose of shooting down Canadian citizens. It is interesting to note that the measure passed the Canadian House of Commons by the overwhelmingly one-sided vote of 173 to 11, despite the fact that practically every front-bencher who participated in the debate deplored the spirit of intolerance towards Canada on the part of the United States and confessed utter weariness with the one-sidedness of international accord.

III

A series of questions was presented to the Canadian Government recently in Parliament by Colonel S. C. Robinson, the member for South Essex, a constituency fronting on the international border in the region of Detroit, which digs to the roots of Canadian irritation and disgust. In his questionnaire the colonel asks:

1. How many Canadian vessels have been seized by American prohibition agents in 1922–1929 inclusive?
2. How many seizures turned out to be illegal?
3. How many Canadian lives were lost from indiscriminate shooting?
4. How many cases of seized vessels are pending?
5. How many Canadian vessels have been destroyed by gunfire of American enforcement officers?
6. How many times has Canada protested to the United States?
7. How many times has the United States apologized?
8. What progress has been made with unsettled cases?
9. What steps, if any, has the Government taken to put a stop to shooting and murdering by American enforcement officers of Canadian citizens?
10. How many Canadians were murdered by American prohibition agents in 1929?
11. How many Canadians were wounded in 1929?
12. How many Canadians were imprisoned in 1929?

As a border resident, Colonel Robinson is well able to judge the laxity of prohibition enforcement which obtains in the Detroit region. As he is a prominent citizen of the Border Cities and a member of the Canadian Parliament, his opinion must be adjudged that of a responsible man. His attitude to prohibition, as he sees it in the community where he makes his home, is that it is a farce. He finds the deportment of officers engaged in the enforcement of the Volstead Act disgraceful. He finds that international relations between the two countries are becoming a laughing-stock as the result of the continued depredations of American officers on the one hand and the intolerance of American laws and restrictions on the other.

It was on the Detroit-Windsor border that the Laframboise incident occurred. Muskrat Laframboise owns an automobile, which he plies for hire, and on the night of February third he was engaged by gentlemen in the rum trade to tow a liquor-laden speedboat, mounted on runners, across the ice on the Canadian side of the river, as far as open water. There his job would end. The motor boat would shed its runners, take to the water, and steer for the American shore opposite. In the vicinity of Fighting Island, however, after minor accidents en route, trouble developed. Laframboise made his escape in an automobile (on the Canadian side of the river), but was pursued. Called on to halt by two men who appeared in the roadway before his car, the driver stepped on the throttle. The two men stood aside but, as Laframboise drove past, opened fire on him, wounding him in the head. At no time had Laframboise passed off Canadian soil. The attack was made in Canada on a Canadian citizen engaged in pursuits entirely lawful in the Dominion. Patrolman Gordon Southard of the U. S. Liquor Patrol was dismissed for his part in the affair, indicating the concurrence of the United States in the sworn statements of Laframboise and eyewitnesses that the shooting was done by American officers. That is the sort of thing which has transpired along the Detroit-Windsor frontier during the past few years. Not only American hijackers, but American Government officers, have trespassed on Canadian soil armed to shoot and shooting to kill.

Robinson, who lives in the midst of this guerilla warfare of rum-runners, United States sleuths, and hijackers, brands the attitude of American officers as one of complete ignorance of Canadian rights. Peaceful citizens keep off the roads at night, rather than be held at the gun's point or fired on when they refuse

to halt. The ping of bullets as the liquor outposts go into action is heard along the lanes and in the fields down by the river. Over-zealous officers have fired on Canadian citizens on Canadian ground. Canadian citizens have been killed. Yet enforcement remains a divine jest, for the trucks and boats of the favored seem to pass without let or hindrance. Between two and five in the afternoon, one day this winter, seventy-five trucks and motor cars left the export docks at Amherstburg on the Canadian side and crossed the ice to the American shore without interference, their crossing photographed from the air by a member of the staff of the Detroit *News*. Says Colonel Robinson:

No intelligent person can tell me that the United States, with its army of enforcement officers, could not stop that traffic. When young Laframboise was shot the American officers did not take after the boatloads of liquor going across, but chased the chap in the car. I would say there is only a very shallow attempt being made to enforce the law, particularly along the Detroit River and the shores of Lake Erie.

One might fill a book with these incidents—such as the seizure of the motor boat *210-P* in Canadian waters along the Saint Clair River, which brought about an apology from the American Government for the super-zeal of its officers. After examining the blunder-list one wonders if the American Government makes any effort to school its men in the rudiments of international law, and whether no one but blacklegs and thugs can be found to accept the emoluments of a United States Government job.

"Apparently no one can tell the extent to which this farce has gone," Colonel Robinson told me in a two-hour talk in his office in the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, "but everyone here realizes that unless common sense is brought into the picture on the American side of the line, as well as here, the continued strain on Canadian decency will become almost impossible to bear. Look at this!"

He showed me a copy of a speech which he had delivered in Parliament during the passage of the Liquor Export Bill. Let me quote two paragraphs of that speech which serve to show the American attitude toward this northern neighbor and the neighbor's family:

A man was a lifesaver at one of the bathing beaches at Windsor. A friend of his from Sandwich desired to cash a check in a Detroit bank and this lifesaver just took out his row-boat and rowed his friend across the river. As he was about to let him off the immigration officers arrested him and they put him in jail. Prominent men from the Golf Club at Sandwich, the Mayor of Windsor and other leading citizens gave the man a splendid character and asked that he be released, but the United States authorities would not release him, their excuse being that they were going to investigate. These investigations take from one to five months, and the man had to stay in jail.

Another man went to Arkansas to visit his uncle and made up his mind to live there. He married a Scotch girl, and they had one child. Some fellow who wanted his job laid a complaint before the immigration authorities and this man, his wife and child were arrested and put in jail. He had been born in England, by the way, but came to Canada when he was three years old. After three or four days they were let out of jail but were kept under guard for several months. He was not allowed to work or to communicate with his family. They were shipped to New Orleans to be sent to England, where they did not know anybody. Ultimately they were shipped to New York where the immigration authorities were persuaded to deport them to Canada. *I contend that if Canadians were to treat Americans in that manner the people of the United States would feel like declaring war against us on the ground that we had committed an unfriendly act. But these are only two samples of what is going on all the time.*

Let us consider for another moment the words of the Honorable Doctor Manion, former Cabinet Minister, delivered in the House of Commons on March twenty-fourth, as indicating a further reason for Canadian annoyance:

When we were in like circumstances in the early months of the war, when we had prohibition on our side of the line and they had not, I do not remember that they helped us very much in keeping the alcohol out of our country.

Recalling this fact, Canadians feel that United States policy is based on the doctrine of "heads I win, tails you lose"; that the old-fashioned doctrine of a *quid* for a *quo*, which ought to prevail along this unfortified border, has been mislaid. Canadian records bulge with the cases of citizens who, like the life-saver of Windsor, have languished in American jails. Canadian distillers and brewers find their legitimate enterprises curbed to aid a neighbor who made no pretense of coming to the rescue when Canada was trying its own Noble Experiment. Canadian people will foot the bill in taxes for a neighborly gesture of aid given to a nation which in turn sinks Canadian ships, shoots Canadian citizens, and sets honest men to rotting in prisons while a horde of officials investigate their right of entry to the United States. Is it any wonder that Canadians think the time has come for a change and for recognition of the fact that good manners is the first requisite of neighborliness?

IV

The case of the schooner *I'm Alone* offers another example of the genius of American officers for disregarding other people's laws. The schooner *I'm Alone* was a rum-runner of Canadian registry which, on venturing close to the coast, was called upon to halt by an American Coast Guard patrol. The schooner's commander preferred to return to sea, turned tail and ran, the patrol cutter in pursuit. The pursuit continued over two and a half days. At length the *I'm Alone* was bombarded and sunk two hundred and fifteen miles from the American coast. In order to avoid any suggestion of hot-headed opinion in the matter, I will quote here the words of Mr. C. H. Cahan, King's Counsel and a Member of the Canadian Parliament, as indicative of normal Canadian opinion. Remember that the speaker is one of the Dominion's outstanding lawyers, a man who has grown up with the country and has been identified with Canadian public life for many years. He says:

> The evidence seems clear that this pursuit of two days continued to a point on the high seas two hundred and fifteen miles from the coast and, in my opinion, the Coast Guard vessel, the *Dexter*, I think, which came upon the scene later, never sank a British ship two hundred and fifteen miles from the coast unless by wireless she had received direct instructions from the political authorities of the United States to commit that which, *if authorized by the executive political authority of that country, was an act of war or, if not authorized by that political authority but done on the initiative of the Coast Guard alone, was an act of deliberate piracy.*

Act of war or act of piracy, it matters little which. Canada is not marching about her borders urging those on the other side to come and knock a chip off her shoulder. Canadians merely seek a return of that right to liberty which was the root reason for the founding of the United States. But what happened? Did the United States offer immediate amends to Canada for the scuttling of a ship of Canadian registry? Did Washington apologize? No. Washington proposed an arbitration; and as this is written, the matter drags through the interminable delays of such litigation, the latest suggestion being that although the *I'm Alone* was of Canadian registry and flew the Canadian ensign at her mast, her actual ownership was American, a suggestion which so far lacks proof. Even though it were truth you will find it difficult to convince a Canadian that it is lawful for armed American vessels to fire on ships flying the Canadian flag on the high seas. For what did the Coast Guard know of the whereabouts of the *I'm Alone's* owners?

This is not an isolated case. There was the affair of the Canadian motor ship *Shawnee*, for example, fired on by

an American enforcement patrol beyond the limit of United States waters, because her master did not choose to halt for questioning and inspection. Washington apologized in this case, perhaps because of the public indignation in Canada over the *I'm Alone* case. Canada, I presume, should be grateful that the *Shawnee*, too, was not sent to Davy Jones.

V

There is, of course, something comic in any good-humored contemplation of Canada's Washington-sought aid in the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Prohibition is waged with gunfire on the borders of the United States; meanwhile there seems to be little or no attention given to the use of blotting paper in the inland centers of thirst. Hence the feeling exists among Canadians that they are living next door to a man possessed of a monomania, who, therefore, is not quite responsible for his acts. Add to this the belief that many of the unfortunate neighbor's family are even more distressed than are Canadians by his bad manners, and you find the reason for Canada's willingness to extend the olive branch in the face of continued insults and depredations. She does this not because Canadians fear the wrath of the fanatics, but because reasonable people—and Canadians are reasonable folk, perhaps because they are not so "free" as their neighbors and, therefore, are not governed so intensively—seek to avoid petty contretemps and squabbles. Still, many Canadians admit that they live under the "friendly pressure" which is felt by nations of small population when they reside next door to larger and wealthier countries. Witness the statement made in the House of Commons by Henri Bourassa, tribune of the French Canadian people and Member of Parliament for Labelle:

> Supposing British Guiana asked us to pass a law similar to this, do you think for a moment we would even consider doing so? Of course we would not. . . . Therefore if we do it, because it is the American Government, or because of the power of the American Government to make good their claims on us, then let us face the consequences like men. I am quite sure that the pressure which has been brought to bear in order to secure this legislation has been "friendly"; but we may be sure that as time goes on the pressure will be perhaps a little less friendly and a little more pressing, when it is found that this legislation is inoperative.

The feeling gains ground that there must be an end to these pressures and these shootings and these imprisonments, an end to questionnaires that will ask the Canadian Government how many citizens were murdered by American officers last year. No matter how reasonable a man may be, no matter how peaceful his desires, if he is to be constantly irritated and angered by insults and ill-treatments, there is bound to come a day when he will say "Enough!" There is not a sane man in the Dominion who does not hope that that day may never come. Canada's leaders, regardless of their politics and creeds, have steadfastly adhered to the policy of neighborliness and good-will. Error in these matters lies not with Canada but with the bigotry of American die-hard drys and the insularity of the Little Americans. Now, one hears, we are to have an augmented, armed border patrol that will press its breast against the unarmed boundary of revered memory, as a proof to the Bible Belt that enforcement is on the way. This despite the admission by the authorities at Washington that not more than three per cent of the liquor consumed in the United States owns Canada as its point of origin. Simultaneously the ports of entry into the United States are to be diminished in number, and the rule that a Canadian might cross where he willed, providing he steered for the nearest port of entry, is to be scrapped. Restriction, you will observe, increases, no matter where one looks. Whether Washington, simultaneously, will create

restricted zones in which shootings can be held I do not know. Schemes less preposterous have been incorporated in international policy before to-day. We are, of course, to be given a reciprocal treaty which will ban the export to Canada of commodities the use of which, though legal in the U. S. A., is illegal in Canada. The traffic, however, is southbound, not northwards, so that the treaty becomes merely another potential gesture, of considerable service to Step-uncle Sam but of little practical use to Canada.

VI

Leaving prohibition for the moment, let us consider the immigration barriers which Representative Johnson, Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, proposes to raise against Canadian subjects. For the past century and more, while these twin races have grown to nationhood side by side, free ingress to the United States has been permitted to any Canadian of good health and sound character. A similar policy has been maintained towards American citizens by Canada. But now this natural flow of population is to be allowed in only one direction. Canadians are to join Latvia and Japan on the quota list.

It is beyond human belief that the greatest commercial body politic known to mankind will, by such an official act, again strive to estrange the best client on its national books, by telling him that his sons and daughters are not wanted on American soil. Not only is Canada America's largest customer for direct imports; her terrain is also dotted with the plants and factories of American-owned companies which have domiciled their subsidiaries in Canada to manufacture for the Canadian market. Practically every automobile in the Dominion is an American car, riveted together in the Canadian assembly plants of Ford, General Motors, or Chrysler. The household machines with which the Canadian housewife launders, scrubs, and refrigerates may come from factories that are Canadian in location, but the profits cross the line to New York, Pittsburgh, and Chicago. The cereal products on Canada's breakfast tables were invented in Battle Creek. The lotions and bath salts on the druggists' shelves are American in conception, though they may have been born under a Canadian roof. Canadian reading matter comes from American publishers. Scarcely a European film finds its way into the theaters of the Dominion. The accessories of Canadian life and the entertainments of Canadian leisure are all, or almost all, direct imports from the United States, and it is to American proprietors that the dividends accrue. Yet while Canada spends its dollars for the purchase of American goods, Canadians are told by American lawmakers that their sons must stop coming to the United States to live. Simultaneously, while Canada eats, drinks, wears, and carries the products of American manufacturers wherever Canadians live, Yankee tariff barriers yearly mount higher and higher against the products of Canadian mills. Even though an appeal to whatever tatters remain of our international ethics must fail, it is impossible to conceive that the suggestion that, ultimately, the American pocketbook will suffer can fall on deaf ears. Estrange the Canadian, tell him that neither he nor his goods are wanted, and he will turn his eyes to Europe and to the doctrine of Empire Free Trade, and will set up a barrier against alien goods. Not forever can he be expected to favor a neighbor who is willing to take his money but refuses to extend the amenities of international accord in return. That, it seems to me, must be the basis of the ultimate appeal: an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

VII

Consider, in closing, the case of Herbert Upjohn, a young newspaperman domiciled in Vancouver for many years.

Here is a case picked from more than a hundred newspaper records of cases in which residents of the Dominion have suffered at the hands of United States officials, an example of things that happen constantly to ordinary Canadian citizens who commit accidental infractions of America's innumerable laws and restrictions.

Upjohn visited the United States on a six months' permit. He was a British citizen, not born in Canada, but had been a resident of the Dominion for a long period. His record carried no black marks. He was a good citizen and an asset to any country where he might take up residence. But Upjohn blundered. He committed the amazing crime of overstaying the duration of his permit. What happened?

One day four armed officers entered his hotel room in Los Angeles, handcuffed him, and carried him off to jail. The prisoner made the unfortunate remark that perhaps a little more consideration might be shown to a former war comrade, whereupon an inspector is charged with this amazing reply:

So you're one of those guys who think they won the war? You're gonna learn there's a place on the map called the United States, and before you're through with this country you're gonna learn also that British Empire talk is as stale as a lousy cheese! We make rules for Chinamen—the same rule goes for a Britisher!

These brave words are those of an officer of the American Government, charged with upholding the dignity and fair name of the United States.

So Upjohn was sent to the Los Angeles county jail, where he was fingerprinted, photographed, and pushed into a cage with the sweepings of the underworld brought in during a police round-up resulting from the murder of a constable the previous evening. With ten other members of this motley parade he was stood against a white wall under powerful lights while detectives marched up and down and cross-examined the dragnet's catch. Subsequently he was taken to a part of the prison where forty-eight other prisoners of British citizenship were being held on similar charges. The next morning he was sentenced to be deported to the country of his birth.

Months followed, months which Upjohn passed in durance, pending his forcible removal from the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. At last he was told that his turn had come. The act of deportation was about to take place. Upjohn was told that he would be off to China in the morning. And why China, you may ask, as Upjohn asked. China, because the accident of birth brought Herbert Upjohn into the world of British parents on a China station. So to China he must go. His protests were unavailing. Handcuffed to sixty Chinese, most of whom had been smuggled into the United States by American Chinese-runners, Upjohn was shipped to Shanghai. Permission to communicate with friends in Vancouver, his home, was refused. The law said Upjohn must go back to the country of his birth, so to China Upjohn went, being left to make his way home to Canada as best he could.

Is there no end to folly?

A DEFENSE OF THE ENGLISH CLIMATE

BY MARY BORDEN

IT HAS a very bad reputation. It is generally considered to be absolutely beastly. There is almost no one to say a good word for it, and I used to agree that it was the worst climate in the world. Now I am convinced that it is the best and, although I am writing on one of those raw, damp, sodden English winter days that used to represent for me the maximum of atmospheric gloom, I take up my pen with enthusiasm, an extra enthusiasm because I am a convert; and, being a convert, I speak, I hope, with authority.

For I wasn't born to it—I didn't take it for granted—I didn't gulp down fog and smoke with my mother's milk or become accustomed to damp flannel nightgowns when I was six months old. It didn't seem to me natural in my infancy that bright day should be turned suddenly into black night or that everything indoors and out should be wet and chill to the touch as if just taken out of an ice box; nor did I assume at the age of twelve or so that floods should come every winter or believe God willed that the sun should not shine on children or the moon on sweethearts or the stars upon old men with telescopes. I was born under high and brilliant skies in a part of the U. S. A. where the changing of the seasons was a dramatic affair of sharp contrast, where the fields in summer were scorched by a blazing sun and the woods of autumn turned suddenly scarlet in a single frosty night and winter brought blizzards, muffled the snowbound valleys in cold silence, and the spring, after that, seemed a miracle. And so, when I was a woman and dined out in May in London my arms all prickly with gooseflesh, and I discovered that the only constant companions from my clothes closet were a mackintosh, galoshes, and an umbrella, I felt that there was something wrong and I suffered and grumbled, shivered and raged and became the victim of such dark depression that I took to sleeping inordinately—out of sheer despair so I thought. I was wrong. This matter of sleeping, this new habit that overtook me in England, is odd and it has a certain significance. I took to sleeping, as some people take to tennis or hunting, because, being one of those idiotically constructed creatures, a nervous American, I needed it, and because the English climate saw to it that I got what I needed, slowed down my nervous machine to a proper tempo, wrapped me in a wet blanket guaranteed to bring down any mental fever, and saved me from the nervous breakdown that would surely have got me in Chicago, New York, Montreal, Berlin, or Paris.

The truth is that the English climate is the best in the world because it is just depressing enough and, though beastly, not too beastly, and so does two things to human beings. It puts the brake on nervous energy, but gently whips up the senses, and sends the blood of men coursing through their veins just as it sends the sap and juices of plants running rich in theirs. It refreshes and renews the normal springs of Life. Under its influence, Life, the essence of it, is vigorous to bursting. Blood stock, the best on earth, is the result. For horse breeding, and the breeding of cattle and pigs and men there is no country like England.

It is the model stud farm of the world; and I believe it to be a fact that in America the strains of horses and cattle have to be reinforced from England every three generations. Why? I don't pretend to know the scientific answer and don't presume to be technical. But it is the climate and the rich drenched soil that are responsible. The soil is deep, and the seeds of Life come from deep down. Such a small country in circumference, about as big as New York State, but immense in other dimensions. I think of the deep gardens, deep meadows, deep grass, deep pools. Life develops slowly, with shyness and sureness and serenity in these Islands. The fog-bound coast is a rampart to protect it. The gray mantle of the sky is again a protecting coverlet. Life here doesn't flash up in a day to wither the next. It comes up cautiously, grows slowly as a tree does that has deep roots, a stalwart trunk, sturdy branches, strong, tough green leaves.

The English climate is not a forcing house. It doesn't produce exotic blooms, gaudy plants, flamboyant birds, or men and women of a dazzling brilliance. Neither Birds of Paradise nor Orchids, nor Cleopatras nor Mussolinis thrive in this dim, misty, shrouded land that is saturated with salty moisture. But all manner of robust and gentle, modest and wholesome things thrive in it, and some very frail and exquisite. Race horses and lovely long-limbed women with flowerlike faces, long horns and short horns and roses, Gloucester spots and bluebells, Stilton cheese and respectable publicans, oak trees and beeches and the fancies of poets, laughter and leisure (the last doesn't spoil on one's hands), green grass, deep, lush, fragrant grass that is green all the year round. If it were this alone, that the earth is always green, that it never goes dead, goes hard, turns to you a stony, forbidding face, it would be almost enough to prove my thesis. It is a gentle climate, careful of life.

I was in America last December. I crossed half the Continent and on my way from New York to Chicago I looked out of the window and shuddered, for the land was hard and gritty and gray as a slate and, being unaccustomed to it, I thought, "It is dead. It can never come alive again." And I felt an icy hand clutch at my side, and I wondered if it were only because the temperature in the car was about 150° Fahrenheit and gave me a fiendish headache that I felt the world of winter America to be an unnatural and rather frightening world. But the Hudson River was like molten steel that day, and the Palisades were gray and bare, and the wind was screaming down from the north, and there wasn't a blade or a leaf of green anywhere to be seen, not even round the scattered desolate farms. And I thought of the stories I had read about the melancholy of farm life in the west of America and remembered suddenly that there were roses growing out of doors at that moment in England and a great variety of other flowers.

"I could have picked thirty different blooms in my garden to-day," a friend said to me in January when I got back to England. And the next day, it being a Saturday in the middle of January, I went for a drive and, passing the gates of Wellington Barracks, saw a group of soldiers starting out for a trot in shorts and singlets, then found children sailing their boats on the round pond in Hyde Park and, pushing out into the green country, saw a great number of young men in white flannels playing tennis and soccer—games everywhere, and golf courses dotted with folk. All the world was out of doors, even the old men. They were, as always, fishing from bridges and rowboats, or sitting on the banks of the Thames. And it was such a pretty day, all opalescent, with a rosy light showing through soft gray clouds, and I knew that everywhere in England and Ireland and Scotland the same thing was happening. On this Saturday afternoon in mid-winter all the population was taking its holiday out of

doors. Every man, woman, and child who could get free had rushed into playing fields or gardens, or had leaped on to the backs of horses to go galloping over the squelching turf; or if they had just come up out of the bowels of the earth where they'd been hewing at the black face of a coal pit, they were off for walks through purple woods that rustled with fat, contented little birds.

A passion for the country, for the smell of it and the sense of it, among all classes of men in England is one of the obvious results of this much maligned English climate, and it is the one antidote to the awful problem of modern industrial life as represented in the Black Country. Indeed, I think it is the climate that will save Great Britain from bloody revolutions or other less harrowing but even more ridiculous follies. For it does not tolerate exaggerations; it exerts a soothing influence even upon mob psychology, acts upon the political mind as a cooling compress on a fevered head: has been responsible, I swear, for that unique, incredible, monstrous national growth that has taken hundreds of years to develop and has never been put into any sort of ordered frame, and still goes on growing —the British Constitution.

II

But I am going too fast. I am rushing ahead with my argument before laying down my premise. What, after all, is a good climate? You may say that that depends on what one likes. You'll be wrong if you do. What one likes has nothing to do with it. It's not the agreeable climate that is a good climate; on the contrary. If providence consulted the nations of the earth and a vote were taken, I dare say the vast majority of traveled people would vote for a climate like that of the Riviera. Sun would be the first requisite, plenty of sun. Sun, we'll say, not every day all the year round as in the middle of the Sahara, but six days a week, and a resulting lazy warmth. To be lazy, to enjoy being lazy. There you have it. To lie basking like a lizard on a warm, sunny bank; that's the secret dream of most of us. "A loaf of bread beneath the bough," Omar Khayyam's garden, that's what we should really enjoy. For we are, every man jack of us, once we're out of our early twenties, essentially and primarily lazy; and the greatest luxury any of us can dream of is the unadulterated bliss of delicious, undisturbed laziness—undisturbed, I mean to say, by any prickings of conscience or any fear of unfortunate consequences, or any reminiscent jigging of the nerves, sense of failure or memory of frustrated ambition. Natural-born lotus eaters, we are, all of us. Children turned out of a garden of Eden where we did not toil or spin, this in the secret places of our racial consciousness we feel is our birthright; and it is only by the grace of God working for our unending discomfort through the medium of harsh, bitter, stimulating climates that we are saved from utter and absolute degeneracy.

But the ideal climate must not be too harsh, any more than too soft. No extremes of cold or tropical heat are good for us. If all our energy is absorbed simply in surviving arctic conditions, we'll not get very far with our civilization.

The human race is a biological species, that has not yet begun to develop into a finished type. Professor Jeans and Professor Whitehead have told us that it is in its infancy, three weeks old maybe. Just how that infant, our own race, is going to develop is a fascinating subject for speculation outside my subject and quite beyond my mental power, but it seems not unsuitable to suggest one or two of the conditions necessary to insure its fullest growth. As animals, then, we are peculiar among other animals by virtue of a more highly developed brain and nervous system. We are more sensitive than cows, horses, or pigs, and have a greater capacity for suffering. That seems to be the principal difference—that we can suffer more acutely in

many more different ways; and I fancy that we think more because we suffer more, not that we suffer because we think. But that's no matter; we needn't here enter into that controversy. The fact is that we do both, more intensely than dogs or elephants or fish, and that as a result we have shed our fur pelts, bought ourselves clothes and spectacles, and built ourselves warm houses. We have become, as we grew thoughtful, very vulnerable and very frail; and the wisest and most thoughtful among us are the most vulnerable to the onslaught of inclement nature. What this means is that we are developing too rapidly in a one-sided way. Imagine the half dozen great minds of the world, men such as Einstein and Eddington, Whitehead and Jeans, exposed on a mountain peak in winter or in the middle of the Sahara in summer, and you'll see what I mean. We don't so expose them; we wrap them quite rightly in cotton wool and keep them in the rare artificial atmosphere of dons' chambers behind college gates. But my point is that our tendency is to do the same thing on a grand scale, indeed for the whole species: to create an artificial world like a glass case inside the natural one and live in it with the least possible physical exertion; and this fatal tendency in human life is strongest, I maintain, in those countries where the climate is the most brilliant, the most exciting, and the most nerve-racking.

Yes, one of them is America. There is only one great danger looming over America, the climate. It is bad, for white men. It has produced more skyscrapers, more machinery, more labor-saving devices, more religious maniacs, more psychoanalysts, more nervous wrecks, more drunkards, more dyspeptics, more patent foods, more gamblers and gunmen and yellow journalists than any country in the world. Its keynote is extravagance. It is an extravagant, spectacular, dramatic, ultra-stimulating and wildly exciting climate and it impels men to every sort of excess for which they nervously try to find every sort of antidote. It is a climate too that makes everyone feel in a hurry, a climate of speed. Get rich quick, get up quick, jump aboard quick, kiss me quick, marry me quick and divorce me quicker, live quick, get old quick. Breathlessness is the result. And a sense of unreality, of an enormous phantasmagoria that may vanish as it came in the wink of an eye. If only it would rain for six months in America without stopping. If only the winds would grow quiet, the Northeaster stop blowing down the Great Lakes; if only a soft, silent fog would roll over those cities and prairies, from New York to San Francisco, muffling it all, stopping it all, slowing it all down, the jigging thermometer too.

III

I don't say that the climate of the United States is beastly. I say that it is dangerous and that the English climate is safe. And some of my American readers will snort like war horses and cavort about and toss their heads and be glad they weren't born in that slow, safe country. Well, if you are young and fiery your feelings are natural. American youth is very inspiring; not so inspiring is American old age. Life burns in America with too bright a flame to burn long. Men and women break down there, just when in England they are reaching the height of their mental and physical powers. We've no class in America of grand old men to offset against the same class in England. Our grand old men are few, and our grand old ladies fewer. Old ladies wither quickly in the U. S. A. or turn to fat and subside into rocking chairs with boxes of chocolates beside them; and I attribute this to the climate. Indeed, I attribute everything in every country to the climate. That's the point of this article. The constitution of the state, the peculiar form of its government, the customs of the people, their art, literature, virtues and vices and amusements, all are a matter of climate. The American brand

urges men to gigantic endeavor and daring experiment. It achieves miracles of energy, fantastic victories over natural obstacles. It undermines mountains, irrigates deserts, builds cities in the sky, and fills the silent places of the earth with noise. It impels men, more than any climate in the world, to work, to be active. It is intolerant of laziness, has so little use for it that it simply wipes the lazy man off the slate. It is not the spirit of Democracy in America that has fashioned a God out of the idea of Work. The worship of Work and the spirit of Democracy are both alike, I maintain, due to the climate, and one of the most hopeful things about it is just this intolerance of idleness.

The same can't be said of England. England encourages laziness, and according to Mr. J. H. Thomas, England has gone hopelessly slack. There's the dole. Isn't that a sign of there being something hopelessly and radically wrong with my much vaunted English climate? But I never said that it was perfect; I only said that, taken all round, it is the best the earth has to offer. The million and a half unemployed in England cannot legitimately be taken as a proof that the climate is bad. They are a proof that it has been too good, that it has encouraged and protected the breeding of men to the point of over-saturation. We've too many people in this country, that's all, and they are too fond of it to want to go elsewhere, even when they are starving. That's the whole trouble. What of the industrialists? Aren't they lazy, lacking in initiative, in imagination, in the courage to experiment? Yes, I think they are. And I think it possible that Great Britain has reached and passed the greatest period of its history as a world power. But if that is going to be true (and I do not feel sure of it and I find it a tragic prospect) it will happen—and I know these words are going to sound ridiculous—it will happen, I say, in spite of the climate, and if Great Britain survives as a great power and the center of a great Empire, it is the climate that will save it.

I maintain quite seriously that Great Britain's one inalienable possession and its one incalculably great asset is its climate. No power on earth can take this away from it so long as the Gulf Stream flows warm from the south and the sun shines on the equator with undiminished heat. With the approach of the next ice age things will be different. If the bottom of the sea began to heave itself up, then who could tell where the center of human gravity would slide to. But given a topography of the globe more or less as it is to-day, I assert that that center of gravity will remain where it is in this Island that is deep and cool as a well. And if you talk to me of history and argue as Spengler does in his *Decline of the West*, I'll slither out of an argument, pleading ignorance of the history of civilizations, but maintain, all the same, with feminine obstinacy, that the climate of England has produced something imperishable, something as nearly eternal as anything can be on earth. Something more elastic and lasting than the Code Napoleon or the Elgin marbles or the skyline of New York. What shall I call it? I must call it something, for it represents a living force, a dynamic power and a step up or forward in the evolution of the human race. Call it a type of man, call it the temperate man, the man who has somehow achieved a balance between his rights as an individual and his obligations as a member of a community. Call it the individual as opposed to that grotesque monster the mass man, the type of man who will save us perhaps from Communism in our time: the mass man and his Machine God. It's not the peasants of Russia on their desolate steppes who will dispute the future sway of these two, nor the Captains of American Industry with their massed machine production. It's the slow-witted, obstinate, law-abiding Britisher with the gleam of humor in his eye, who keeps the law but will tolerate

no interference in his private affairs.

Consider all this for a moment from the low point of view of international rivalry. Imagine for a moment that some nation should challenge Britain's power in a new first-class, full-dress war. What will win a war of the future anyhow? Big ships or little ships, submarines or airplanes, or the men who man them? Unmanned machines let loose by some infernal scientific impulse, or organized squadrons of machines guided by a spirit of intelligent purpose? Will the land that has bred the best horses and cattle and the densest crowd of men in Christendom fail now because machines have it all their own way? I wonder. I doubt it. I think that no country can have a great navy or a great merchant marine that does not breed sailors, or a great army if it doesn't breed men who are real tough, elastic, brave men. I think that no nation can be greater than itself for very long and that no edifice either Parthenon or cathedral, or organized palace of industry, will stand long when it's left empty of Life.

But I am not very interested in military or naval supremacy, and I'm not talking about world power in its literal sense. I think that Great Britain could stand being beaten in half a dozen wars and yet still remain in my sense of the word the greatest power in the world. It is just stupid enough, just slow enough, just insular enough, to survive as a power for sanity and temperateness for many generations to come.

France has survived unchanged, despite invasions, because it is insular, intolerant, and stubborn; but France is more divided against itself than England. It has half a dozen climates and half a dozen races. The Bretons and the people of the Mediterranean seaboard are strangers to each other and as antagonistic as the Punjabis in India are to the inhabitants of Madras. If this is true of France, what of the United States of America? Are the people of the South blood brothers of the Teutonic and Scandinavian citizens of Minnesota and Wisconsin? But I needn't point out the weakness of this polyglot mixture in America. We all know that America has not yet produced a race, or a racial type, or a racial mind, and this fact—to be very frank—is a guarantee of Great Britain's moral supremacy for the next few hundred years. After that, when the population of the United States has added to itself another hundred million people, Great Britain may have to take second place. In the meantime I back England and the enduring power of England and its curious slowly developing life and its obstinate, invincible unity, which is so little understood by foreign politicians and which I attribute entirely to its geography, or in other words, to its climate.

ROOSEVELT AND THE WAR

A CHAPTER OF MEMORIES

BY OWEN WISTER

ON JUNE 28, 1914, I walked into my hotel at Triberg in the Black Forest, South Germany. Some six or seven people were clustered by the bulletin board. This announced the assassination of a couple I had never heard of in a place with a strange name I could not pronounce. And a voice at the edge of our group spoke:

"That is the match which will set all Europe in flames."

He was a tall, lean, gray man—pale, and of great distinction. I had noticed him at meals. It was the first word I ever heard from him, and the last. It made no impression on me at the time. I did not think of it again till August, on the ocean.

About July 25th, an old English lady asked me if I believed that Austria would actually declare war on Serbia. I didn't know what she meant. Trouble between England and Ulster was all that the London papers seemed to be talking about.

On August 1st I laid some sovereigns down to pay my London hotel bill. Did I not need gold for myself? the landlady asked. No, I was sailing. Why did she ask? Because gold payments had been stopped at her bank. She was very grateful to receive my sovereigns.

I drove through restless streets to St. Pancras. There I got into a train amid unrest. In two hours I was steaming down the Thames from Tilbury docks. At the mouth of the river battleships searched us with their shifting glare. We reached the open sea. Each morning wireless told of new fires leaping out in Europe. By the fourth day England was at war with Germany. On the seventh day most of the lights on our ship were put out, blankets were stuffed in all the portholes, the vessel trembled as she suddenly sprang to her utmost speed, and we rushed for two days through a thick fog in silence, never a whistle sounding. I slept in my clothes, but could not understand the agitation of a stewardess about our German pursuers —they were said to be two. What could they do to a passenger ship but take us to the nearest German port?

"Oh, sir, you don't know them. They'd send us to the bottom of the sea."

I didn't believe a word of it. In two days we reached the Nantucket lightship, and slowed down, and so docked at New York.

Our ship now lies at the bottom of the Mediterranean with a hole from a submarine in her.

That tall gray gentleman at Triberg —who could he have been? Had he guessed or had he known? But who, on the very day a fanatic youth named Princip had shot the heir of Austria in a corner of nowhere in particular, was in a position to say that this would start a war from St. Petersburg through Berlin to Brussels, London, Paris, Vienna, Belgrade, Constantinople, and much between, and a great deal beyond—and have his prediction come true in about nine weeks?

That Triberg gentleman's shrewd de-

duction must have been based upon the omens of many years. He must have put a number of manifestations together: the Algeciras conference, the Agadir incident, the demoting of Delcassé by France at the order of Berlin, the German-Austrian alliance, the English-French-Russian pact, the periodic rattle of the sword, that toast of the German navy, "*der Tag!*," the prosperous industry of Krupp, the race in dreadnoughts, the deserters of Casa Blanca, the Treaty of Bucharest, Russia's Balkan pets, always snarling—he must have put these and other portents together. He knew how unstable was the equilibrium of Europe. And so he was able to tell us immediately and correctly in front of that hotel bulletin board what we were going to witness. It was a daring mental jump into space on June 28, 1914. Memoirs, histories, state papers have disclosed so far no other jump like that.

Sometime in December, Roosevelt made an uncanny suggestion to me, suddenly. We were discussing the War. We discussed little else any more. He twisted his face up and said:

"How many lies do you suppose that Viennese Christmas-tree jumping-jack told that male prima donna at Potsdam?"

He had put his finger on the original incendiary. This was also a remarkable jump to make, though not equal to the one at Triberg. We had learned a great deal by December, 1914; but everything we knew pointed to Berlin as the main culprit. Berlin was by no means innocent, but the basest guilt was not there. The original incendiary was Count Berchtold of Austria.

II

All Europe was indeed in flames, flames which Roosevelt saw very early in that appalling conflagration—saw and proclaimed—would end by setting us afire if we did not make ready against them. Important bankers told the world that these flames would die down in three months. The Kaiser told the world that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Paris. Kitchener told the world that it would be thirty-six months before the fire was extinguished. Fifty months after these predictions the flames were put out.

And in the White House sat the fragment of a truly great man, made little by too much of self and because his power to think greatly exceeded his power to act. Worse still for him and the world when he thought; he shut himself in alone with his meditations, locked the door of his mind against every voice that might instruct him and every fact that might contradict him. Through him, tragedy fell upon great multitudes and, in the end, upon himself. Wilson might have steered us well enough in smooth weather. None save a leader quick to see, ready to learn, and of prompt and firm decision could have struck and held the true course in this monstrous roar of events novel and incessant, this world of another dimension that had cracked off from all life we had known, and had turned into such a place that one was glad some old people one had loved were no longer on earth to know what earth could be. And henceforth for many a day two voices were destined to speak to the American people, who would learn, very slowly, to listen less and less to the voice from the White House, and more and more to the voice from Sagamore Hill.

In one thing these two very dissimilar characters were alike—unflinching purpose. Their methods of achieving it were diametrically opposed. One locked his intentions inside him and acted in isolation; the other called in experts and sometimes the whole country to his councils.

Theodore Roosevelt offers us no riddle. The man is clear and accounted for. People may like or dislike that kind of man; they may disagree over this, that, and the other of his actions—such as his declining to lead his Progres-

sives in 1914, which I ascribe mostly to sheer fatigue—but as to what manner of man he was they are pretty well agreed. In truth, his character is not at all complicated: always impulsive, hearty, generous, vigorous in many intellectual directions, aware of the past and alive to the present, sometimes thinking better of his friends and worse of his enemies than they deserved, Roosevelt is always the outdoor man and the preacher militant; never old in soul, young to the end. When Thomas Robins asked him why he had gone to South America for the sake of a doubtful river, he exclaimed:

"I had just one more chance to be a boy, and I took it!"

Look at Roosevelt's face—it is all there, even that wistful conflict between his brain and his temperament over what he knew but did not wish to know; an optimist who saw things as they ought to be, wrestling with a realist who knew things as they were.

Now look at the face of Woodrow Wilson. Who should have painted that enigma? Intellect is there, fathomless intensity, what we call vision, purpose, a noble and beautiful brow, a mouth inferior to all this, and a chin more obstinate than powerful. Many years after our day posterity will not have done wondering about Woodrow Wilson. In his life he created violent worship and violent hate of him, just as Roosevelt did; but Roosevelt seems to shine more brightly in our sky.

As I cannot explain Woodrow Wilson to myself, let the reader do it for himself, if he is able. If an obscure teacher of history, with no backing but his own gifts, becomes President of Princeton and leaves behind him storm, schism, and fury; becomes Governor of New Jersey and leaves behind him storm, schism, and fury; goes to the White House and creates storm, schism, and fury; arrives in Paris, the hope of the world, and leaves Paris amid storm, schism, fury, and disillusion, you will admit that he is a very extraordinary person.

During his early days in the White House he braved unpopularity in the matter of the Panama Canal tolls, carried his point, and retrieved the honor of the United States in the sight of all nations. He pushed through a Federal Reserve Bank policy, highly beneficial, which had languished for many years in Republican hands. Debate on this bill brought a curious personal gesture from the President. A Senator opposed the bill because he thought it could be made better. Members of Wilson's family had accepted an invitation from the Senator's wife. Wilson happened to learn this some days later. He ordered the acceptance withdrawn; no member of his household should be the guest of a man who was opposing him in Congress. The Senator, after there was no hope of changing the bill, voted for it as being better than none.

During the disorder in Mexico American citizens were imprisoned in Chihuahua. Wilson held a small conference, Lodge being present, and said that an American force must be sent to release the prisoners, but that there must be no act of war. When it was pointed out to him that this would be an act of war in itself, he replied that the Attorney General must find some way to make it not one; and he repeated that the Americans must be rescued but there must be no act of war. Lodge read me the account of this conference from his diary and described Wilson as sitting in a sort of physical collapse.

When Wilson was about to send a special envoy to investigate American interests in Mexico, his Princeton classmate, Daniel Moreau Barringer, a mining engineer, took it for granted that the envoy would be a man of experience in mines. Wilson replied that a mining expert would be the very last kind of person he would choose; and he did choose Lind, who knew nothing about mines, or the Mexican language, or any part of the subject, and had never conducted any negotiation with another country.

"When your eyes troubled you at Princeton," said Barringer to Wilson, "whom did you send for?"

"Doctor de Schweinitz," replied Wilson.

"A distinguished oculist," said Barringer. "Why didn't you send for a plumber?"

Barringer told me that when Wilson had his classmates to dine with him at the White House in November, 1916, he said:

"Moreau, why do you keep writing me letters about preparedness?"

"Because I'm scared, Tommy. Things are looking worse and worse."

"Take it from me, Moreau, there is not the slightest chance of our getting into this war."

In London, two years after, he said to an English lady, whose sister repeated it to me:

"Oh, Lady S——, you have no idea what a distress it was not to be able to get into the War sooner."

And yet during the days when Roosevelt had urged preparedness, and Leonard Wood was doing what he could for it at Plattsburg it certainly looked as if Wilson had set his face rigidly against it.

What was known as "Schedule K" in the Administration's new tariff bill evoked a protest from wool merchants. To their thinking this change of duties would operate the reverse of what was intended, and they requested an interview with the President. The hour and day were set. A group of them went to Washington, carefully prepared to present their case. Wilson received them and said:

"Gentlemen, whatever your arguments may be, you need not offer them. I have made up my mind about Schedule K, and shall not change it."

After the War had been going some two years, a friend who was sitting with the President asked:

"What have you heard recently from Walter Page?"

"I don't know what he's doing," replied the President, and pointed to a pile of letters on a table. "There are his letters. I haven't opened them."

He declined to hear what his two ambassadors from London and Brussels came over to report to him about the War. Brand Whitlock has related his experience to me. After Wilson reached Paris the French, who had awaited and hailed his coming with a sort of religious fervor, expected him to visit the devastated regions at once. Day after day passed, and each morning they asked, would he go to-day? He never saw them. He made one journey as far as Rheims, and remained most of the time indoors at lunch, conversing about other subjects. He gave as a reason for not visiting the devastated regions that he feared the sight would prejudice him too unfavorably against the Germans.

Strikingly like this is his negative deportment at Buckingham Palace. The English had awaited and welcomed him in much the same spirit as had the French. Wounded soldiers craved a sight of him. These bandaged cripples were brought on stretchers or crowded on their crutches to the palace gates. The King walked among them, saying a word to each man, shaking hands often. Wilson went with him in silence and without a gesture. Is it that his nerves shrank from the sight of ruin or suffering, as the young medical student is apt to be shocked by the sight of his first operation? If so, is such physical aversion akin to the mental aversion for all unwelcome news and facts, such as leaving Page's letters unopened because he knew they would tell him what he did not wish to be told? And are these instances somehow connected with his declining to hear the wool merchants after setting an hour for them to see him? Does this come in some mysterious way from the same quality in him which made him leave those officially entitled to be informed of an important step he contemplated entirely ignorant of it? On December 24th none of those directly concerned knew his intention regarding the railroads. On December 26th they

learned accidentally that he had taken the railroads over. It was the same when he declared war.

Or, are some of these manifestations to be explained as the acts of a man of reflection and theory, not of a man of action? Partly, perhaps, but not wholly. Did he decline to hear the wool merchants, and did he send Lind to Mexico from congenital hostility to all trained minds? But he sent for an expert when his own eyesight was the point. Why did he not keep a sane balance between labor and capital? He leaned so far from the idle rich that he fell into the arms of the idle poor. The I.W.W.'s were his chosen protégés when the citizens of Douglas expelled them.

I have said that he shut himself in from advice. He did. But no man does always that which he generally does; and in Wilson's case the League of Nations is a historic exception. He was against it. In 1915 he poured freezing water on the scheme in utterances which many may still recall. The idea was then known as a League for International World Peace. Taft, Lawrence Lowell, with many other eminent men, were associated with this; and one very important meeting was held in Philadelphia. Comments by Roosevelt upon the plan are to be found in print. It was he, I think, who pointed out that the crux of the matter lay in how to establish an international sheriff's posse. He wrote Van Valkenburg on June 29, 1915, after the sinking of the *Lusitania:*

"There is one point . . . worth while considering. . . . I very emphatically stated that it was a program for the future. These gentlemen declined to say a word in favor of our fitting ourselves to go into defensive war . . . and yet they actually wish to make us at this time promise to undertake *offensive* war in the interests of other people. . . . They propose that we shall pledge ourselves in the future to coerce Germany if it acts, say toward Switzerland, or Holland or Denmark, as it has acted toward Belgium. . . . These same individuals praise Wilson for shirking his duty under the moderate Hague conventions we have already signed and for failure to prepare either to protect our own citizens when murdered on the high seas or . . . murdered in Mexico. . . ."

This being the situation in 1915, I had always supposed until very lately that Woodrow Wilson had pondered that League for International World Peace, had perceived some chance in it for a better world, had changed his mind about this as he changed it about keeping us out of war, and had ended by adopting it and going to Europe as its champion.

This is not what happened. Others persuaded him to change his mind. It was not done easily. The others were many, but chiefly Colonel House, when Wilson stayed with him in 1918 at Magnolia. There, at Wilson's request, Colonel House drafted a rough plan of the Covenant. This Wilson took, meditated upon, and re-wrote. A letter from Mr. Root arrived at this time and added its word to the previous arguments of Colonel House. This is perhaps the greatest occasion on which the teacher's mind opened to receive instruction; but the process took some three years. After this, only the personal venom which Cabot Lodge injected into his opposition prevented its being a non-partisan project, supported jointly by leading Republicans and leading Democrats. And so Lodge, though he is not responsible for our final rejection of the Covenant, is the cause of Wilson's becoming the lone figure, the evangelist, the standard-bearer of the League, whom history will record. If it works out according to his hopes he will be a very great figure in history.

Woodrow Wilson carried through his conscription bill in 1917. It was a splendid achievement. Could Hughes, or any other at that time, have managed this? Wilson vetoed once, if not twice, the fanatical Prohibition Law and recommended light wines and beer. Intemperance, assisted by hypocrisy, triumphed over his moderation.

Wilson was charming socially, interesting in talk; he left friends behind him who will hear nothing against him. Why did he part so invariably with any friend who differed from him? He will be a riddle for a long while.

The figure of Roosevelt is not a tragic one to think about, now that everything is over; the figure of Woodrow Wilson seems to me the most tragic in our history: assuredly the fragment of a great man, whose deeds too often fell below the level of his words.

III

The flames in Europe spread. Our sky began to reflect them. Many Americans tried to shut their eyes to them, and succeeded. Not all. Some of us had our eyes wide open. Roosevelt thought and talked of little else. His next letter addressed me by my college nickname, as was his custom.

December 16th, 1914.

Dear Dan:

Surely you must be in New York some time now! It is pretty dreary coming out to the country at this season but I need hardly say how we would like to have you for a night or a week-end or for lunch, just as suited your convenience. Only do come out when you can stay two or three hours at least so that we can have a talk with you. If you do not want to come into the country now, then I will wait until the spring; and meanwhile, let me know when you are to be in New York and if I possibly can I will get in.

Always yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

It was during the same talk in which he gave his concise description of the Kaiser and of Berchtold that I told him of two rumors which had not happened to reach him.

Berchtold, of whom we had no worse opinion in those early days than that he had been the Kaiser's very active Austrian cat's-paw, was reported to have hastened to his own Emperor at Ischl with the glad tidings that war had been declared. It was after lunch. The aged Francis Joseph was dozing in a summerhouse. Berchtold frisked across the garden with his glad tidings and spoke them with respectful eagerness.

"Sire, I have the honor to inform your Majesty that war is declared."

"Good!" said old Francis Joseph drowsily, and pounded his fist. "Now we shall go after those damned Prussian swine."

"Sire! Sire! Majesty!" gasped the alarmed Berchtold, and waked Francis Joseph from the dream to the reality.

"Now, that's too good to be true," I said to Roosevelt. "The next one is too bad to be true." And I told it.

Once embarked in his war, Francis Joseph had sent word to the Vatican and begged the Pope for his blessing.

"*Non possumus*," was the Latin in which that sad and true saint refused. He was too honest and too good to bless Austria for what she was doing.

"But," I said, "you'll hear it whispered rather freely that the Pope's end was not hastened by a heart broken over the vast misery he foresaw was coming, his end was hastened by poison. They wanted a Pope who would side with the Central Powers."

"I don't believe either of those stories," said Roosevelt, "but I understand why they got to you."

"Well, of course gossip has gone entirely off its head."

"Yes. It has gone entirely off its head, but that's not why. Those two lies were *appropriate*. The *inappropriate* lie never has any circulation. It expires in the wrong atmosphere. If I heard you had burglarized somebody's jewels, it wouldn't worry me at all. But if I heard that you had written a story deficient in morals I should simply"—and here his voice went up into its highest falsetto—"*hope* my best—that—you hadn't!"

At this we both lay back and laughed for a scandalously long time.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
30 East Forty-Second Street
New York City
March 2nd, 1915

Dear Dan:

Langdon Mitchell was here the other night and said that your play was a great success. Now, as soon as the weather grows decent, can't you come out to Oyster Bay for a night or a week-end? But if you prefer not, then let me know some time you are to be in New York and I will come in and we will have lunch together.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I could do neither just then. The War had set aside all plans of fiction, and I was hard at work preparing to write *The Pentecost of Calamity* by reading entirely or in part more books than I can remember now. What play my cousin Langdon Mitchell meant I cannot imagine. There was none. *The Virginian* had left the New York stage years ago and had taken to the movies.

OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK
March 13th, 1915

Dear Dan:

My libel suit begins on April 20th, so I should have to leave here on the 19th. Any day before that or any day after the suit gets through we should love to have you.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

That libel suit was famous. Roosevelt was defendant; the plaintiff was William Barnes, political boss at Albany. He lost. The dramatic point of the trial was Roosevelt on the witness stand. His marvellously accurate memory met and rebutted the successive items of evidence produced in passages from even old letters he had written. They never caught him in a mistake, and his explanations hit so true that day by day his cross-examiners drooped with exhaustion. These attorneys begged the court to rule that the witness must confine himself to words and must not answer with his whole body; this method made an unfairly favorable impression on the jury. But Judge Andrews ruled that it was beyond the province of the court to regulate the ordinary manner of the witness!

Full reports of this historic trial were cut short by a more historic event; on May 7th the *Lusitania* was sunk by a submarine. I possess a medal struck off in Germany in anticipation of this sinking. Death stands at a ticket window and receives the tickets of the passengers. Before the *Lusitania* sailed the most famous advertisement in the world appeared in the papers. It warned Americans to keep off that boat. The German Ambassador had inserted it. Roosevelt said that he would have sent for the Ambassador, handed him his papers, and requested him to get aboard the *Lusitania* and go. Since then the Ambassador has let the world know that by May, 1915, he understood Woodrow Wilson.

A few of the thousand-and-odd passengers were saved.

"This represents," said Roosevelt next day in the papers, "not merely piracy, but piracy on a vaster scale of murder than old-time pirates ever practiced. This is the warfare which destroyed Louvain and hundreds of men, women, and children in Belgium."

He knew that there were two German-American jurors in the box. He told his counsel that he was afraid his public statement had made their winning of his case impossible.

"But I cannot help it. . . . There is a principle here at stake . . . far more vital to the American people than my personal welfare is to me."

Two days later in Philadelphia Wilson addressed fifteen thousand naturalized citizens:

"There is such a thing," he said, "as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right."

It is at this point that Roosevelt, for what he said at his trial, began to emerge brightly from the eclipse into which he had gone in 1912, and that Wilson, for what he said in Philadelphia, began

slowly to enter an eclipse from which he never emerged.

OYSTER BAY
Long Island, N. Y.
June 23rd, 1915

Dear Dan:

Your friend, the English pacifist, turned up. He seems an amiable, fuzzy-brained creature; but I could not resist telling him that I thought that in the first place Englishmen were better at home doing their duty just at present, and in the next place as regards both Englishmen and Americans that the prime duty now was not to talk about dim and rosy Utopias but, as regards both of them, to make up their minds to prepare against disaster and, as regards our nation, to quit making promises which we do not keep. . . .

I was immensely pleased and amused with your last *Atlantic* article, "Quack Novels and Democracy"; and I think it will do good. I wish you had included Wilson when you spoke of Bryan, and Pulitzer when you spoke of Hearst. Pulitzer and his successors have been on the whole an even greater detriment than Hearst, and Wilson is considerably more dangerous to the American people than Bryan. I was very glad to see you treat Thomas Jefferson as you did. Wilson is in his class. Bryan is not attractive to the average college bred man; but the *Evening Post*, *Springfield Republican*, and *Atlantic Monthly* creatures, who claim to represent all that is highest and most cultivated and to give the tone to the best college thought, are all ultra-supporters of Wilson, are all much damaged by him, and join with him to inculcate flabbiness of moral fiber among the very men, and especially the young men, who should stand for what is best in American life. Therefore to the men who read your writings Wilson is more dangerous than Bryan. Nothing is more sickening than the continual praise of Wilson's English, of Wilson's style. He is a true logothete, a real sophist; and he firmly believes, and has had no inconsiderable effect in making our people believe, that elocution is an admirable substitute for and improvement on action. I feel particularly bitter toward him at the moment because when Bryan left I supposed that meant that Wilson really had decided to be a man and I prepared myself to stand whole-heartedly by him. But in reality the point at issue between them was merely one as to the proper point of dilution of tepid milk and water.

Ever yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Shortly after this, the *Saturday Evening Post* published *The Pentecost of Calamity*. Roosevelt wrote me the following immediately:

OYSTER BAY
Long Island, N. Y.
July 7th, 1915

(Private)

Dear Dan:

All the earlier part of your article on the "Pentecost of Calamity" is so admirable and I feel so very strongly the service you have rendered that I cannot help feeling regret that you fail to draw the conclusion that in my view is the only conclusion to be drawn. You first of all show how dreadfully Germany has behaved, how incumbent it is upon the civilized world that she should not be allowed to succeed, that action should be taken upon her. You then say with equal truth that you "want no better photograph of any individual than his opinion on this war."

But America as a whole could speak only through the Administration at Washington; and the real test, the real photograph, of any individual is whether he does or does not keep neutral about the action of the Administration in itself preserving a thoroughly base neutrality. You praise the *New York Times* for its stand. The *New York Times* has consistently supported Wilson and is supporting him now; and that makes all that it says on behalf of the Allies and against Germany mere beating of wind, a mere added discredit. When President Eliot denounces Germany and also upholds President Wilson and says that we must not prepare against war, President Eliot is occupying the very worst position that can be occupied. To denounce Germany in words and not prepare to make our words good is merely to add to our offense.

You say that it would have been an act of "unprecedented folly" if we had not been politically neutral. On the contrary, in my view, the really unprecedented folly was in exercising our loose tongues in a way thoroughly to irritate Germany and yet to do nothing whatever to back these aforesaid tongues by governmental action. If it was our duty to remain neutral politically, it was emphatically our duty to remain morally

neutral. Any political neutrality not based on moral reasons is no more and no less admirable than the neutrality of Pontius Pilate or of the backwoodsman who saw his wife fighting the bear. Either the Hague Conventions meant something or they did not mean something. Either they can be construed according to their spirit, or by legalistic device the letter can be twisted so as to give a faint shadow of justification for violating the spirit. If they meant nothing, then it was idiocy for us to have gone into them. If they meant anything, Wilson and Bryan are not to be excused for failure to try to make them good by whatever action was necessary; and political neutrality when they were violated was a crime against the world and a thoroughly base and dishonorable thing on our part. As for the *Lusitania* matter, failure to act within twenty-four hours following her sinking was an offense that is literally inexcusable and inexpiable. Of course, our people are now all confused and weakened and incapable of giving any coherent support to our own rights or the rights of others in the teeth of Germany's ruthless and cruel efficiency. This is directly due to the action of Wilson—and he has been able to do this because papers like the *Times* have shown such ambidextrous morality in cordially supporting him while at the same time taking positions that were justifiable only on the theory that he had acted outrageously and should be denounced.

This people is no worse than it was in the days of Washington and Lincoln. We were still in the gristle; and, thanks largely to the immense immigration, we have continued to be in the gristle. When we had them as Presidents or as national leaders, the people would follow them. But if, after the firing on Sumter, Lincoln had made a speech in which he said that the North was "too proud to fight," and if he had then spent sixty days in writing polished epistles to Jefferson Davis, and if Seward had resigned because these utterly futile epistles were not even more futile, why, by July the whole heart would have been out of the Union party and most people in the North would have been following Horace Greeley in saying that the erring sisters should be permitted to depart in peace! Wilson has not had to face anything like as great a crisis; but he has faced it exactly as Buchanan faced *his* crisis; in exactly the spirit that Lincoln would have shown if Lincoln had acted in such fashion.

I have a perfect horror of words that are not backed up by deeds. I have a perfect horror of denunciation that ends in froth. All denunciations of Germany, all ardent expressions of sympathy for the Allies amount to precisely and exactly nothing if we are right in preserving a complete political neutrality between right and wrong. If Wilson is not wrong in his action, or rather inaction, about the *Lusitania* and Belgium, then the wise and proper thing for our people is to keep their mouths shut about both deeds. The loose tongue and the unready hand make a poor combination. We are justified in denouncing the action of Germany only if we make it clearly evident that Wilson has shamelessly and scandalously misrepresented us. I don't think that the American people believe that he has misrepresented us; I think they are behind him. I think they are behind him largely because their leaders have felt that in this crisis the easy thing to do was to minister to our angered souls by words of frothy denunciation and minister to our soft bodies by taking precious good care that there was no chance of our having to turn these words into deeds.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

This reached me in San Francisco, where I also found the book proofs of *The Pentecost of Calamity*. After thinking over Roosevelt's letter very carefully, I made several additions to these proofs and returned them to the printer. The book appeared late in August. I sent the first copy to Roosevelt, and he wrote:

OYSTER BAY
Long Island, N. Y.
Sept. 1st, 1915

Dear Dan:

The book has come. I prize the inscription. As for the book itself I believe that from the spiritual side it represents the loftiest expression of the true American feeling that there is—just as Oliver's book draws for us the practical application of the lesson to be learned. As an American, none too proud of his country's attitude for the last thirteen months, I am grateful to you, for the sake of my own self-respect, because you have written so burningly and so nobly.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I found the quotation to which his next note refers in "Cymbeline," Act IV, Scene 2.

Prythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious.

OYSTER BAY
Long Island, N. Y.
December 29th, 1915

Dear Dan:

Bully for you! That is the quotation of all others; and I will use it about Wilson the first chance I get. Can't you manage to let me see you soon?

Ever yours,

T.R.

IV

To the roar of Verdun during the summer of 1916, the roar of the Battle of the Somme was added. We in the East heard nothing else any more. The destruction of Europe confined all our thoughts as if we were shut up in a mental prison. Concentration upon one's daily work was broken increasingly month after month. During the morning and afternoon hours there was never a minute when the bulletin boards were deserted. Men stepped out of their offices for a glance to see what later news might have been posted since their last look at them.

In the Middle West this was not the case. The great banks, the great headquarters of corporations in the great cities of the great Mississippi Valley had printed placards reading: "Talk business, don't talk war."

The Progressive Party had wished to nominate Roosevelt again this year, or to force his nomination by the Republicans. He would consider neither. His reply was that he had no interest in his own or any man's political fortunes, and cared only to awaken the country; and in a speech at St. Louis, he not only challenged the talk-business spirit of that region, he also pierced that joint in Wilson's verbal armor which rhetoric, no matter how skilful, could not hide from him. He borrowed the happy expression "weasel words" and the interpretation of them from a magazine story published sixteen years earlier. This, too, had lived in the grasp of his extraordinary memory ready for instant use. A weasel word is one whose meaning is sucked dry by the word next it, as a weasel sucks an egg; so that it still looks as if it had meat inside. Wilson had said he favored universal voluntary training but that America did not wish anything but the "compulsion of the spirit of Americanism." It was one of his phrases which the more you think of it the less it means; Roosevelt put it into his own English. He said that you might as well favor a truant law for school boys by expressing your belief in obligatory attendance for all who did not wish to stay away.

When Cabot Lodge told me one evening at his house that Hughes was the man the party had decided to nominate I did not reveal the sinking of my heart until I got home and wrote him my "bread-and-butter" letter. I told him that I thought the country was now ready to swarm to Roosevelt. His reply was long. It seemed to me another case of Washington's blindness to realities outside of it. It is interesting to know that Boies Penrose, who had so ably defeated Roosevelt's nomination in 1912, now wanted him.

Roosevelt said of Penrose to me in earlier days, "There's a crude power in him that anybody must feel. What a pity he chooses to hamstring his national usefulness by his local machine politics." And to Thomas Robins he had said of Penrose, "I like that big buccaneer!"

He gave Hughes his support during the campaign, and some of his letters refer to speeches that he made. The next is in his own hand.

SAGAMORE HILL
Feb. 5th, 1916

Dear Dan:

In a few days we sail for the West Indies, returning about March 20th. Remember that when spring really comes, you are to

spend a week or so here, doing absolutely nothing unless the whim prompts you.

I wish you would write a sequel to *The Pentecost of Calamity;* the country is now ripe for a stronger lesson; and, as Wilson used to love to say, "guilt is personal"—and he is guilty. It is Wilson, not Bryan, who is the real enemy; the demagogue, adroit, tricky, false, without one spark of loftiness in him, without a touch of the heroic in his cold, selfish, and timid soul.

Our people need to be roused from their lethargy. Some are silly and sentimental; some are steeped in the base materialism of mere money-getting or the even baser materialism of soft and vapid or vicious pleasure; some are influenced by sheer, downright cowardice.

Ever yours,

T.R.

The poem to which he refers below was written as a contribution to a Boston war-time periodical edited by Arlo Bates in connection with a war-time bazaar. In my letter I had told him—giving examples by way of evidence—that the great American mass doesn't know a good thing from a bad one.

METROPOLITAN
432 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.
October 30th, 1916

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt
Dear Dan:

Naturally I liked your letter. That's a capital poem, "Decoration Day"! When is it to be published?

I am sorry to say that I entirely agree with you as to the fact that America tends to accept indiscriminately dross and gold in every department of existence. Think of the fact that respectable men are absolutely indifferent to Wilson's lying on every subject, and contradicting himself on every issue! The worst feature of it is that the so-called intellectuals—such as President Eliot, the editors of the *New Republic*, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Evening Post*—are the men who have given Wilson his strength, and are largely responsible for those weaknesses in Hughes which make us support him, not as the proper President for this crisis, but as infinitely better than Wilson.

I am supporting Hughes with all my heart. I hope he will be elected. If he is not, it will be because under some malign inspiration or advice he tried to shirk the big issues, and paid too much consideration to the support of the Ridders, Brands and Jeremiah O'Learys. I am sure he will do nothing improper for them; but how I wish he would openly state the things which he assures me that he feels!

I still think we shall elect Hughes, because I believe that the American people are wakening up to Wilson; and if we can concentrate their attention on Wilson, we can beat him.

By the way, the British brother is a pretty wooden-headed personage. Thank the Lord he is not my brother! The French thoroughly understood my book, *Fear God and Take Your Own Part.* The British, with acute perception, stated it was an electioneering document!

With the heartiest good wishes, I am,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

METROPOLITAN
432 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.
Nov. 3rd, 1916

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt
Dear Dan:

I am very sorry that I have to refuse the request of Mrs. Rostand; but it is out of the question for me to go to any of these bazaars. If I went to one I would have to go to hundreds. The only exception that I ever made was in the case of my own daughter Ethel who had herself served at the front with Dick.

With real regret, I am,

Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

P. S.: Your *Colliers* article is by all odds the best thing written or spoken in this campaign.

But my wise old friend Dr. Fred Shattuck would not have agreed with the over-enthusiastic postscript which Roosevelt added in his own hand. I had spent part of the summer in gathering my facts for that article. These covered the chief steps in both domestic and foreign policy which Wilson had taken during his first term. They were all facts, and they made a pattern. The pattern showed that the President's steps continually cancelled one another, like plus and minus quantities in equations, now a step north, now a step south, now a step forward, now a step

back; and that this process, whether you called it "watchful waiting" or "too proud to fight," had accomplished little but clipping the American eagle's wings and causing disagreeable eggs to be thrown at Old Glory. And that it didn't look well to be so humane in what you said when what you did was instantly to drop any friend who ventured to disagree with you.

Doctor Shattuck said, "That's all true. But it's too venomous. That tone never persuades anybody."

He was right enough. We were all venomous by then. We had winced too long at what other nations were saying of us. And our feelings in the President's favor and against him can be measured by a single illustration.

"I consider Wilson next to Christ," said one Bostonian to another.

"So was Judas Iscariot," said the other.

During those days of 1916 and 1917 I saw Roosevelt, now in New York, again at Sagamore Hill. The War made the theme to which we perpetually came back—as did everyone else. Many themes, hundreds of topics, come up for talk or reference in usual times, whether in the street, the office, or at the dinner table. It is a strange experience at the moment and a strange one upon which to look back—a deep breath in human history—when millions meet in the world every day and have one single thought in common, one mental and emotional tie, that draws them from thinking or speaking much about anything else.

At Sagamore Hill we did get away from it for a little while sometimes. I remember our disgust when the policy of the Philippines and all the good done there by Cameron Forbes was uprooted by Wilson, and the Jones act, and a deserving Democrat sent to undo the work of Forbes. It was founded on that Wilsonic doctrine that self-government is what every race on earth is bound to reach in the end, and that, therefore, you should set it up everywhere as a goal at the start.

"My dear Dan," said Roosevelt, "we are all unquestionably members of the human race, just as much at the North Pole as at the Equator. And trees are all trees, wherever they grow. But I am prepared to assert that you can give an apple tree all the time you want and it wants, and it will not produce oranges."

They were punctual almost to the minute at Sagamore Hill, and I don't believe I was two minutes late one morning when I came down to breakfast and found them already at table. Something that Congress had proposed or had done the day before had put me in a rage, because it betokened perfect disregard or perfect ignorance of invariable previous experience everywhere. And so, immediately upon bidding them good-morning, and before I was in my chair, I said:

"Every age-old, world-old truth which has been as thoroughly established for centuries as the multiplication table should be proclaimed aloud over the whole United States once every day!"

Roosevelt clashed his teeth. "Once every hour!" was all he said. And we left it at that and went on with breakfast. But later I made some remarks of a flavor that he never liked. You could always tell when his optimism was feeling uncomfortable.

"Of course," I said, "in a democracy, a man can do nothing unless the people are behind him."

I saw his eye-glasses fixed on me.

"Equally," I continued, "the people can do nothing unless they've a man to get behind."

"Yesss." It was very short.

"And just now they've got behind a dictionary."

This pleased him very much for a moment.

"You know," I went on, "what they say the chaplain of our United States Senate has taken to praying every morning? 'God bless the Senate. God save the people.'"

"My dear Dan, that is very funny, of course. And I will admit that in a country as big as ours it takes a long while for the people to find out anything. But once they do find it out, they act right because their emotions are right, and because self-government will educate them much quicker than it's likely to educate the Filipinos."

"Yes—and meanwhile, before they find a thing out, all sorts of damage can be done. Also, it takes a great deal longer to educate a voter than to beget one."

"This is a democracy," he repeated, "and you mustn't be of those who always see the worst of it, instead of trying to make the best of it. It's a democracy; it can't be anything else, and we wouldn't have it anything else. That's all very well about your chaplain and the Senate, but the people we elect are merely a piece of ourselves who elect them. You can't expect them to be superior to the average. A stream cannot rise higher than its source."

"No. But it can sink a great deal lower," is what I lacked the wit to reply. That remark about the stream seemed to me unanswerable at the time, and I shall never know what he would have said to the retort I missed making.

V

The President's declaration of war on April 6, 1917, was an example of the fine eloquence to which he could rise—the same to which he rose in his Liberty Loan speech in the Armory at Baltimore, April 6, 1918:

"Germany has once more said that force, and force alone, shall decide. . . . There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

It reads better than Roosevelt's less polished rhetoric, but it reads cold; Roosevelt's reads hot, even to-day. And, if the reader can reconcile it with the remark that the United States was not concerned with the aims of those fighting in Europe, and with his remark that there must be "peace without victory" . . . I am as unable to do this, as to ascribe Wilson's course to patience. He remains inexplicable.

METROPOLITAN
432 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.
April 20th, 1917

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt
Dear Dan:

I've put down Captain Terrell's name and I will use him, if I possibly can. Lord, how I wish the Administration would let me raise that division!

Faithfully yours,

T.R.

The letter upon which he comments below came from this San Antonio friend of mine, who had begged me for a word to Roosevelt in his favor. He was the father of grown sons who fought as Roosevelt's four sons fought, and he wished to fight along with them, like Roosevelt.

METROPOLITAN
432 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.
May 10th, 1917

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt
Dear Dan:

That's really a touching letter. I wish there was a chance of my going with a division, but this Administration is playing the dirtiest and smallest politics, and I don't think they have the slightest intention of letting me go. Wilson feels tepidly hostile to Germany, but he feels a far more active hostility toward Wood and myself. His sole purpose is to serve his own selfish ends. No doubt he would do something that was useful to the country, if he were *sure* it would help him; but his inveterate habit is not to *do* the thing that is useful, but by lofty phrases and sentences to make believe that he is doing it, so as to persuade good puzzle-headed people that he *is* doing it.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I had seen the tide which had been so strong against Roosevelt among so many of my acquaintances in Philadelphia sweep back to him in 1916. At a dinner given by Robins at the Philadelphia club, Roosevelt had been welcomed and surrounded. The very men who had preserved silence about him when I was present, or whose denunciations of him I had overheard, now grasped his hand, leaned towards him at table to catch every word that he said. This tide was flowing stronger than ever by 1918. His gallant, ceaseless call to the honor and faith of the nation in spoken and printed word, a voice lifted at the very first and unchanged to the very last, was contrasted with the voice from the White House. No matter what tonic syllables about "force, force to the utmost" this voice was now dropping into the people's mind, how could they undo the enervation of the past, the "watchful waiting" dose by which the nation's conscience and manhood had been chloroformed? And so Roosevelt, whatever his failings might have been, towered above Wilson, whatever his virtues might be. In 1918 Roosevelt was the moral leader of the United States.

But in that frozen winter, when coal was doled out only where need was desperate, and pipes burst, and people were driven from their houses to wherever they could find warmth and lodging, the shadow that Brazil had left upon the strength of Roosevelt deepened. It is present in a few lines that he wrote me on January 23rd in answer to some suggestion I had made:

"I agree with that letter, but I think I have got on hand at present all that I can take charge of. I believe that Wilson is even more vulnerable at other points . . . is now appearing to the American people much more nearly as he is, than heretofore has been the case."

Again the shadow darkens his reply to a Philadelphian who had asked him to come over and assist in the organization of a regiment composed of Philadelphians without distinction as to religious belief, but to be known to the world at large as the Fighting Quakers. It recalled the Rough Riders. Nothing would have brought him more enthusiastically once; but no longer.

"'The demands upon me," he writes January 30th, "for speeches have become so numerous, and indeed the demands upon me for every kind of service and action have become so heavy that it is a physical impossibility for me to undertake another engagement at this time."

In five days he was in bed at a hospital. Then in three days we heard the false report that he had died. Early in March he came out. But illness had not stopped him. He came out with a speech written and ready to deliver in Portland. I soon asked if I might come to Sagamore Hill, and I went. The weather was dull, the air penetrating, the ground half white, half mud, and entirely soft and cold. I do not recall any reference to his illness, or any change in his cheerfulness; I do recall his appearance, especially when he was not animated by what you were saying or what he was saying. Before my visit was over, he had to start for Portland. I remember the open hall door, the car at the steps, the hearty hand shake with the bidding to come again soon. He was all bundled up in an ulster, wore his wide, soft, black hat, and was walking down to the car while Mrs. Roosevelt quietly watched to see that he did not go away insufficiently prepared against the northern climate. I think that he may have hoped to escape her vigilance. He failed to do so.

"This is the people's war," he told them at Portland; "if we are men and not children . . . we will look facts in the face, however ugly they may be . . . we must face the fact of our shameful unpreparedness . . . we drifted into war unarmed and helpless. . . . Although over a year has passed, we are still in a military sense impotent to render real aid."

In the energy of all that speech, and in much else of his patriotic service then, even after the hospital, there is no shadow. It falls in one single word across a few lines he wrote in reply to some request of mine on April 26th.

"I will make the effort at once. Now for heaven's sake do give me the chance of seeing you."

Effort. He never used to talk about effort. More ominous was a sign I saw in Philadelphia. He had come to lunch with Thomas Robins. William Sproul, Governor of the State, was there. After lunch several of us went to Chester in the Governor's car. On the way we were talking about matters wholly interesting to Roosevelt. As the conversation went on we noticed his head bent forward and his eyes closed. He was asleep.

On June 26th—the little note is in his own hand, written at Sagamore Hill:

When your telegram came we were leaving for the West; and we couldn't find out where your "office" was.

Now, we are very anxious to see you; we will be home every *night;* on the 4th of July I shall be away for the *day*, and also for one *day* the following week.

Come down for a night or a week; we'll hold a commination service over Wilson, and curse him out of the book of Ernulphus and with the Greater and the Lesser anathema.

Ever

T.R.

No sign of effort there. He thought himself better. And all people were feeling better on June 26th. The sky had changed. Faint light came across the water to us from Château Thierry on June 4th, and from Bouresches; and from Belleau Wood that very day, the 26th. Soon, as I travelled across Montana in the North Coast Limited, the light from across the water was growing; but with it, as the train stopped somewhere, came the news that Quentin was dead. The day after that, the sun began to rise at Villers-Cotterêts, where Americans were pressing forward in a tempest of rain.

When the Middle West, when America, came wholly out of the chloroform, Europe found that we knew how to be awake. We have helped her to forget this by being so businesslike since that heroic day. But she very naturally enjoys forgetting our virtues and remembering our defects, because the future seems to have looked away from her and to be giving us the floor for a while.

VI

In October I went to Sagamore Hill. During that stay no other visitor was there, not many came to call, and I had my hosts to myself more than ever before. Autumn had come to one of those pauses when few leaves are yet fallen and woods still glow with their colors. Over their tops the bay beyond was as quiet as the trees, a pale level of blue. Outside this serenity the War was rushing to its close; Theodore, Kermit, and Archie were with their soldiers, Quentin lay in the earth of Tardenois.

Our talks in the house often turned upon the memories that we shared, and always came back to the latest news from the Somme, the Aisne, and the Meuse. There the Allies were driving the Germans eastward. Roosevelt would work at a speech part of the time, and stop for a holiday with Mrs. Roosevelt and me. This was the life indoors.

Outdoors we took leisurely walks over the fields and through the woods. Once or twice we went down a path to the shore. There the two would get into a boat and row off together, after telling me how to find a new way, or a shorter way, back to Sagamore Hill. I remember watching the small boat moving outward with them into the placid bay, shining in warm sunlight. I followed it for a little while, and an overmastering sadness rose suddenly in me. I turned and took the path away from the water.

At table sometimes, and often in the

great room, he would fall from animation into silence. Once he came out of his silence and said:

"When I went to South America I had one captain's job left in me. Now I am good only for a major's."

And upon another occasion, without reference to what we had been saying:

"It doesn't matter what the rest is going to be. I have had fun the whole time."

Once, when the latest news had set us discussing the possible end of the War any day, as well as the chance of its lasting into the next spring, and the parleyings between the President and Max of Baden, now at the head of the German Government, this step on Wilson's part aroused us both. He was ignoring the Allies and speaking to Germany over their heads. Suddenly Roosevelt's entire vivacity, the old fire, returned. He sprang to his feet like a boy, stood with his arm flung out, and exclaimed:

"Oh—don't—let's—talk about him—any more to-day—at *all!*"

While we were talking another time about what turn our own politics might take after the War, Mrs. Roosevelt said:

"If we should ever go back to the White House—which heaven forbid! . . ."

One evening he brought in his speech finished. He was to deliver it in a few days, and now proposed that we go over it. As was his way always, he weighed each comment quickly, and either accepted it with the directness of a young beginner, or gave his reasons for rejecting it. While we discussed this last speech he was ever to make, his face, buoyant no longer, battered with conflict, brave to the end, grew eager over the cause that he had always served, the cause of his country, the land of his faith and his passion. I watched and listened as he dwelt upon the points he intended to urge and drive home in Carnegie Hall. That evening remains with me—he talking, Mrs. Roosevelt sitting with her work. Never again were we to pass an evening together. The next day my visit was over.

During some hours preceding my departure he was occupied, and so was she. Left to myself, I walked up and down outside the windows of the great room where he was sitting and made up some verses about him. Then I went in, wrote out a fair copy on note paper, sealed it, gave it to her, and asked her to let him find it on the morning when he should be sixty. This was two days off. I have his letter about these verses—short, in his own hand, and of great sadness.

They stood at their hall door as I drove off, stood watching, after their words bidding me to come again soon: she quiet beside him, he waving his hand—Quentin's father and mother, carrying on. The car moved from the steps, they passed from sight. The turn of the drive brought them for a final moment into view. There the two stood, still watching as I went away.

When I came next to Sagamore Hill, she was carrying on alone.

THE DAUGHTER OF A PRINCESS

A STORY

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

LAST evening when I came home from the bakery where I work I saw a handful of household goods on the sidewalk before my lodgings. My landlady stood in the doorway, and a man was carrying a small trunk on his back up the long blue flight of steps.

"Josef Vitek," my landlady called down to me, "what do you suppose has happened?"

"Why, we have a new lodger, of course," I laughed back at her.

"Two new lodgers," said my landlady as I came up to her. "But that is not all. One of them is a princess."

"A princess!" I cried.

"Yes, a princess," replied my landlady. "But she is not a young princess out of a fairy story such as you imagine. She does not wear a crown. Her hair is very white, and her dress is worn and shabby. But you would know that she was a princess. . . . I cannot tell you why but as soon as I opened the door to her ring I saw that she was a noble person."

"I know what you mean," I answered. "A princess such as you describe used to come and walk in the monastery gardens at Polna in Bohemia where I learned my trade. She used to come every morning and walk among the roses. She wore a long black cloak and a little black bonnet. At a distance you might have thought she was a nun but when you came closer you saw that she had a proud face and a proud way of carrying her head. Yet, she was very poor and she had many griefs."

"They are all like that!" said my landlady. "When plain folk like you and me are in trouble we can bow our heads and weep. But a princess must keep her back straight and her eyes flashing. . . . No, I do not envy them."

"Nor I," was my reply. "But who is the second lodger?"

"Ah!" answered my landlady, shaking a playful finger at me. "The second lodger will be more to your taste. A slip of a girl who is the Princess's daughter. You will lose your heart to her, Josef Vitek, if I am not mistaken."

"I hope not!" I answered gravely. "For there is no happiness in loving above one's station."

And saying this I went into the house.

The room in which I sleep is on the second floor of my landlady's house. It is a small room but it looks out upon a street and across to a public park. This park is upon a hill and from it one can see the city below gay or gray as the weather makes it. For San Francisco is a city of mists and sunshine. This evening there was a fresh breeze blowing in from the sea, and a cold wind was bending the plumes of the cypress trees in the park. I lifted my curtain because I like to watch trees dancing in the wind, and at that moment I saw two women coming up the front steps. One was in black and one was in red, and at once I said to myself, "The woman in black must be the princess and the woman in red must be her daughter."

In a moment I heard the front door

close and the creak of stairs, and I knew that they were mounting to their lodgings which were across the hall from mine. I listened at the door so that I might discover their country from their speech. But when I heard the French tongue I said to myself, "That proves nothing." And I was more curious than ever.

I threw myself on my bed, for I was very tired. From across the hall came the patter of feet and the noise of tables and chairs and trunks being moved—and the tap of a hammer and all the happy sounds that come from setting a hearth in order. And I thought, "It would be pleasant if I were helping them. There must be heavy things to lift." And while I was wondering about this I heard a scream and a door opened suddenly. I came to my feet and opened my door. In the hallway stood the young woman in red.

"Oh, please!" she cried. "Will you not help me? My mother has fainted!"

I followed her into her lodgings. The Princess lay upon the floor. I lifted her up and carried her to a couch. The young woman in red brought a glass of water. I put it to the Princess's lips. She opened her eyes. "You are very kind," she said. Then she turned to her daughter. "I think I shall go to bed," she whispered. As she said this she tried to rise. "Had I not better carry her into the next room?" I asked. "No! No!" cried the old lady, sitting up. "You may not carry me but you may help me!" And her eyes flashed as she said this. I felt my cheeks burn. She put one arm in mine and another in the arm of her daughter, and we walked slowly into the bedroom. She seemed feeble but she held her head high, and I knew then that she was a princess and no mistake.

I came from the Princess's bedroom and sat down near the spot where she had fallen to the floor. Before these new lodgers had come to it this room had been a sad, gray room but now already it seemed gay. On the table was a bright scarf and on the walls pictures in gold and silver frames. In a corner on a shelf was a gilded icon with a lamp already burning before it; a burnished samovar sat high up on a chest of drawers. If I had seen only the icon I should have thought that the old lady was a Greek princess. For did not my Greek friend who worked beside me at the bakery have such a holy picture in his room, with a taper burning before it? But, seeing the samovar, I said to myself, "This is a Russian princess!" And I knew at once why they had fallen upon evil days.

At that moment the young woman in the red dress came out of the bedroom.

"I see you are Russian," I said, pointing to the samovar. She smiled and nodded. "How is the Princess?" I asked.

"Princess? Ah, you know everything there is to know about us. Who are you—a captain of the police?" She showed a row of white teeth pleasantly. "My mother is better. Moving is always tiresome, and we did not even take time to make a cup of tea. My mother says, 'Women think of food for everyone but themselves.'"

As I have said, she showed her teeth pleasantly while she spoke, but her smile did not deceive me. I knew at once that these two had not eaten because they lacked food. And suddenly I thought of the plate of fruit which my landlady always puts on the table beside my bed. I left her to fetch it and in a moment I came back with a blue dish that had two yellow pears and a bunch of black grapes upon it. I put the fruit down on the table and I saw my new friend's eyes sparkle.

"Pears!" she cried, and she bent down to smell their fragrance.

"Do they make you think of home?" I asked.

"How did you guess?"

"By the light in your eyes."

For answer she put one of the pears to her lips, and I saw her white teeth bite into it. "When I was a child," she

said, "I used to love the time when the pears ripened better than any time of year. I can see now, if I close my eyes, the pear trees bending under their burden. I can see the peasants gathering them, and hear the happy laughter of the long, summer evenings, and smell the sweet smell of the fruit ripening in straight rows in the storehouse. Yes, you are right—pears make me think of home. They make me think, too, of the day we left it. My father had been warned that he was to be taken. It was a summer day and the pears were ripening. I remember I went out into the orchard and filled my apron full of hard, firm fruit. Even in his sorrow my father laughed at me. But the next day when we were in flight we had pears along the roadside."

A mist came into her eyes and I said, "Do you ever wish to go back?"

She shook her head. "Only as one wishes sometimes to redream a dream."

"Your father is dead?"

"Yes."

"And your brothers and sisters?"

"There is a sister in Paris. She keeps a shop there. And a brother still in Moscow. He is a great worry to my mother and me. For ten years he has been trying to escape. He leads a false life for fear that one day someone will bring charges against him and have him shot. When he writes to us his letters are gay and full of happiness. He dares not have them otherwise. But we hear from others, through my sister in Paris, the real story. . . . From one day to another we do not know. At this moment he may be dead! It breaks my mother's heart. There is no sacrifice too great for her to make to save him. She loves him better than anything else in the world!"

"Better than you, her daughter?" I inquired.

"A daughter whom a mother loves better than her life? . . . How little you know!"

And, as she said this, she shook her head merrily.

All the next day while I worked I thought of the Princess and her daughter. It was the day for baking pastries, and I made a row of little tarts with the dough that fell from the pie plates as I scraped their edges. I made a row of little tarts with this dough and filled them with spoonfuls of jam that still clung to the empty jars. For I thought, "These new friends of mine will be hungry again to-night, and it will be nice to bring them a present."

After the large pastries had been put in the oven I set the tarts in a row before the oven door. My Greek friend, who works beside me, said, "What are you doing, Josef, baking a feast for a doll's house?" But I laughed and said, "I am baking a feast for a princess and her daughter!" He gave me a mocking look. "A princess and her daughter! Do not tell me that you have fallen in love again!" I shook my head. "In love with the daughter of a princess? . . . That would be folly for a baker of loaves and pastries." "All love is folly!" said he bitterly. And I remembered Miriam the Jewess who had danced in the Greek coffee houses, and the terrible woman with the sharp teeth who had once snared my heart and I said nothing.

That night I walked home quickly. I went at once to my room and washed myself and I put on a clean shirt and a bright tie. Then I took the freshly baked tarts and stood before the door of the Princess and her daughter, my heart beating strangely. I wondered what I should say to them for, suddenly, I remembered that I was but a baker. At that the door opened and the Princess herself looked up at me.

"Ah, so it is you!" she said. "I heard footsteps coming this way and then a silence. . . . Footsteps and then a silence always fills me with dread. . . . It is so with everyone who has lived among spies."

She stood aside and made a motion for me to enter.

"Perhaps you do not know it," I began. "But I am a baker by trade and

to-day I made some pastries. I brought a few to you. I thought they would be nice to eat after you had finished your evening meal."

She took the tarts from me and her thin hand shook. "I think they will be much nicer now, with my tea," she answered. "My daughter Lubov will be in any moment, and I have been getting the samovar in readiness." She carried the tarts to a table and set them down. "You were the youth who helped us last night. I ate your black grapes this morning. They tasted like captured sunlight. . . . Lubov tells me she let you know a word or two of our story."

She said all this very graciously, but I felt ill at ease. I wished that her daughter Lubov might come back. "You have a son," I began . . .

A look of pain crossed her face. "Yes. Did Lubov tell you? Every night I pray for him. Every night I wonder whether he is alive or dead. My daughter in Paris hears of him, from people who come and go. She is trying to use her influence with those who have friends in power so that he may leave the country. On some pretext, you understand. For every moment that he stays is full of danger. Every moment that he stays there is danger that they may find him out for what he is—an aristocrat at heart. An aristocrat who is pretending until the moment comes when he may escape. . . . My daughter in Paris, as I have said, is trying to use her influence. But she is not beautiful, she has no charm. Now, if I could be there with my Lubov!" She lifted her hands and let them fall again. At that moment Lubov entered the room.

At that moment Lubov entered the room, and it was as if the sun suddenly had come out of a cloud.

"See what our neighbor across the hall has brought us," said the Princess. "He tells me that he is a baker and he has made these with his own hands."

I looked at Lubov. Her eyes were shining. "How nice you are!" she said to me. "Pears and black grapes last night and to-day a dish of pastries!"

"Did a letter come from Paris?" asked the Princess.

"No," answered Lubov. "Olga has forgotten us. But one came from Moscow."

The old lady made the sign of the cross. "Ah, then, Grigory is safe!"

"Who knows?" replied Lubov. "For it is a very old letter. It has followed us through Siberia into China and across the Pacific. It had so many postmarks and directions on it that the official at the post office could scarcely make out to whom it was addressed."

"Old or new," said the Princess, sadly, "it is word from him. What does he say?"

Lubov shrugged. "That he is well and happy. And that the country prospers under the new rule. He says also that the police are vigilant. He says, 'Every day they make fresh arrests of those who are traitors to the glorious cause!'"

"God help us!" cried the Princess with a trembling voice. "It is thus he warns us of his danger."

"If it is an old letter," I said, "perhaps the danger has passed."

The Princess shook her head. "If we were only in Paris . . . If we were only in Paris!" she kept repeating.

"What could we do in Paris?" demanded Lubov. "What could we possibly do?"

"I do not know exactly," answered the Princess. "But, I am sure there would be things to do. There would be men of influence to meet."

"But Olga is there. Olga is doing everything possible."

"Ah, you do not understand, Lubov. You are too young to understand. Olga does what she can. But there are things that are beyond her. Your sister has a heart of gold, but a heart of gold is nothing at a time like this. Some day you will understand that, Lubov."

A cloud passed over Lubov's face but it vanished quickly. "Let us have our tea and our pastries," she said. And she began to arrange glasses on a tray. She took a withered lemon and cut it into thin slices while the Princess went in search of sugar.

Presently the glasses were full of steaming tea the color of amber. We drew up to a low table. Lubov passed the glasses and the plate of pastries. I took a very small pastry out of politeness. The Princess and Lubov ate slowly as they sipped their tea. And I thought, "How slowly they eat. And yet they are starving!"

The weeks went by. Whenever a letter came from Paris my new friends had money and food for a few days. But for the most part I knew that all they had to stop their hunger was tea brewed when they heated water in the samovar. At such times I brought a fresh loaf with me from the bakery, or some cinnamon rolls, or I baked some tarts for them as I did on the first day. I would think all the way home about an excuse for offering these things to the Princess and her daughter. For I discovered that it was as my landlady had said: People of noble birth must always be pretending—that they are happy, that they have enough to eat and drink, that things are well with them. That was why I said nothing to my landlady of their condition. She is a kindly soul, and while she could guess their pride, she would not have the wit to invent an excuse for helping them. Once my landlady said to me, "Josef, how do these people live? Sometimes a month goes by and they do not pay their rent. And then suddenly everything is settled."

"There is a rich daughter in Paris," I answered, going at once to my room. For I thought, "If they wished her to know the true condition of things they would have told her."

I did not like to think that they lacked food, but the evenings when I hurried home from the bakery, with a crisp loaf under my arm for them, were happy times. Even before I came near their door I could smell the charcoal burning in the samovar and I knew that they were waiting for me. I knew that they were hoping that I would come even though they would pretend that my knock had startled them.

On these evenings we would sit, sipping our tea out of tall glasses and talking about pleasant things. I would talk about the city of Prague near where I was born, and how the sunset lighted up the windows of the Archbishop's palace that stood upon a hill, and about the little guest-house which my father kept in the little village of Polna. Lubov would describe the white winter in her country and the chiming of sleigh bells and the golden domes of the churches. And the Princess would tell about the serfs that her grandfather had once owned and the jewels that she had seen at the opera when St. Petersburg was the great city, and the splendors of the Tzar.

In the evenings which followed a letter from Paris I came empty handed to their door. For I knew that they would have cheer of their own providing. But on these evenings the talk was not so happy. For the Princess would speak of her son and of the latest news from Moscow, and she would sigh for Paris and lament that her daughter Olga had a heart of gold but no further weapon for turning disaster aside. And Lubov would wear a troubled look. And my heart would be heavy.

Sometimes on my way home from work I would meet Lubov, hurrying back to her mother from an errand. Often she took embroidery to a little shop that dealt in such fancies. In her spare moments she contrived neck bands and cuffs and scarfs in the fashion of her country for those who wished to be gay. If a trade wind blew in from the sea we quickened our steps, thinking of the steaming samovar at the end of our journey, but if the air was still and warm we walked slowly. We walked slowly when the air was warm, and often we sat

for a moment in the public square at the top of the hill. We sat upon a little red bench watching the sunset flame the western windows, and Lubov spoke of the things that were dear to her heart. As for me, I said little, for the things close to my heart could not be spoken. For was not Lubov the daughter of a princess and I a simple baker plying my trade?

Sometimes she told me of those terrible days when they seemed forever in flight, when life was one hiding place after another. And I would say to her, "How you have suffered! How sad to think of what a happy life you might have led if these things had not been."

Then she would turn her beautiful gray eyes upon me and say:

"I would not have it otherwise. If these things had not been, my life would have remained as still and calm as a shallow pool. . . . I was but a child the day I gathered pears in the orchard and fled with my father and mother into the world. But even at that age I had been spoken for in marriage. Our neighbor, who was a worthy man, had a son who would one day have me for his wife. He would have been an officer in the Tzar's army, and I should have married him and brought him a dowry, and that would have ended everything. As it is, I have seen the world. It is strange and hard and cruel. But it is also very beautiful. I should have missed so many things if I had remained forever like a sheep in a green pasture."

Then we would fall silent, and suddenly she would put her hand on my cheek and turn my face toward her and say:

"Why, if these things had not been, I should have missed *you*, Josef!"

At that my heart would beat and my cheeks would flame. And, again, I would remember that she was the daughter of a princess and I nothing save a baker from the little village of Polna, where my father keeps a guest-house. And so I would keep from my lips that which was so close to my heart.

As time went on there came news of prosperous days from Paris. The shop run by Lubov's sister had great success, and with every letter there was money. I no longer baked pastries from scraps of dough for these friends of mine, because they had rich fare now, in the fashion of their country. When I returned from my work in the evening I would stop for a moment before their door and listen to the sounds of laughter and good cheer that came from their lodgings. For every day there was a company of ladies and gentlemen who came to gather round the samovar and drink tea. I was happy that they had so much good fortune but I was sad too. For I saw Lubov now but seldom. Yet, how could it have been otherwise? I was but a poor baker, and they had once been grand people and might, with God's help, be so again.

One day, when I was climbing up to my room, I met my landlady coming down from the Princess's lodgings.

"Ah, Josef, my son," she said, "we shall soon have the house to ourselves again."

"What do you mean?" I inquired. "Are the Princess and her daughter taking grander quarters?"

She shook her head. "That I do not know. But, grander quarters or not, they are leaving for Paris next week."

"*Paris!*" I cried. And I felt my heart stand still.

That night there was no murmur of guests coming from their rooms so I went boldly and knocked upon the door. The Princess herself opened to me. Lubov was not there.

"Come in! Come in!" cried the Princess gaily. And once I was seated she said, "Have you heard the news?"

"Then it is true?" I said. "I mean, you are going to Paris?"

"Yes—at last!" And she gave a happy sigh. "Olga has written asking us to come. She realizes that the time is at hand to strike a blow for my son. There is a man who has arrived in Paris from Moscow named Samaroff. He

comes to my daughter's shop in Paris in the name of friendship. But Olga is not deceived. She knows his true mission."

"And what may that be?" I asked.

"To spy upon people. To find out what communications the folk out of Russia have with those within. But, Olga is a match for him. She flatters him. She pretends she has no fear."

"Fear?" I said. "What has she to fear? She is not in Russia."

"But you forget, my son still is. One false step and word would go back to Moscow that Grigory is not a desirable citizen." She gave a little shiver. "Even now I grow sick when I think of what might happen before Lubov and I can get to Paris. Olga is clever, she has a heart of gold. But, as I have said before, she has no beauty, no charm."

She gave me a strange look as she said this, and I guessed what was in her mind. I guessed what was in her mind and I could find no words in which to reply. So I rose and said:

"You make me very sad!"

And so I left her.

I could not eat any supper; instead I went out at nightfall and walked the streets of the town. Sometimes I would think that the Princess was a wicked old woman and the next moment I would say to myself, "Josef Vitek, what folly! She is a noblewoman and a Christian in the bargain. Such people do not throw innocence in the path of evil!"

I thought of every Russian I had ever met. I tried to picture in my mind this man Samaroff who came to Paris to spy upon his countrymen. Had he a flat face and a head close-clipped, or was his nose long and sharp and cruel and were his eyes greedy like a pig's? . . . I even went that night to a café that I knew was frequented by countrymen of the Princess. It was run by a woman from the Volga district who said that she was a daughter of an admiral. It was a very gay place, with gaudy pictures painted upon the wall and an orchestra in embroidered smocks, wearing high hats trimmed with white astrakhan. The leader was a dashing fellow who danced in high boots while the orchestra echoed his shouts. And I thought to myself, "If Samaroff were like this I should not mind so much. At least he would be young and gay." But I knew that a man who went about spying could not be such a one. I ordered a dish of beet soup and some slices of black bread, for by this time I felt hungry. A man sitting opposite me was eating a pancake spread with caviar and sour cream. He was a thin man with a kind face.

The music stopped, and we began to talk. We talked at first about nothing at all, but presently I found myself speaking of the Princess and Lubov.

My companion had heard of them though he did not know them.

"And do you know a man named Samaroff?" I asked. "He has something to do with the present government and he spends a great deal of time in Paris."

"If he is the same man I think he is, I can remember nothing to his credit," replied the thin man sitting opposite me. "He has Tartar blood in him. And he is without God or a conscience. He is a man of iron, but he has one weakness."

"And what is that?" I inquired.

"Women," replied my companion, "*young* women."

I felt suddenly sick. My companion looked at me sharply. "What has this Samaroff done to you?" he asked.

I shook my head for at that moment I could not speak. The orchestra began to play again and the gay leader to dance and shout. All during the dance I kept asking myself, "Shall I tell this man? Shall I tell what is in my heart to a stranger?" But before the dance was finished I knew that I should tell him everything because he *was* a stranger. When there was silence again I told him everything.

"Is it not shameful? Is it not shameful," I demanded, "to think of a mother who . . ."

He put his hand on my arm. "She must choose between a son and a daughter. That is the terrible thing about

life. One must always make a choice."

"I know what my choice would be!" I cried.

"Naturally," returned my companion. "But, then, you are not the mother of a son."

"If the son would die! If the son would only die!" I said.

"Things in life are never that easy," said my new friend sadly.

I gave a little shiver. For in that moment I knew that I had wished for the death of a man who had done me no harm.

The days went by. I did not see Lubov or the Princess but I knew that they were making ready to depart. I would lie upon my bed in the twilight, listening to them moving about and hearing the tap of a hammer, the scrape of a chest being drawn across the floor, the sound of a book falling from someone's hand—all the sad noises that come with leave-taking. I used to lie upon my bed and think, "What if tomorrow word would come that this son in Moscow is dead?" But when I asked myself, "Do you wish this thing to come to pass, Josef Vitek?" I would cover my face and shiver.

At last there came a Sunday when the lodgings of the Princess were thronged with people. All day long a company of ladies and gentlemen came and went. They climbed the stairs laughing, and they left as gaily, calling out, "Good-by! Good-by, darlings! What luck to go to Paris!"

I used to listen for a word of sorrow. I used to listen for tears in the voice of the Princess—for tears in the voice of Lubov. But even their voices were gay as they called after all who departed, "Keep well! If you come to Paris, look us up!" Could it be, I thought, that even Lubov was happy?

Toward nightfall the company had all departed. Even Lubov had gone out with the last handful of people. I heard a tap upon my door. I rose and opened it, thinking that my landlady had brought me a red apple or a handful of cakes. To my surprise the Princess stood before me.

"Mr. Vitek," she said pleasantly, "will you come with me? I have a present for you."

I followed her without a word. The room that had been so bright looked like a dead thing. The smoke from cigarettes was in the air, and in a corner stood trunks and corded chests. Nothing remained as it had been except the samovar glistening in its place high up on a chest of drawers.

"You have been so kind, Mr. Vitek," began the Princess, "that Lubov and I have decided to leave our samovar with you. We thought you might like it. We thought it might make you remember the pleasant evenings when you drank tea with us."

"Already they seem long ago," I answered. "Yet I need nothing to make me remember them."

The Princess drew herself up. "You do not wish the samovar, then?"

"Forgive me! I do not know. . . . If I could forget those happy times I think it would be well."

The Princess frowned. "When you are as old as I am, Mr. Vitek," she answered, "you will know that happy times are for just that thing—to be remembered."

"Even if they bring pain?"

"Even if they bring pain. But come, you are talking nonsense, Mr. Vitek. Why should the memory of a pleasant hour with two passers-by give you pain? We are like travelers who meet upon the roadside and pass on."

I am a simple man but I am not too simple to know that the Princess meant to rebuke me: I was but a baker and she a woman of noble birth. Yet, I remembered that she had broken bread with me, so I said:

"I am sad not because you leave. But the reason for your going fills me with unhappiness. . . . When I think of Lubov—when I think how young she is—when I think . . ."

"What right have you to think about

Lubov at all?" said the Princess with a voice of ice. "My daughter knows her duty."

I saw she wished me to leave, but I knew that I should never see her again, so I said:

"You have a heart of stone! You have a heart of stone or you would not sacrifice your daughter!"

She gave me a strange smile. "You talk like all men," she said bitterly. "You talk like all men who pretend to believe that women are made for anything *but* sacrifice."

When I got back to my room I said to myself, "They must be leaving soon. Perhaps to-morrow. If this is so, I shall never see Lubov again." At first I thought this might be best, but the more I pondered the more I wished to see her for the last time. She had gone out, and I felt sure that she would not be long away, so I went down and stood upon the sidewalk before the house, waiting for her return.

It was a warm night, and in a near-by garden a twisted magnolia tree sent out perfume from a few sad buds. I walked up and down, up and down, and presently I saw her in the distance. But she did not come up to me. Instead, she crossed to the other side of the street and halted in the public square, looking down upon the city twinkling at her feet. I went over and stood by her. She turned and gave me one look. I felt for her hand and we stood there silently. At last I said:

"You were going away without a farewell."

"Yes."

"Must you go?"

"Yes."

"Are you happy?"

She withdrew her hand. "Yes."

She said this last proudly, and I felt that she, too, was rebuking me as the Princess had before her. I felt a hot anger stir me and I said:

"If you knew . . . if you knew what was in store for you! If you knew about this man Samaroff!"

She turned and gave me a proud look. "Josef Vitek, you forget yourself!" she cried.

I felt as if she had struck me and I covered my face with my hands. I covered my face with my hands and I stood there with hot tears streaming between my fingers. . . . I felt her lips pressed against first one hand and then the other. . . . I opened my eyes. Lubov had disappeared.

I could not go back into the house. Instead, I went and sat in the Russian café run by the woman from the Volga district. At midnight my thin-faced friend, who had told me about Samaroff, came in. He saw me and crossed over to sit at my table.

He ordered some tea and a sweetmeat. We sat for a long time in silence. Finally he said:

"Have they gone yet?"

"I think they leave to-morrow."

"You see, the son did not die. It is as I told you—life is not that easy."

"I do not understand," I said. "She is so young—so innocent!"

My friend sipped his tea. "So young . . . so innocent!" he repeated. "There is no virtue in being either."

"I tried to warn her."

"And she would not listen . . . Naturally."

"God should not permit such things!" I cried. "God should not permit her to make this sacrifice!"

My friend gave me a kindly look. "God permits a sacrifice always," he answered.

I sat there for a long time looking at him. . . . Suddenly, I knew that he was right.

ARE RELIGIOUS PEOPLE FOOLING THEMSELVES?

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

A FRESH criticism of religion is afoot, the subtlety of which makes it difficult to counter. The gist of the contention is that religion is a comforting fantasy. Finding ourselves in a ruthless universe, so we are told, we imagine an illusory world of divine mercy and care and, thus making our existence more tolerable, we cling to the subterfuge as a sacred possession.

A wife who discovered that she had been worshiping an imaginative construct of her husband instead of seeing clearly the real nature of the man, once broke down in my presence with the cry "For all these years I have supposed myself sincerely loved, but I was only fooling myself." Many to-day entertain a similar suspicion about their relations with the universe. They have believed it to be the work of a merciful God; they have seen it unified by divine purpose and illumined by divine love; they have prayed to their God, sung songs about him, found comfort and stimulation through faith in him. Now, however, they wonder whether they are not fooling themselves. Is not religion the supreme example of the way mankind can enjoy an illusion?

It is time to expect this particular difficulty to arise. The physical and biological sciences are causing such radical readjustments of religious thought as will leave Christianity hardly recognizable by an ancient devotee but, while badly needing hospitalization in consequence, religion has kept its banners flying. The new universe of staggering distances is far less cozy a setting for the religious imagination to operate in than the old cosmology afforded, but it will take more than the new astronomy to banish God. Evolution has done to death some precious myths but, while landing painfully on sensitive spots, its weapons have not reached the heel of Achilles. The mathematical mechanism of natural processes has put religious thought on its mettle, but, as was pointed out long ago, hats made by machinery still fit human heads and a railroad train, mechanistic if anything is, still goes somewhere; mechanism and purpose are not antithetical, and a thoroughly mechanistic world may still be grounded in intelligence and guided by an aim.

The fresh criticism of religion starts where these old difficulties leave off. It asks why men so pertinaciously desire religious faith and so pugnaciously refuse to give it up. It inquires why religion exhibits such infinite capacity to recuperate from apparently fatal illnesses and even to revive after its obsequies have been publicly announced. This continuous ability of religion to escape from tight places, assume new forms, and settle down in strange intellectual environments must have an explanation within the nature of man himself. Man thus clings to religion, the solution runs, because he needs it. He needs it because the real universe is a Gargantuan physical process, which cares nothing for man or his values, knows nothing of him, and in the end

will snuff him out. This world of fact is so intolerable that man refuses to live in it until he has overlayed it with a world of desire. Religion is thus a comforting illusion. It survives, not because it is true, but precisely because it is false; it is the world as man would like it, imaginatively superimposed on the world as it really is.

To be sure, this reduction of theology to psychology is not new; more than once in the long, running fight between religion and irreligion the completely subjective nature of God has been asserted, as, for example, by Feuerbach in the last century, but to-day this old method of attack has gained fresh poignancy. When it is Freudian, it posits the experience of the babe in his mother's womb as the most comfortable epoch in the human organism's existence —an experience of such sheltering care that unconsciously the adult forever wishes to return. Religion, then, with its God of love, is a psychological wish-fulfilment; it springs from the pathetic longing of the human organism in this inexorable universe to retreat to solace and peace.

No such special formulation, however, is indispensable to the interpretation of religious faith as a consoling mirage. Whether the mechanism by which it emerges is phrased in Freudian terms or not, faith can still be charged with being an illusion. Never did religion face hostile strategy more threatening. In the most dangerous hours of ascendent disbelief, when man's faith has been assailed as irrational and obsolete, it still has been possible to marshal evidence of the serviceable effects of religion on its believers, to enlarge on the comfort it confers, the doors of hope it opens, the sense of life's significance it imparts, the stimulating faiths it furnishes, the lives it invigorates and transforms. Now, however, all this is turned against the defenders of the faith.

To be sure, says the rejoinder, religion is comforting, stimulating, encouraging. That is the reason why folk are religious. This universe seen as modern science reveals it is utterly without encouragement or comfort.

"The world rolls round for ever like a mill;
It grinds out death and life and good and ill;
It has no purpose, heart or mind or will."

In such a cosmos the naked facts are too unendurably inhuman to be sustained with equanimity or lived upon with eagerness. But human beings, fortuitously emerging on this transient planet and living, as one astronomer puts it, like sailors who run up the rigging of a sinking ship, passionately desire to be at peace and to work with enthusiasm. Therefore, they make up religion. It springs from unconscious processes of emotional reaction. It is comparable to our concealment of the uncomfortable process of gestation under the friendly figure of the stork. It is the human organism's way of looking in another direction when the truth becomes intolerable, and there seeing what he wants to see. Religion no longer needs to be disproved; it is merely a psychological process to be explained.

By this strategy of attack some of the most potent religious artillery falls into the hands of the enemy. The more we insist on the beauty and usefulness of religious faith and extol it as a way to abundant living, the worse off, apparently, we are, for the more we lend color to the contention that religion rests on subjective desire rather than on objective fact. Thus losing so large a portion of our offensive armament, we find ourselves, as well, blasted from old defensive citadels. For in the past, no matter how difficult the intellectual readjustments may have been, we could insist that though God cannot be proved he cannot be disproved, that the path of faith is open to belief in a spiritual interpretation of the world. Now, however, the vanguard of the irreligious have no interest in disproving God; they simply explain him—he is a defense-mechanism by which we make a pitiless universe seem fatherly, a subjective fog-bank,

hiding cruel facts of the real world, by calling which solid ground we make life more livable.

II

The first reaction of a religious man to this subtle and serious attack would better be frank recognition of the truth in it. Anyone acquainted with even the environs of modern psychiatry knows that not only religious imagination but every other function of the human mind is commonly used as a means of substituting desire for reality. "Anything to escape, to color the spectacles!" exclaims one of Warwick Deeping's characters. The psychiatrist suspects that human life is largely lived on that basis. Defense-mechanisms, rationalizations, and wish-fantasies, by which we sidestep the actual and escape into some desired fairyland, abound in the human mind. Indeed, tricks of evasion and self-deceit so infest our thinking that their presence in religion is only a small portion of the total problem which they represent.

"As one runs through the literature of the psychiatrist and the psychoanalyst of the day," writes Professor Gault, "one gains the impression that much of our behavior and almost every emotional reaction that one experiences is a defense." Drunkenness is a defense-mechanism by which we escape from humdrum conditions, boasting a compensatory device by which we elude a real sense of inferiority and simulate a superior attitude, day-dreams a means of flight from a world of tiresome fact to a world of desire, hysteria a form of subconscious shirking, and a Micawberish faith that something will turn up, a familiar psychological alibi for directive thinking and hard work. The most difficult task in the world for most people is courageously to deal with reality. Our sanitariums are full of folk who, eluding constructive handling of their factual problems, have subconsciously betaken themselves to neurasthenia until neurasthenia has taken hold on them, and any one of us intelligently watching his own mind can catch it weaving its cunning subterfuges of escape. That is to say, the charge now made against religion, that it can be used and is being used as a substitute for facing real facts, is a charge that can be made against the whole mental life of man.

To be sure, religion is commonly employed as a means of retreat from disturbing facts! So are countless other things from cocaine, day-dreams, and detective stories, to music, poetry, and ordinary optimism. "Land sakes!" said one poor woman in Middletown, "I don't see how people live at all who don't cheer themselves up by thinkin' of God and Heaven." Many people's faith is thus a practical way of finding cheer when untoward circumstances press too ruthlessly upon them. Granted that such religion is naïve, not at all concerned with the philosophic truth about the universe, and taken for granted as a useful means of achieving solace in an uncomfortable world, one may say, even on this level, that, considering the various other defense-mechanisms popularly employed to cheer people up, we may be thankful that some folk still remain who reach the goal of inward joy by thinking about God.

While, however, this practical and largely unconsidered retreat upon religious faith because of its comforting effects is inevitably to be expected, intelligent exponents of religion cannot be complacent about the matter. Undoubtedly, many religious people are fooling themselves. Careless of the facts of the universe, they try by imaginative devices to wangle out of life a temporary peace of mind. They surround themselves with an impinging world of friendly saints and angels; believe what they wish to believe about the goodness of God, the spiritual significance of life, the hope of immortality; display militant impatience at any disturbance of their faiths and expectations. The impression they make on

the detached observer is unfortunate. He is inclined to feel, like one young collegian, that "Religion is nothing but a chloroform mask into which the weak and unhappy stick their faces."

Obviously, such disparagement depends on an interpretation of religion in comfortable terms. No austere religion of self-renunciation would suggest this criticism. Our soft and sentimental modernism, therefore, must in this matter accept heavy responsibility, for it undoubtedly has led Christianity into the defile where this ambush could be sprung with deadliest effect. The old orthodoxy was by no means so susceptible of interpretation in terms of comfort. Men believed in a Calvinistic God who from all eternity had foredoomed multitudes of his children to eternal hell. Preachers drove women mad and made strong men cry out in terror by their pictures of God holding sinners over the infernal pit and likely at any moment to let go. One who, like myself, has now a long memory can recall those days when fear haunted the sanctuary. When I was seven I cried myself to sleep in dread that I was going to hell and when I was nine I was ill from panic terror lest I had committed the unpardonable sin. Had the idea been broached in those days that religion is merely a psychological device by which we solace ourselves, it would have been difficult to see the point.

Against this reign of terror in religion the new theology revolted. Judgment Day was allegorized; hell was sublimated; predestination was denied; God was sentimentalized. Whatever was harsh, grim, forbidding in the old religion was crowded to the periphery or thrust out altogether, and whatever was lovely, comforting, hopeful was made central. Religion became a song about the ideal life, the love of God, the hope of heaven. Many of the older generation still remember how like the water and bread of life this new interpretation seemed. It was part and parcel of the Zeitgeist; it accorded with the mid-Victorian attitude; it emerged in Browning's gorgeous optimism as well as in the sentimentality of gospel hymns. Skeptics might doubt and science pose difficult problems, but we knew that in this inspiring faith of religion—a good God, a morally trustworthy universe, an onward and upward march forever—we had found the secret of triumphant living. And now the ambush breaks upon this very position. Our strategy apparently has gone awry and the very battle-line we chose has given to the irreligious the best opportunity they ever had. They grant everything we say about the loveliness and comfort of our faith; they agree that it inspires, consoles, enheartens, and pacifies; they consent to the claim that it is emotionally satisfying and often practically useful. The fact that it is all this, they say, explains its emergence. It is a fantasy constructed for this very purpose. It is man's subjective method of making himself more comfortable in an uncomfortable world.

What we face to-day, therefore, is not only the universal tendency in human nature to sugarcoat stern fact with fantasy, but this tendency accentuated by a type of religion which lends itself readily to such saccharine use. The upshot is that multitudes of religious people are unquestionably fooling themselves. The chief engineer of the Eighth Avenue Subway recently told me that he had received a letter from a woman demanding that the blasting on the subway be stopped because it interfered with the singing of her pet canary. That woman's outlook illustrates much popular religion. Her ego had pushed itself into the center of the city's life; her pet canary's singing had become to her a crucial matter of metropolitan concern; the vast enterprises of the municipality should in her opinion turn aside for her pet. A similar frame of mind characterizes egocentric religion.

To be sure, some two billion years ago this little planet broke off from its parent sun and started on its orbit of six

hundred million miles. To be sure, the sun itself is but a tiny thing—millions of it could be lost in a star like Betelgeuse. To be sure, there are extra-galactic nebulæ from which light speeding 186,000 miles a second has been traveling 140,000,000 years to reach us. The cosmos is a blasting operation on a titanic scale. This fact does not shut out the possibility that the Power behind the universe may ultimately be interested in personality. The Eighth Avenue Subway is concerned with personality; the welfare of persons is its object. Individual whimsies, however, do not count; pet canaries are not determinative. So our universe is a stern affair, and the God of it, as Jesus said in his parable, is like an "austere man." He has no pets, he plays no favorites, he stops no blasting for any man's canary. Law rules in this cosmos, not magic. There are no Aladdin's lamps. To forget that is to run with the egocentric multitude into a religion of illusion.

It is one thing, however, thus to grant that religious imagination, like every other mental functioning, is used to produce egotistically satisfying fantasies; it is another thing to claim that so obvious a fact finally disposes of religion. The latter is a much more weighty proposition than can be supported by any psychoanalysis of religious wish-fulfilments.

III

The claim that religion essentially is fantasy is just as strong or weak as the materialistic world-view with which it starts. For whether explicit or not, materialism, by whatever special name it may now be called to distinguish it from discredited predecessors, supplies these new strategists with their base of operations. They begin with a merely quantitative universe; they assume its metrical aspects to be original and creative; the cosmos, in their view, has emerged from the automatic organization of physical energy-units. With this for their beginning, their ending is inevitable: all man's qualitative life—his disinterested love of truth, beauty, and goodness—is purely subjective. In so far as his mind discovers quantitative facts, man may be knowing the outer world somewhat as it really is, but when, so we are told, man tries to externalize his æsthetic and moral life, to posit a good God, or see artistry as a structural fact in the universe, or interpret social progress in terms of cosmic purpose, he is fooling himself. Nothing outside his own psychological processes corresponds with what he experiences as creative spiritual life. Since, therefore, there is neither goodness, purpose, intelligence, artistry, nor any other spiritual quality present in the universe external to man, all religion, in so far as it inspires man with the faith that his spiritual life is a revelation of the universal life, is fallacious. On that basis alone can the claim be erected that religion is essentially a fantasy. With that for a starting point one may go on to say with a character in a modern novel, "Man invents religion to hide the full horror of the universe's complete indifference, for it is horrible."

It is necessary to insist that this new psychological attack on religion does rest back on a materialistic foundation, and is just as steady or as shaky as its base. Too frequently these new strategists are unwilling to make a frank statement of their world-view. The number of thoroughgoing minds like Bertrand Russell's, saying straightly, "omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way," and drawing the legitimate conclusion that religion is, of course, subjective finery with which we clothe an inexorable world, is small. Most of the humanists who elide all extrahuman elements from religion and reduce it to subjectivism discreetly draw a veil of silence over their world-view.

Once in a while some lucid mind, disliking clandestine dealing, states frankly what the upshot is to human life on this planet when his philosophy is granted. So Mr. Everett Dean Martin

says: "At the end of all our strivings and efforts science sees our world a frozen clod whirling through emptiness about a cheerless and exhausted sun, bearing on its sides the marks of man's once hopeful activity, fragments of his works of art mixed with glacial debris, all waiting in the dark for millenniums until the final crash comes, when even the burned out sun shall be shattered in collision with another like it, and the story shall all be over while there is no one to remember and none to care. All will be as if it had never been." Obviously, in a universe where all spiritual values are thus casual, fortuitous, and transient, religion is an illusion. On that basis one might even say with Goncourt that "Life is a nightmare between two nothings," and add that religion is a subterfuge for inducing sweeter dreams. Most of the new strategists, however, never go through with their position to this logical conclusion but, forgetting their total world-view as best they can, like Mr. Lippmann they play around with such optimisms as happen to intrigue them. The fact is that when it comes to indulging in defense-mechanisms and fantasies the humanists practice it quite as commonly as the theists.

One editor, for example, rather desperately trying to be a humanist, says, "We ought to push gently aside the subject of cosmology for a season, and come to ontology. Not the universe, but man, is our proper study." The picture of this editor endeavoring "gently" to get the cosmos out of sight is one of the most priceless things that recent religious discussion has produced. Unfortunately this method of retreat from reality, this legerdemain by which the cosmos is "gently" secreted from view is common. Nevertheless, the cosmos is important.

Indeed, the claim that religion is essentially a branch of pathological psychology is based upon gigantic assumptions about the cosmos. For example, it accuses the religious man who believes that the world has mind behind it and in it of constructing a fantasy to please himself, and in so doing it assumes that the world does not have mind behind it or in it, but is a potpourri and salmagundi of mindless forces. That is an immense assumption. As a matter of fact, this universe does not seem to be a non-mental process into which we import rationality as a comforting myth. The Woolworth Tower is no merely physical thing separable from mind; it is objectified thought. Abstract from it its mathematics, the ideas and plans which mind injected and without which it could not be understood at all, and the remainder would not be a tower. The very substance of the Woolworth Tower, the factors that make it cohere, are mental.

The mind's relationship with the intelligible universe as a whole is not altogether different from this. All the world of things we know lies within the apprehension of our minds. The very distances between the stars exist for us in our mental measurements. The realm of science, its formulations of law and its ideas of cause and effect are not directly given in our sensations of the outer world, but exist primarily in the world of thought. It is just as true to say that the cosmos exists in our minds, as to say that our minds exist in the cosmos. So obvious is this that when Professor Jeans closes his essay, "Eos," setting forth the breath-taking marvels of modern astronomy, he describes man as an infant gazing at it all and says, "Ever the old question obtrudes itself as to whether the infant has any means of knowing that it is not dreaming all the time. The picture it sees may be merely a creation of its own mind." Personally, I doubt that, but certainly the idea that physical energy-units have merely tossed us up into existence in a chance burst of energy and that our minds are aliens here in a non-mental world, fooling themselves by thinking there is sense in it, is no adequate account of the situation. The universe as we know it is thoroughly mental.

Harry Elmer Barnes recently wrote, "Astronomically speaking, man is almost totally negligible," to which George Albert Coe whipped back an answer, "'Astronomically speaking, man is' the astronomer." Quite so! There is no sense in claiming that astronomy belittles man when the astronomical universe which man marvels at is alike the discovery and the construct of man's mind.

These new strategists also accuse the religious man of wildly practicing fantasy when he reads the meaning of the cosmic process in terms of its highest revelation, personality. That accusation involves the assumption that personality is not a revelation of anything beyond itself, that while stars, rocks, and atoms are truth-tellers about the cosmos, the most significant thing we know, self-conscious being with powers of reflective thought, creative art, developing goodness, and effective purpose, has nothing to reveal. That is a gigantic assumption.

As a matter of fact, personality with its creative powers, spiritual achievements, developing civilizations, alluring possibilities, is here. However the world came into being, there must be somewhere the potency from which these consequences have emerged. "King Lear" cannot be explained by merely analyzing the play into the arithmetical points which constitute the hooks and dashes, which in turn constitute the letters, which in turn constitute the words, which in turn constitute the sentences, which in turn constitute the drama. If one tries to content oneself with such analysis, one must first by sleight of hand import into the original arithmetical points the potency of such self-motivation and self-arrangement as will bring the Shaksperean consequence. Just this the mechanistic naturalist does. When no one is looking, he slips into the universe's energy-units the potentiality —whatever that may mean—to become Plato's brain and Christ's character. If one is really desirous of getting rid of illusion one may well start with discontent at this mental legerdemain.

Such an interpretation assumes that the whole universe, including the human mind itself, is the result of casual cosmic weathering, and that any spiritual meaning supposedly found there is our fantasy. In Canon Streeter's phrase, it pictures the universe as "one gigantic accident consequent upon an infinite succession of happy flukes." As a serious attempt to understand a process which has issued in Beethoven's symphonies, Einstein's cosmology, and the Sermon on the Mount, to mention nothing else, this seems painfully inadequate.

If the universal process is thus nothing but the self-organization of physical energy, then the cortex of the human brain must be included. That also is the result of self-organizing energy-units working in mechanistic patterns, and mental determinism is the inevitable consequence. The universal energy, arranging itself into nebulæ, solar systems, plants, and animals, has at last arranged itself into the human brain, and from the bottom to the top of this cosmic process everything is predetermined by mechanical necessity. This means that the functioning of physical cells, working in mechanistic patterns along lines of least resistance in the brain, predetermines everything we think—Freud's arguments as well as religion's answer, Voliva's idea that the earth is flat, as well as Jeans' astronomy. The mind's relation to the brain becomes, in such a case, as some have frankly said, like the shadow cast by a moving object. That is to say, all our apparent mental choices are predetermined activities of physical energy-units—not our reasoned reply to the world but only our automatic reaction.

To say that with such a world-view religion is an illusion is to state the consequence mildly; the serious meaning of reflective thought has also disappeared into mirage.

It is the distinguished virtue of a book like Mr. Joseph Krutch's *The Modern*

Temper, that in it this fact is so clearly recognized and so honestly stated. Mr. Krutch is persuaded that religion is a comforting myth. It represents the world as man would like to have it in contrast with the world as man discovers it to be. It is born of desire and is clung to because, created by desire, it is more satisfactory than cruel fact. Mr. Krutch, that is, joins heartily in the new attack on religion. But he has a thoroughgoing mind. He sees that on that basis what is true of religion is true of all the intellectual and spiritual faculties of man, that scientific optimism is as unfounded as religious optimism, that not only is man "an ethical animal in a universe which contains no ethical element," but he is a philosophical animal in a universe which contains no philosophical element; that all man's finer life—art, romance, sense of honor—is as much an alien in this world as is religion and that, if the cosmos is basically physical, then through the entire range of man's mental and moral experience he faces "an intolerable disharmony between himself and the universe." This conclusion when the premises are granted seems to me logically inevitable. In a merely quantitative world all qualitative life is alien; we are then in a night where all cows are black.

If it be true that whatever arises in our experience by psychological processes in order that life may become more livable is, therefore, suspect, then everything is suspect. Of course, religion meets psychological needs! Of course that is why it has arisen and has so tenaciously persisted! Of course, like everything else, if religion had not aided the survival of the human organism, it long since would have disappeared. At its best it does inspire, encourage, and enrich life; it enables men to transcend their environments, rise above them, be superior to them, and carry off a spiritual victory in the face of them. And because of this, passing through many intellectual formulations, it still abides. In this it is at one with science, love, music, art, poetry, and moral excellence. This fact alone neither credits nor discredits anything in man's experience.

The great question on the answer to which all depends still remains: *why* a universe in which beings have evolved who cannot live without such spiritual values? The extraordinary datum to be dealt with is that, as a matter of fact, personalities exist, finding life intolerable without philosophy, ethics, art, music, and religion. The cosmos has produced us, has forced us, if we are to survive on honorable terms, to develop such spiritual faculties, has set a livable life as a prize not to be won without the creation and maintenance of these higher powers. It must require a particular kind of cosmos to act that way. The fact of personality, with its intellectual and spiritual needs, is the most amazing with which the universe faces us, and no detailed analysis of psychological mechanisms can seriously affect its explanation; it is the total fact which waits to be understood. That out of the cosmos has come a being too significant to find contentment without spiritual interpretations of his life is the basic datum on which intelligent religion rests its case.

IV

The ultimate answer to this new attack, however, does not lie in the realm of intellectual discourse. The attack will continue until we popularly achieve a type of religion which does not come within its line of fire. Our real trouble is egocentric religion, which does egregiously fool its devotees. A comfortable modernism which, eliminating harsh and obsolete orthodoxies and making a few mental adjustments to scientific world-views, contents itself with a sentimentalized God and a roseate optimism will, if it continues, encourage the worst opinions of religion as a pacifying fantasy. Such a lush gospel will claim its devotees, but minds with any sinew in them turn away. Modern Christianity has grown soft, sentimental, saccharine.

It has taken on pink flesh and lost strong bone. It has become too much flute and too little trumpet. It has fallen from the stimulating altitudes of austerity and rigor, where high religion customarily has walked. In consequence it is called a mere wish-fulfilment because it acts that way. "No completely healthy intelligent person," says one of our psychologists, "who has not suffered some misfortune can ever be truly religious." That is not so much intellectual judgment as peevishness, but the writer could easily claim that he had much to be peevish about.

The only adequate answer is a kind of religion which a "completely healthy intelligent person"—if there are any such—can welcome with the consent of all his faculties. At least three elements, I think, are crucially required.

A religion in holding which a man does not fool himself must take into full account the law-abiding nature of the world. Most popular religion is not yet within sight of that goal. Just as astronomy came out of astrology and on our back streets still displays the leftovers of its ancient superstition, or as chemistry came out of alchemy and labored for centuries to throw off its old credulities, so religion came out of magic. Primitive religion was magical and primitive magic was religious. The adhesive power of magical ideas is prodigious, and millions of people in the modern world retain a magical faith. They try to use God as a short-cut to get things they want because they want them, and not at all because they have fulfilled the law-abiding conditions for getting them.

To be sure, religious men do lip-service to the reign of law. They even acclaim it and quote stock arguments by which a law-abiding world can be conceived as under the governance of God. But too seldom have they grasped in either thought or practice the basic implication of the reign of law—that nothing can be won except by fulfilling the law-abiding conditions for getting it.

Especially does this magical attitude persist in prayer. Even the plain lessons of history are lost on multitudes of pious believers. They know or ought to know the story of the plagues that once devastated the Western world and of the prayers lifted in agonized desire and faith against them. They should know also that plagues continued their recurrent terror until sanitary conditions were fulfilled, and that even to this day wherever those conditions are neglected all the frenzied petitions of magical religion are of no avail.

This is a law-abiding world in which a man may not run to God saying, "Stop your blasting for my pet canary!" It is fortunate that such is the case. A cosmos in which we received what we wanted because we wanted it without fulfilling the conditions for getting it would be a fool's world that could produce only fools. "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride."

If we desire physical results we must fulfil physical conditions; if we desire mental results we must fulfil mental conditions; if we desire spiritual results we must fulfil spiritual conditions—that simple, basic, obvious fact would revolutionize popular religion if once it were apprehended. Let the pious trust God if they will, but it is fantasy to trust him to break his own laws. All supernaturalism is illusion. Even the prescientific New Testament says, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," which translated into modern speech means, I suppose, "Don't fool yourself; this is a law-abiding world."

Intelligent prayer in particular is not magic; it is the inward fulfilling of spiritual conditions so that appropriate spiritual results are possible. It is the very soul of personal religion, but it is not whimsical, capricious, an affair of desperate exigency expressed in spasms of appeal. It is an inward life habitually lived in such companionship that the effective consequence follows.

A man whose religion lies thus in a

spiritual life which, fulfilling spiritual conditions in a law-abiding spiritual world, achieves triumphant spiritual results, is not fooling himself.

Another element is bound to characterize a religious experience which escapes illusion—self-renunciation. The egocentric nature of much popular religion is appalling. The perspective is all wrong. Even God becomes a matter of interest to many believers largely for what they can get out of him. They treat the Deity as a kind of universal valet to do odds and ends for them, a sort of "cosmic bellboy" for whom they push buttons, and who is expected to come running. "God for us," is the slogan of their faith, instead of, "Our lives for God."

As a result, much current religion becomes what the new attack takes it to be—an auxiliary of selfishness. The centripetal force of a selfish life, when that life becomes religious, sweeps the whole cosmos in. God himself becomes a nursemaid for our pets, and religion sinks into a comfortable faith that we shall be fondly taken care of, our wishes fulfilled, and our egocentric interests coddled. Professor Royce of Harvard used to tell his students never to look for "sugar-plums . . . in the home of the Infinite." That injunction is critically needed in contemporaneous religion. Looking for sugar-plums in the home of the Infinite is precisely what popular religion is concerned about.

All great religion, however, starts with self-renunciation and there is no great religion without it. Such faith is austere, rigorous, difficult. It promises no coddling and expects no sugar-plums. It does not use God as a *deus ex machina* which in an emergency will do our bidding; it believes in God as the source and conserver of spiritual values, and dedicates life to his service.

Strangely enough, Christianity has been and still is interpreted as the supreme example of a coddling, comfortable faith. Jesus' dominant doctrine, the sacredness of personality, given a selfish twist, leads Christians to put each his own personality into the center of the cosmos and to see the divine purposes arrange themselves in concentric circles round him. Are not the very hairs of our heads numbered? Is it not the will of our Father that not one of these little ones should perish? Is not egoism bursting into songs like "That will be glory for me" the essential nature of Christianity?

It is amazing to find this flaccid interpretation of a faith whose symbol is the austere Cross. No one would be so astonished as Jesus himself at this rendering of his religion. He did believe in the sacredness of every personality, but to that truth he gave a self-renouncing turn. To give his life for the liberation and elevation of personality, asking as little as possible for himself and expending as much as possible of himself—to Jesus that was the upshot of believing that personality is sacred.

Indeed, as one listens to these Freudians and their various allies, one wonders why, if they really wish to know what religion is, they do not go to its noblest exhibitions. Would they judge music by jazz when there is Beethoven or architecture by automobile filling stations when there is Chartres? What the Freudians call religion Jesus of Nazareth called sin. Such religion was one of his first temptations, and the dramatic narrative of his rejection of it is on record. The Tempter took him to the temple top, so runs the story, and there said to him, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and, in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." That is to say, Jesus was tempted of the devil to have a religion for comfort only. He was allured by the devil toward a religion in which angels would protect him from the consequences of broken law, and from that Satanic suggestion that he practice religion as the Freudians describe it he turned decisively away.

Follow, then, this life that so began its ministry, until it comes to its climax in Gethsemane. Jesus did not want to bear the torture of the Cross; he had seen folk crucified. His prayer, however, was not the egoistic cry of popular religion, "My will be done," but the contrary prayer of self-renunciation, "Not my will, but thine, be done." Is such religion a compensatory device to make life comfortable? Is it a fantasy by which we overlay cruel fact with pleasing fiction? Is it a world of desire to which we escape for easy solace from a ruthless situation?

A man whose religion, conceived in the spirit of self-renunciation, is centered in God, not as a bed to sleep on but as a banner to follow, is not fooling himself.

Moreover, a religious experience that is not deceitful will be one in which a man does not endeavor to escape the actual world but to transform it. To be sure, much nonsense is talked to-day about the psychological devices by which we retreat from life. The very word "escape" in modern psychiatric jargon has an undesirable significance. As a matter of fact, escapes are among the most admirable of our activities. If some of us could not retreat to nature and re-orient ourselves amid her spaces and silences we should be undone. If some of us could not escape from the hurly-burly of our mechanistic age on the magic carpets of music and poetry to live for a while in the mansions of the spirit, we should collapse. If some of us could not retreat to friendship, life would not be worth living. These are "escapes" but they reëstablish us and return us to the world not less but better fitted to grapple with reality and throw it.

Suppose, then, that a man does not believe in atheism as the solution of the cosmic problem or think that this world is

> ". . . a lost ironclad
> Shipped with a crew of fools and mutineers
> To drift between the cold forts of the stars."

Suppose that he is convinced that the cosmos is a law-abiding and progressive system, grounded in intelligence and patterned by a purpose whose deepest reality is revealed in spiritual life, shall he not retreat to that? To call that in an evil sense a defense-mechanism is to beg the question. If materialism in any of its forms is true, then, to be sure, religion is a deceptive defense-mechanism, and so are most beautiful things in human experience. But if the world really does have spiritual meaning, then such religion is one of those indispensable orientations of the soul in its real environment which steady, strengthen, and transform our lives.

Religion, however, is much more than retreat, even when retreat is elevated to its noblest terms. Comfort is a strong word—fort, fortress, fortification, fortitude, fortify are its near relatives—and a great religion always has brought and always will bring comfort. But great religion does so not by escaping from the actual world but by supplying faith and courage to transform it.

When, knowing religious biography at its best, one listens to the new strategists putting religion into the same class with drugs and day-dreams as a means of escape from life, patience becomes difficult. To be sure, cheap men have always held a cheap religion. So a Buddhist priest said to a friend of mine: "Religion is a device to bring peace of mind in the midst of conditions as they are." This attitude is not exclusively Buddhist; much contemporaneous Christianity is of the same breed. It is the ultimate heresy, hating which as a travesty on religion, one welcomes Freud and all his kind if they can make the case against it plainer and press the attack upon it more relentlessly. But to call that cheap article real religion is to forget the notable exhibitions of another kind of faith, from some ancient Moses linking his life to the fortunes of a slave people until he liberated them to some modern Grenfell forgetting himself into immortality in Labrador. Such religion is not akin to drugs and day-

dreams; it means not escape from but transformation of the actual world.

It will be a sad day for the race if such religion vanishes. I see no likelihood of getting out of atheism the necessary faith and hope for social progress. That pictures the universe as a crazy book in dealing with which we may indeed be scientific, may count the letters and note the method of their arrangement but may not be religious and so read sense and meaning in the whole. The human mind will not forever avoid the logical consequences of such a world-view if it prevails.

"It cannot be doubted," one of the new psychological assailants writes, "that God has been a necessity to the human race, that He is still a necessity, and will long continue to be." Indeed he will, and it is notable that even those who think him an illusion admit the fact. Religion has been described as mere superstition, a left-over from the age of magic, a deliberate device of priestcraft for controlling the masses, but to-day such external descriptions are outmoded. Whatever else may be true of it, religion is one of the most deep-seated responses of the human organism, part and parcel of personality's method of getting on in the world. To dismiss it as a branch of pathological psychology is too cavalier a method of disposing of a profound matter.

The Freudians, in this regard, are lifting their sails into a passing gust of wind. Often clouded by ignorance and wandering in uncertainty, using fantasy when fact gives out and mistaking wishes for reality, religion shares the common fate of all things human, but at its heart even the skeptic must at times suspect that it is dealing with truth—"no transient brush of a fancied angel's wing," as Martineau put it, "but the abiding presence and persuasion of the Soul of Souls."

TWO BOYS, A GUN, AND A DOG

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

OLD JOE was a very solemn, very kindly, very dignified, and very reserved pointer. He was a solidly built dog, with brown markings, and was the Dog Emeritus of Ralph's family. There were other bird dogs also, for Ralph's father was a hunter; but we rarely had anything to do with them. When we were considered old enough to turn loose in the field on our own—which was somewhere about our twelfth year—Joe was assigned to us. The theory was that Joe was so settled in life and in bird wisdom that our amateurish handling could do him no harm.

The hypothesis was accurate. He knew, and we very shortly came to know, that the assumption that we took him hunting was a joke. In the face of the world he was quite willing to endorse that fiction. He followed us in a grave appearance of subservience as we trudged down the street to the station. People used sometimes to stop short and grin at us. We wondered why; but as I look back through the years, I myself indulge in a reminiscent grin at the spectacle of two very earnest youngsters in caps, bulging canvas coats, rubber boots, carrying shotguns that must have looked much too big for them, heeled by a slow-paced, enormous, and obviously philosophic pointer who undoubtedly cocked toward the understanding passer-by a relishingly humorous eye. At the station Joe walked at once to the open side door of the baggage car where he waited to be boosted aboard. At the end of the short run he accepted our outstretched arms to assist his descent. Thus far he was, at least ostensibly, traveling with us.

The way stations at which we disembarked were pretty much alike—a small frame depot, a water tank, perhaps a half dozen shabby frame houses, and a store. One had only to take a hundred steps to find one's self in the open country. Stubble fields bounded by stump or "snake" fences of rails and gently rolling hills, and the lilac gray of bared hardwoods, the silver of popple thickets, the low dark shadows of timbered swamps. All day we would be stumbling and scrambling and crashing through the great patches of cover, emerging into the open country only to trudge doggedly and uninterestedly across it to the next woodland. It was elementary wisdom to move roughly in a wide circle so that evening would find us not too far from the point at which we were to take the train home. It was equally desirable to keep track of ourselves. In the doublings and turnings and emergings and reënterings incident to a day's hunt it was not at all difficult to get turned about. The landscape, while varied enough in its features, was paradoxically similar in its repeated arrangements of these features. Nothing was more disconcerting than to lose one's sense of direction, with the afternoon waning and train-time near. Nothing was more unpleasant than to cut the railroad line two or three miles above or below the station and be forced to slog, tired and heavily burdened, along those miles of uninteresting ties. And nothing was more appalling than to learn at the farmhouse of our inquiry that we were several hills and valleys remote from the station which should lie over the next

rise. The farmer might charge us even as much as a dollar to drive us over in time for our train. That, together with an eighty-cent round trip and the price of our shells made it a pretty expensive day. Ralph and I had to earn our dollars at a time when odd jobs for small boys were neither numerous nor well paid. But it was all excellent training in topography and the sense of direction.

So much of it was our business. With the rest of it we had nothing whatever to do. The moment we had climbed the fences into the open country Joe took charge. He mapped out and conducted a day's partridge hunting, which, as an expert, he enjoyed thoroughly. He was glad to have Ralph and me go along and he was very careful and considerate. He gave us every chance, but if we did not avail ourselves of them he went on about the business without us. If in our childish ignorance we made up our minds we would hunt a certain cover of our own selection, Joe philosophically let us go to it; but he would have no part or parcel in the matter. We soon learned that it was better to trail obediently whithersoever Joe led us. That was invariably to the birds. Joe's instincts as to "birdy" places were developed to a high degree.

In hunting the cover, too, Joe gave us every chance. He ranged in reference to us; he never left us in the lurch, going off by himself. When moving up through the first faint indications of scent, he waited for us to come alongside. If he got on a point he staunchly held for us. There was no taking advantage by this sterling gentleman of our youth and inexperience. Nevertheless, Joe reserved for himself certain privileges which he would not have dreamed of exercising had he been out with Ralph's father. Then he would have played the game to its uttermost rigid convention. For example, it is considered a disgrace for a bird dog to pay the slightest attention to a rabbit. The fact that a highly trained pointer or setter will not even bat an eye in its direction, even when one of these otherwise fascinating creatures leaps from under his very nose, is a wonderful testimony to his integrity; for the bird dog is by nature a hunter and a chaser. His "point" has been developed from the pause before his spring to capture. But in his association with man he has learned to control his lower nature. It sometimes happens of a dark morning, when all scent is heavy and confused, that even the most skilful dog catches a smell of rabbit which half deceives him. It must be that certain conditions alter the quality of otherwise familiar odors. The poor chap is in a quandary. If this indeterminate scent should turn out to be a bird, after he had passed it by he would suffer abjectly in reputation. So he hesitates, and half points, trying not to commit himself one way or the other. He casts imploring half-glances toward his master; and as the latter draws alongside he stiffens down, hoping for the best. Then as bunny darts out before the man's solid kick at the brush the poor dog drops into an abysm of shame.

Joe knew all this. He appreciated to the full the social error of even acknowledging that rabbits existed at all. In adult company he would have been a model of canine etiquette. But with us infants it was different. Joe indulged himself in an occasional rabbit; smelling it out methodically to its form; jumping it; even chasing it a few paces just to get it well started; looking after it, his head on one side, with a sort of grave relish. He did this quite openly, without shame or apology, because it amused him. At first we, as well versed as he in the theory of proper etiquette, thought it incumbent on us to punish him. The logic was exact. Sportsmen should punish their dogs for chasing rabbits; we were sportsmen. Joe indulgently allowed us to whip him. He was a large, solid dog. When we had done what we conceived to be our duty in the matter he shook himself vigorously, and we went on. But there seemed to be a misfire in the sequence somehow. Joe not only appeared to be wholly unim-

pressed by our demonstration, but we felt that he had permitted it because of his sense of fairness. He too was perfectly aware of that syllogism. Sportsmen should punish their dogs for chasing rabbits. Joe was amusedly willing to contribute slight and momentary bodily discomfort toward countenancing the delightful fiction that we were in charge.

Another delicate convention which Joe chose to interpret in a broad and liberal way was the matter of holding a point. When a high-class bird dog freezes to a point, he is supposed to stay that way until the bird of its own accord moves away or his master has flushed it for the shot. If neither of these things happens there he must stick. It does not matter if his whereabouts are unknown; if his master is whistling and shouting in a vain attempt to locate him. There is something of the boy-stood-on-the-burning-deck about the situation.

Now Joe was as staunch on a point as tradition required, no matter how long it took for us to get to him. But we must be getting to him. As soon as Joe was convinced that we had lost him he took measures. No heroic but foolish and, above all, time-wasting gestures for him! Inch by inch he crept forward until within pouncing distance. Then he pounced. In doing so he was simply following the methods of his remote ancestors. I do not think he had any very strong hopes of seizing the bird; but he terminated an annoying and idiotic deadlock, and I imagine he got a certain amount of sardonic satisfaction in thus startling the grouse. As it roared away from under his nose, he gazed after it calmly for a moment, then turned to hunt up those two strayed kids of his. Joe never broke point when we were anywhere available; and he would never have dreamed of doing so when afield with anybody responsible. He could do the boy-on-the-burning-deck stuff with the best of them on proper occasion.

But our supervision was continued even after appropriate bird cover was selected. Ordinarily a good partridge dog would quarter, ranging back and forth in front of his master in an advancing series of diagonals. Every few seconds he would stop to look back, bright-eyed, to be sure the hunter had no instructions for him. These, if there were any, were generally conveyed by a motion of the hand. If the man wished to get the dog's attention he uttered the briefest possible single blast on a trilled dog whistle. Instantly the dog's head would appear, up over a log, above the ground carpet, out of the brush, ears up, eyes alight with inquiry as to what was wanted. A gesture toward the bit to be investigated, and at once, without hesitation or question, he was off in that direction. Often no word was spoken for hours, for the grouse was prone to flush wild, and the sound of the human voice was likely to start him out of sight and range. Thus the man retained the general command of the strategy.

Joe also stopped every few seconds in his slow, methodical trot to raise his head or to rear up against some convenient small elevation in order to determine where we were and how we were coming along. But it was emphatically not to look for orders, merely to assure himself that we were not straying off and that we were going to be near enough for a shot should he discover a bird.

II

But though Joe held us under a discipline that to us high-spirited youngsters seemed galling, humiliating, and not to be borne, he was in other respects very considerate. Joe was one of these efficiency dogs. He stood for only a certain amount of ineptitude. Being a philosopher, he was perfectly willing to hunt for any friend to whom his master loaned him for the day, and to do a good job of it. But in return he expected results. If the man he was with missed his first two or three birds, that was all right; Joe was large-minded enough to realize that perfection is hardly come at in an imperfect world, and that lapses may be

expected from the most proficient. But if he went on missing, Joe just quit hunting. Joe could be a very humiliating dog.

His high expectation did not, however, carry over to us two small boys. In the beginnings of our career we did not scratch down many birds. That was too much to expect; but at least we had hitched our go-cart to a star in selecting as our quarry the most difficult bird that flies. Our allegiance never faltered, our enthusiasm never failed. Woodcock and quail we took when we could, but in our stride as it were; and a bag of them never filled us with the same solemn and uplifted joy as a return with even a brace of "pats." There was something in the crumpling in rocket flight, the long slanting fall, the resounding thump that satisfied for hours. Even in maturer years, after we had graduated into the expert class, and bags of ten or a dozen apiece were not uncommon, we agreed that, spaced at proper intervals, as few as three birds kept the hours of a day at a comfortable glow. Often we took our train back at night with only the customary rabbit. We could always get him, and generally postponed him until late in the afternoon to avoid carrying him about any longer than necessary. Sometimes we postponed him too long, and then we had to clean our own guns. Theoretically we were supposed to do that anyway. It was good for us to do our own dirty work. Servants were not kept to wait on small boys. But we early discovered the affinity between negroes and rabbits, and the efficiency of bribery.

Those were the days of black powder. We loaded our own shells. Mine were of brass, and I kept them and reloaded them over and over. If I fired my right barrel more than once without discharging the left, I had to be careful to shift the left shell. Otherwise the top wad was likely to be jarred loose, the shot to roll out, and I to discharge a harmless and humiliating squib. Ralph, who was more of a reckless devil financially than I, used paper shells from the first; and shortly I fell in line with him.

Black powder made a grand bang and produced a great volume of white smoke and a most entrancing smell. To this day a whiff of it brings back to me the narrow stump-dotted fields of the backwood farms with their stubble, or their corn shocks like plumed warriors huddled; and the inconceivably vivid hardwood forests; and the other smell of the wood smoke that magicked the sun into a blood red ball and the sunlight into a pouring golden mist, touched movement into the quietude of leisure, charmed the world into the brooding peace of Indian summer. Why this picture, rather than the closed, warm, leafy green of the dense cover in September, or the rattling bared limbs of December, I do not know. Our shooting season of those days began before summer had lost its vigor and continued until the New Year. Memory is capricious. The white smoke from the discharge often obscured our determination of the results of our shot. Especially was this true of a damp day. I remember having often to squat low instantly after the discharge, trying to peer beneath the cloud. Were it not for our dogs we should have lost many a bird squarely hit but invisible to us the instant we had pulled trigger.

Those later in the field can never realize what cleaning a gun really means. Black powder residue was abundant, grimy, sticky, and extremely corrosive to steel. We had to get rid of every trace of it or have a pitted barrel. That was the ultimate of disgrace and was ineradicable. I have still the sixteen-gauge hammer gun of that youth. Inside it shines as bright and fleckless as a mirror. That means that not only was it thoroughly cleaned every time it was used, but also that it was attended to the evening of each day's shoot. To have left it over night, even once, would have been fatal. With modern smokeless one can do that; but never with black powder. Nor, as with smokeless, did a few wipes with some solvent do the

trick. You got a pail of screeching hot water into which you thrust the end of the barrels. Then with a tightly fitting rag on a cleaning rod as a piston, you literally pumped the water up through the barrels and out the breech, and you kept at it until your youthful arms ached. After which, of course, it was imperative to dry the weapon thoroughly. A suspicion of dampness meant rust. And then to oil it in every part—but that was a nice reminiscent smell too. I don't know what that oil was. They sold it simply as gun oil. But there was some magic in it that freighted it with memories. All of which I tell you to account for the rabbits. We scorned avowed rabbit hunters.

We were taught by our fathers to take this exquisite care of our weapons; but I think our mainspring in persistence was our own pride in them. They were both sure 'nough double barrels; none of your made-over muskets, or "Zulu guns," or similar makeshifts. Mine was an English-made sixteen-gauge. I think it was the first small-bore shotgun ever seen on the Pacific Coast. I shot it there first in 1884. In these days of twenties and twenty-eights, a sixteen seems almost vulgarly large, but in my boyhood ten-gauge was the customary field gun, with sometimes an eight for ducks and geese, and an occasional twelve in the hands of a small-bore crank. Men used to go out with me just to see if that pesky little popgun *would* kill a quail. Its barrels were of browned Damascus steel with a beautiful curlycue pattern made by the two metals; and it was of course a hammer gun. I suppose it would look very awkward to an eye accustomed to the trim modern hammerless ejectors; but it was a well-balanced, hard-shooting little gun, and so beautifully made that it is to-day, after tens of thousands of shots, as tight at the breech as ever.

In two respects we differed from modern practice. We shot both barrels full choked, scorning as effeminate confessions of weakness in marksmanship the more widely scattering charge of the cylinder bores or even the so called "modified chokes." For one thing, we wanted all the range we could get. Late in the year, after the trees had gone bare, our customary quick-snap shooting was occasionally varied by a long-range chance at a "pat" after he had risen above the cover and was darting under a full head of steam among the trunks of the trees down through the forest vista. How he would go! Even in those thoughtless days I never ceased to marvel that he could go so fast and yet steer his way in and out among the limbs. His accuracy was astounding, for if one stood quite still and listened, one could hear an occasional *flick-flick* as the stiff short pinions of his wings just scraped the twigs in his headlong flight. To overtake with one's charge of shot that small brown body catapulting at such tremendous speed required nice calculation and steady marksmanship and a long-shooting, hard-hitting gun. Another advantage of the choke bore was that it was either kill clean or miss clean. The compact pattern covered a small circle, but it was a circle packed with shot. We did not "slobber" our birds.

The other item wherein we were unorthodox was that when in the field we always carried our guns full-cock. This was a necessary procedure. Our game allowed us no split-second for preparations. We could not even carry our guns over the crook of our left elbow as may be done in more open field shooting; but must hold them forward in both hands, at the ready. A gun cocked all the time would be a very dangerous weapon in the hands of a shooter of ordinary training and habit. But ingrained in our very natures was the cardinal principle that never, in any circumstances, should the muzzle of a gun point even for an instant toward any living thing we did not wish to kill; and that it should always, except in the very act of shooting, be inclined at an angle to the sky. So instinctive did these precautions become that, as a natural

part of the movement, taking no more thought than for the placing of the feet, we crawled under logs, moved about each other, worked our way through the densest cover, with at all times our loaded and cocked weapons as safe as though empty. Safer, I think; for one who tries to keep his precautions only for such times as he thinks them necessary may sometimes slip in memory or observation. "Didn't know it was loaded" has killed or crippled many a good man; but "consider it always loaded" has never harmed anyone yet.

III

We had in all the years of our sporting careers no accidents, no near-accidents; nor do I even remember any accidental discharges, though it is possible one or two such may have occurred. If so they made no impression, for they were bound to be perfectly harmless.

This admirable caution, I confess, was based very little on any very acute sense of the danger of doing otherwise; for when is youth ever heedful? Its strength was that of our pride in sportsmanship. Youth worships convention, common belief to the contrary notwithstanding. The surest way to train a boy to do a thing is to appeal to that sense. We never shot birds sitting; we never allowed our guns, loaded or empty, to point toward any living thing; we cleaned them scrupulously at night no matter how late it was or how tired we were; and we took inordinate pains to search down chance cripples, not because of any consciousness of the virtue of such proceedings, but because of our ardent determination to behave in all matters, great and small, according to the rules of the game.

Nor did we go afield in the larger sense without considerable valuable preliminary training. Before the shotgun period of our lives we had begun with other weapons. Ralph had an air gun, and later a .22; I a heavy barrelled, well-made Flobert "saloon rifle" as they were called. The State of Michigan at that time offered a bounty of one cent a head on English sparrows. For several years our main business in life out of school hours and on Saturday was the collection of that bounty. Since, as is well known, these birds are distinctively urban dwellers, we had to do our shooting within the city, preferably as near the downtown district as we dared. I do not know why we were allowed to roam the streets discharging comparatively deadly weapons, but rarely did anybody protest. Perhaps it was a more tolerant age; perhaps more ignorant, or, contrariwise, more generally knowledged as to firearms. When every second man on the street is a shooter of something, the prowlings of two small boys squibbing off "BB's" is not so alarming as would be the case nowadays when few know anything about guns, and every firearm is as terrible as a six-inch howitzer. Of course the actual business district was closed to us by the presence of police; but that did not matter. What we wanted was the combination of city streets and trees. Nevertheless, the nearer downtown we could manage the better the hunting.

We had our regular beats. Each took a side of the street. Somehow we did not even attract much attention. Occasionally a passer-by would pause to watch us for a moment or so. If he did so from any motive of caution, our conduct must have satisfied him, for we were never warned. We knew, and avoided, a few places where some "old woman"—of either sex—was "cranky." But we were very careful and had evolved a working system. For instance, we never shot at sparrows on the ground or in the street, no matter how tempting their numbers or range: the bullet might glance. We rarely shot at them atop a roof or on eaves, and then only when they were within easy range and outlined against the sky; the bullet might puncture somebody's shingles, and that would be unfair. For the same reason we were careful about the back-

ground to each and every shot, lest we break glass or do other damage. The ideal was a bird tree—perched against a blue sky. Where the spent bullets landed did not concern us; it was sufficient that there was nothing back of a direct hit. As a matter of fact, beyond a very limited range, these tiny BB's could have had little more force than a flicked pebble.

But within their range they were astonishingly accurate. And we shortly became very deadly. We had to be. Consider it for yourself. We were in serious business. BB's came in boxes of fifty at thirty-five cents a box. To break even financially we must make seventy per cent of hits. At bull's-eyes as small as sparrows and at varying ranges that means very good shooting. Commercially we managed to survive, and even made a small profit. Later the State raised the bounty to three cents a head. Then we were affluent.

The first rather lean year was carried by an unexpected and marvellous bit of luck. It involved our one and only incursion into police territory. Outside their downtown beats the police left us alone; and we in return considered it only polite and politic not to pull off any mischievous and aggravating raids. Whenever on our regular beats we ran across a cop on his way home we gave a busy imitation of innocent youth returning from a shooting expedition in the country; while he gave as excellent an imitation of believing us. But downtown near the railway station was a tall office building whose eaves and cornices had become infested by large tame pigeons. They seemed to belong to nobody; they were very messy. Somehow it became known to us that the owners of the building would not exactly shriek for the police were we to shoot these pigeons.

Too good a chance for what was to us big game. And the profits were tempting. The building owners could not of course offer us any reward for the job; nor, indeed, countenance us in any way. But we were made to understand that we could get twenty-five cents a pair for pigeons at the meat market. So every day or so we made a raid.

It was exciting, fast work, but not wholly comfortable. We had to scout carefully to determine the whereabouts of the local cop. Then we had to wait a favorable hiatus in passers-by. This was downtown, in crowded districts; besides which we were apparently knocking over somebody's tame doves. The range was long—the full height of the building—and the birds took a long, fluttering tumble that attracted much unfavorable attention, especially from indignant old ladies. A crowd always gathered. It was impossible to do more than dart in and out corsair-wise, so to speak, snatching our booty and making our getaway before the storm broke. At least that was our idea of it. As a matter of fact, nobody in authority ever interfered with us. It would have been easy to trap us. I imagine the word had been passed along by the victims of those very dirty and noisy pigeons; and I imagine we and our activities were quite well known to the easy-going authorities. It was not a very large city. Our precautions toward safety had probably been amusedly appraised.

But that did not affect our own attitude of mind. As far as we were concerned, we were engaged in a respectable business with a thirty per cent margin for an impossible perfection, technically extra-legal, but tolerated within certain tacitly understood limits. Somewhat as good respectable bootleggers look upon themselves nowadays. This pigeon business was out of our line. We were uneasy lest we jeopardize our status thereby; but the profits tempted. A sort of hijacking, as it were, for which we could not reasonably expect the customary police tolerance. So, in spite of the thrill of big game and the breathless excitement of raiding, we were glad to finish the job and return to our moderately lawful occasions.

I do not quite know where we orig-

inally got our respect for all song birds. Probably it was a combination of instruction and that sense of sportsmanship again. If one was a sportsman he shot game birds. Anything else was childish. Be that as it may, we never pulled trigger on any but our lawful game or predatory birds.

Old Joe, and later on other setters and pointers, considered it good fun to go walking with us. All dogs like to go walking, but they do not care to do so without a human. Occasionally we invited them to go with us on these sparrow hunts, but not often. It was altogether too obvious that they considered them as walking and not as sporting expeditions. They paid no attention whatever to either our popguns or our quarry, but went busily about their own business of cats and backyards and other dogs.

Once in a great while, if a sparrow happened to fall out of a tree before their very noses, they might pause to sniff at its body in a detached manner. Then they looked up at us in the quizzical tolerance of a grownup for an infant with a toy choo-choo. We could not stand that sort of thing. So we preferred to leave them home. They were much too sportingly high-minded for the rough and tumble of every day business. We despaired of making them understand that its meager profits, frugally saved, bought the powder and shot and railway fares that made possible the higher life in its season.

THOSE VITAL DIFFERENCES

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

AN AMERICAN re-steeping himself in Europe after an absence of twenty years—an absence that included the period of the Great War—expects to find some things different. He even expects, if one may be permitted a bull, to find them more different than he expected them to be. He knows, that is, that the changes he will find are past foreknowing, since history turned a sharp corner with the War, and Europe has perforce changed its landscape. The American absentee from Europe draws, as it were, a blank check to cover his possible impressions.

That America is kinder than Europe, in the sense of purse-opening generosity, no one could deny. We care less about keeping our money than do the older tribes; partly because we actually have more of it, partly because money in America is still more easily won. We have not got wholly past the extravagance of the pioneer with an unexhausted continent at his back. Account for it as you like, America, in that physical and practical sense, is kinder. We have known that, these many years. On the other hand, we have also known that Europe is more tolerant. The average provincial European (who is the man who counts) is a less censorious person than his counterpart on this side the Atlantic. Whether kindness or tolerance be preferable, I do not pretend to say; but one might point out that there is a good deal of difference in their actual workings. American generosity is rather of the heart than of the mind; it is the fruit of a sentimental impulse quite foreign to the European who, whatever his vices, is not a sentimentalist. The kind American pours out his kindness on the person whose plight touches his sympathy. To the person whose plight does not touch his sympathy he is adamant, for tolerant he is not. The less alms-giving European, on the other hand, has treasures of intellectual charity which emphasize our relative poverty. Though he may not open his pocket-book so readily, he will make allowances for the person whose plight does not touch his sympathy; he will be less ready to condemn, offhand, what he does not understand. Roughly speaking, that is the difference between American kindness and European tolerance. It follows that in a famine or a flood the American backs you regardless; in a difference of temperament or opinion or religion or politics you are more at peace with the citizen of a European country.

These facts must often have been noted, because they are not new; and even now, when Europe is on edge, they are still facts. It is why, one supposes, intelligent youth is always happier in Europe—why we were happier there, in our time, why our children are happier there now. One remakes the world more easily, more pleasantly, more harmlessly, on the shores of the Thames or the Seine, where they are used to intellectual experimenting, where, indeed, they think it normal. Mental existence over here is arid and stiff in comparison. America has always tended, one suspects, to pragmatism. The average American finds kindness more natural than honesty, the merciful impulse easier than the just

temper. There have been great thinkers among us, no doubt, but our greatest minds have been shot through and quickened with sentiment or that prejudice which is only another form of personal emotion. The "dry light"—*lumen siccum*—has not been our habitual illumination.

Any generalization, we all know, can have holes proudly pricked in it. We but attempt to express things that are on the whole true. Socially, for example, a curious paradox presents itself. In the wide sense, we are socially less exacting than Europe, because our social standards are still unfixed and fluctuating. Yet, as we have often been reminded, we tend to herd-standards: our initiative is all business initiative, and in superficial social matters we submit to the gyves of convention, which give little play for idiosyncrasy. Intellectually speaking, you might call us muscle-bound. One cannot see that the War has changed these facts.

What one comes to feel above all, after a few months of re-encountering the Western European—in England, France, Switzerland, Italy—is his immense patience. The old superstition about the explosive Latin has been slowly dying since the War, yet I am not sure it has been wholly erased from the cis-Atlantic mind. The Latin may be fiery in his emotional relations, but mentally he seems to have passed, bladelike, through fire and water and to have come out tempered. The European expert can speak to you of perils, of bitter dooms to be encountered—whether by his country or by yours—in so detached, unprejudiced a voice that it sounds to you like apathy until you realize that it is resignation. Resignation, let me hasten to say, not in the religious but in the intellectual sense. It is we who turn everything into moral issues; who seem, indeed, incapable of getting excited over anything except as we see in it a moral or a financial menace. Intellectual honesty, logic for its own sake, what one might call purity of reasoning, are still rare achievements with us. There can be no question that the European is more honest than the American, from the mere habit of straighter thinking. How they would come out respectively in a "deal" is another question; though I suspect that the European would not cheat without knowing it, whereas the American might. This is not, I repeat, a moral discussion, merely a psychological one.

The patience, at all events, is markedly there; nor is it the patience of inferiority, of helplessness—the patience of ox or ass: rather, the patience of the man who knows more than his tormentors, who has seen many wheels come full circle. One of our greatest men (in the American sense) has said, I believe, that "history is bunk." The average American, I dare say, knows as much text-book history as the average European. What he does not do with history is to take it as a case-book from which he can learn how human beings are apt to behave under given conditions. Though the average European may know no more history than his American brother, he applies the little he knows. He is not so easily fooled by lapse of time; he is aware that similar conditions tend to produce similar results, regardless of era; that, whatever else is bunk, history, being cold fact, is not. Hence, in part, his patience; for he realizes that, since human development is such a complicated business, since there are always more factors in a problem than any one man can reckon with, to be glib is to be wrong.

I have met Americans, in the last few months, who complained of European bitterness, of anti-Americanism, of prejudice carried to the point of unreason. I can only say that we did not meet these unpleasantnesses. Bad manners one can encounter anywhere; I am speaking now of deliberate insults to Americans. Any bad manners we met would have been equally bad to Goth or Greek. When a well-bred and charming, much-traveled American woman tells me that she has

been avoiding Paris for two years because she suffered so many unprovoked attacks on her last visit, I know that she has had astonishingly bad luck, and I am deeply sorry. When Americans breathe to me their fear of English travel because "the English hate us so, and it is not agreeable to be in England," I can only marvel and remember that our small daughter before sailing from Liverpool was literally tearful at leaving what she called "the polite country." My own wonder is always—considering how they have suffered, and the explanations of that suffering which are offered them—that they do not deport Americans at sight. Nor does it help international understanding when Americans reel noisily from bar to bar, or show what they feel about a depreciated currency by lighting cigarettes with fifty-franc notes. The vulgar European is at least at home; the vulgar American is an intruder. That he should be met so prevailingly with courtesy is nothing short of miracle. Reverse in your imagination, if you can, the situation, and think what would happen in America to such invaders from Europe. Their vulgarity, I fear, would be met with violence, and their patronage—for though not all Americans are vulgar, most of them, I fear, at the present juncture, are patronizing—with glumness if not with positive incivility.

II

The writer pretends to no knowledge, even the sketchiest, of international (or even national) finance; but no one who has been reading the newspapers for the last six months can have failed to remark that American economic policy is driving Europe to despair. It is not a matter of theory, but of the kind of immediate fact which touches the English, the French, the Swiss, the Italian native in his intimate life—in his income, or his daily wage. American tariffs are destroying this village, this town, this countryside as definitely as if we were loosing poison gas among them. Certain handicrafts, certain industries are perishing, will probably perish wholly; and in regions where specialized skill is not an individual but an hereditary matter, you can see communities emptying and families brought to want before your eyes. This is not mere sympathetic imagining: instances I have not witnessed myself, I have been told about by American economists who had witnessed them. The War must still account for most of the problems of readjustment, one supposes; yet there are many cases where even one's prejudiced, patriotic eye can see nothing directly causal except American greed.

I am not pretending to judge the merits of the case. The average European native probably cannot judge the case on its merits, either. He knows only that his currency is depreciated through no fault of his own, that he is being heavily taxed for no benefit to him, that America is pushing up its import duties so that Americans will no longer buy what he produces, and that meanwhile his country is being pressed hard to pay America enormous sums of money. The only European nation (as far as he can see) that America is interested in helping financially, is Germany. America's quondam allies are being held up for war debts, while American tariffs take his livelihood from him. The only people he sees, with his own eyes, who can do reasonably what they please, and enjoy life (perhaps, of course, they cannot, but it looks to him that way) are the Americans and the Germans. The traveling American drops into a Milanese hotel and wants a swim at the Lido, though he also wants to spend that night in Milan. Trains will not do it; the fastest cars will not do it; so he charters an airplane. Meanwhile the hotel management is trying to persuade its personnel that a ten per cent charge on the bill is ample for tips—and the personnel has to watch Fortunatus spending several thousand lire because he feels like a swim at the Lido. You may add to that, if you like, the shudder

of scorn which a civilized soul would naturally feel for anyone who wanted to go to the Lido! The American's attitude to Europe seems to be "Moab is my washpot and over Edom will I cast out my shoe"; and he further complicates his patronizing, plutocratic behavior with a total inability to speak the language of the country. I do not say that these things should irritate: I say only that they inevitably do.

All this may sound like a defense of European bad conduct in the face of overwhelming provocation. The truth, however, is milder—and different. The provocation is seldom overwhelming, and the conduct is extraordinarily good. The sensitive traveler knows what bewilderment and despair are lying beneath the courtesy which is well-nigh unfailing. He perceives also that the courtesy is not a mere matter of bootlicking. These races are not servile, nor are they enduring insult for the sake of a few dollars. If that were the case, European travel would be impossible for the sensitive American, since no one can move happily in an atmosphere that combines avarice with hatred. The fact is that while the European with whom you have practical dealings and casual conversations may resent American policy in general, he is too wise and too tolerant to resent you in particular. It is probably not your fault, and he is not going to commit the inaccuracy of assuming that it is. Political synecdoche (taking the part for the whole, the individual for the species) is no part of wisdom, and he has a lot of wisdom. I know there are those instances of sudden vituperation, of exacerbated nerves easing themselves on the wrong object—my information is too authentic to be doubted. But they are, as far as I can make out, rare. Much wandering in European backwaters never brought us any such encounter, and we are as conspicuously American as anyone else.

It fell to us, one Sunday in Nîmes, to watch, in the Roman arena, a Spanish bullfight. Nîmes, I believe, has been addicted to the Spanish form of bullfighting for forty years; and two or three times a year there is a big *corrida* in the arena. Southern France is full of *aficionados*, as keen as the average Spaniard. Nîmes was so crowded that the cafés put chairs and tables in the middle of the streets: for this was a first-rate *corrida*, with bulls from Seville, and *toreros* from Madrid. The seats were very expensive—almost as dear as a Navy football game, though not so dear as Yale. It was our God-given opportunity, since we were not entering Spain, and we took it. Only one thing need be said here about bullfighting, though the ritual beauty is very great, and the technic so precise and complicated that it would take years to become an adequate judge of a performance. The one thing is that no soft Occidental not bred to bullfighting can possibly endure it with pleasure; and after the second bull (there were six) we came out. Getting out, alas! meant making scores of people acutely uncomfortable. I am not blaming the Romans, who surely did not intend the runways and approaches to be filled solidly, as that day they were. Nor do I apologize for our squeamishness: our departure was inevitable. The fact remains that, even as the third bull was plunging into the arena, two full-grown people had to get out, and their getting out involved an immense interference with other people's comfort: it could not be done without obstructing views, squeezing bodies breathless, stepping by mere force of pressure, on scores of feet, legs, arms, and hands. (Imagine two of the under sardines removing themselves with violence from the tin.) We were not only nuisances: we were, I fear, actual dispensers of shock and pain. We strewed apologies as we wriggled and struggled; but words are a poor liniment. As we finally reached the throat of a runway, we heard a man murmur in our behalf to whatever bruised folk it might concern, "*ce sont des anglais.*" His tone made it clear that we were not to be blamed for spoil-

ing other people's fun, since, naturally, we could not understand. We were different, and allowances must always be made for difference. If a Zulu fought his way out of a major league game, should we thus graciously accept his "difference"? Would there not be some smarting person to ask him why he came at all? At Nîmes there was no one.

My real illumination, however, came at Arles. It was there I was forced to examine my conscience and ruefully to confess that I was essentially American —and wrong.

We sat a long time that afternoon in our café, partly for idleness, partly because the main boulevard of Arles, on a *jour de foire*, shows such variety. Arles is incurably provincial; and funerals, roosters, sheep, gipsy vans, cattle, cavaliers from the Camargue, aged and beautiful Arlésiennes, wedding parties, and threshing machines go by you in no order at all. You make your cold drinks as long as possible, in these conditions. Presently the table next us was occupied by four people who alighted from a car to quench their thirst. Two pairs of light lovers, obviously, on a holiday. Beyond registering the fact that the young women did not look what we call "respectable," I paid no attention; the street was more amusing. A moment came, however, when they usurped the foreground. One couple forgot their apéritifs in their extreme preoccupation with each other. No modern American lacks visual experience of vulgar "necking," but this went beyond anything I have seen on the beaches of either ocean. They kissed, they bit, they slapped, they murmured, they enlaced . . . on a crowded sidewalk, at five in the afternoon. I, who can read Maurice Dekobra with pleasure, found myself shocked. The respectable French all about us approved, I could see, no more than we, though the only gesture made was that of two grandparents in mourning, who did their best to get their little grandson to turn his chair round without either spilling his lemonade or guessing what it was all about. "This would not be permitted anywhere in America," I said. "Why doesn't someone do something about it?" I was uncomfortable, and I wanted to be comfortable again; and that is how I naturally expressed my irritation. The mere sound of my own words started a train of reflection in me, as one's own words, when they suddenly reach one externally, sometimes do. There in the café I proceeded to make an "examination of conscience."

Other people were as annoyed as I, yet it occurred to me alone to want, and to expect, official interference with what annoyed me. I was proving myself authentically American—hundred per cent, indeed. When an American is annoyed, his instinct is either to invoke or to create a law that will remove the annoyance. He expects someone in authority to back up his prejudice. If authority is lacking, he looks about for some means to make it valid. I began to perceive, on this occasion (with some sage assistance), that I was being both typical and at fault. I still believe (for I am incurably American) that for these people to have it pointed out to them that they were public nuisances would have been salutary for them. I can see, however, that it would have been less salutary for the citizens who contrived to have it pointed out. In other words, it is better to suffer—up to a certain point —than to impose one's will in matters of taste or mere opinion. In wanting these people interfered with, I was ranking myself with the censorship committees and purity commissions—fundamentally, indeed (God save the mark!) with the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance and Morals. I was indulging in the great national vice of trying to suppress what does not square with my own sense of fitness. My hankering for a gendarme was instinctive—and ignoble. How much better, I was forced to admit, was the European attitude of not interfering with people who are behaving unsympa-

thetically. Sometime I may want to behave unsympathetically, myself, in some way that, though it seems innocent to me, offends my immediate neighbors.

We said earlier that no one was so charitable as the American to a plight that touches his sympathy, whereas to a plight that does not touch his sympathy he is adamant. We are credited with being lawless—no less a person than President Hoover has frankly admitted that we are. That is to say, we keep the laws we like; we endeavor, indeed, more than any other people, to pass our personal likings into law. We keep, on the other hand, very few laws that we dislike. The result is a chaos of legal and social conflict between different temperaments, dispositions, philosophies. I have no doubt that it was immensely good for me, that day in Provence, to imprison my inhibitions under lock and key, for I was by way of investing my inhibitions with sanctity. I was at the old corrupting game of wanting the police to back my prejudices, precisely because they seemed to me to be at one with morality. (I was, myself, to profit, at Nîmes, by European patience, but I had not yet reached Nîmes.) All about me was an equal disgust—which made no effort to legalize itself, because it knew that you cannot make a tolerable society thus.

The south of France is famously radical. I had to wait until I reached Provence, indeed, to hear the "Internationale" sung under my windows by laborers on strike. There were no police to interfere; the very conservative head waiter and *dame de comptoir* (issuing to the sidewalk, like ourselves) thoroughly enjoyed the tune, which is stirring; and the strikers themselves applauded, first their own rendition of the Red hymn, and then the chairman who appealed to them to show the good breeding of which the municipal authorities were (so he said) unfortunately devoid. There is something to be said for class-consciousness when it means being conscious that you are a class and not the whole community. It is the determination to obliterate all classes but your own that twists the meaning and makes it sinister. These particular strikers, I understood, were not prevailingly French: they were casual workers, filtered through the great sieve of Marseilles—Czechs, Magyars, Serbians, Italians, what-not. In other words, they belonged to precisely that class of labor which we consider, in America, most dangerous to established institutions. No one seemed to be worrying about them; and I am sure, if they had not applauded their own singing of the "Internationale" the bystanders would have applauded for them. For it is a good tune. The European public seems a little more able than we to isolate facts, and not to weigh them down so heavily with emotional implications. These men were striking for such and such things (I believe they got them, a fortnight later). No one, whatever his opinion, got panicky or personal about it. When no one gets panicky or personal, justice is more certain to be done.

III

I offer such minutiæ of experience only because, in the end, the sum of them and many like them produced an impression. Very slowly, in the hinterland of one's mind, grows the conviction that the European is a less prejudiced person than the American because used, since centuries, to sharpening his mind on more kinds of fact. Facts, indeed, are facts to him; whereas to us, who perceive fewer of them, they become slogans, and a slogan—even the best—is a blinding and confusing thing. Granted that he is more tolerant than we only because he has had more things to tolerate: the result is a patience, a slowness to condemn either fate or fellow-man, which we might well emulate.

So much for my theory of fundamental patience as chiefly differentiating our European brothers from us. When one sees how much that is classic can still remain encysted in the Continental

mind after the torturing upheavals of dynastic and religious wars, of conquest and revolution, one ceases to marvel at the European's tolerance. He has, in two thousand years, taken so many things into account! It has often been remarked that the people who are bitterest against the enemy are not the soldiers, but the civilians at home. As we thrust our way through the hordes of Teuton visitors in Venice, and remembered that no less than six hundred and twenty bombs were dropped on the city during the War—and I found myself the only person to resent the presence of the ex-enemy admiring what he had not managed to destroy—I realized that I was being a bitter civilian; that Americans are to Europeans, in these planetary matters, perpetually as civilians to soldiers. It is the sufferers, forcibly made wise, who are patient.

Not that one wishes to write Europe down as a cheerful invalid! They have survived so much already that they ought, at least successfully, to survive American imperialism. It is only economists and experts who talk to you, as yet, of a commercial United States of Europe. The man in the railway carriage, the woman behind the counter, do not mention that close corporation of the future. I always made a point of asking any shopkeeper why he sold, for example, American soap. "Don't you know," I used to say, "that all Americans who can afford it buy French soap because it is the best in the world? Why are you so stupid as to buy or sell American goods, anyhow? Why don't you boycott us?" They had different excuses to offer, poor things, and the discussion was purely academic, in any case, as I have never gone so far as to pretend that I know anything about business. But one did one's little best, as one traveled about, to put ideas into the heads of the countryfolk. Had I been attacked, as some of my acquaintance indubitably had been, I should doubtless have defended my country; but I never was. Therefore, I could express naturally what was in my heart.

The heart, I may say, of the Ultimate Consumer, weary unto death of buying through all the years inferior American products because tariffs and customs have made the price of the better European product prohibitive. Every wife, mother, householder, knows precisely what I mean, and I will not amplify. In some fields, American manufacture rightly leads the world, and it is not those superior objects the Ultimate Consumer dislikes to see in European warerooms. When it comes, however, to certain kinds of merchandise that America has never learned to make as well as Europe, the Ultimate Consumer sees red and chatters to all and sundry about the wisdom of boycotts. He finds himself, notwithstanding, up against a patience that moves very slowly towards such hostile notions.

Nothing is more heartening to the visiting American convinced against his will that the average European possesses, in highly developed form, some intellectual virtues that are as yet embryonic among us, than sudden reminders that we are all one flesh. No American who has worried himself sick over American hypocrisy can help being soothed by European hypocrisy when he meets it—which, to be sure, is less often than at home. In France, the very home of logic, we encountered one case. The Spanish bullfight we attended at Nîmes was, it seems, against the law. Any combat that involves the death of an animal is illegal in France. Our information came from more than one source, so that we had no reason to doubt it. The French authorities are apparently in the position American authorities so often find themselves in: the public demand for a certain illegal thing is too big and insistent for them, with the forces at their disposal, to withstand effectively. Therefore, they accept it. The high price of seats, we took it, was due to the fact that these bulls were being killed in the interests of charity: some fund for the *mutilés*. Not at all,

grinned various Provençaux. The fight is against the law; there is always, therefore, a *procès-verbal* and a big fine; the government gets practically all the money that is not paid for bulls and *toreros*. Whether the armed soldiers who ring the outside of the arena during a bullfight are there merely to avert disaster, or as reminders to the participants that they are, as it were, under arrest, I do not know. In any case, when the government sells its soul for thirty pieces of silver, it does not play ostrich. Nothing could be more spectacular and less furtive than a big *corrida*, from the arrival of the bulls to the exodus, in open carriages, of the glittering matadors. They could not stop the bullfights, probably, without running into civil war, so they take the money, and have the grace not to put on any outward show of persecution. I doubt if anyone—even the prefect—pretends that no bullfight is going on. Even in the matter of hypocrisy, they are more temperate than we.

The kind of European "difference" that Mr. Sinclair Lewis has abundantly if tritely annotated in *Dodsworth* is of course there. We knew it all long ago: knew that in Europe people exchange ideas, whereas in America they exchange facts or platitudes; that the average European is less specialized and more civilized than the average American; that they use leisure more intelligently than we. Mr. Lewis's implication that Europe is socially pleasanter for women than America is, I think—and for not wholly scabrous reasons—accurate. Yet, morally speaking, Mr. Lewis seems as wide of the mark as Mr. Tarkington (in, say, *The Plutocrat*): the judgments of both seem to derive from surface phenomena. They have perhaps been more interested in American reactions to Europe than to Europe itself. They are novelists, and theirs is the right. What an undramatic observer would mention is something vaguer, less objective, less spectacular than their striking instances, yet surely not less important: a fundamental temper, running through various peoples and various classes. Not mere common sense and fact-facing habit; not simply a tolerance born of an infinite number of enforced adjustments; not even the willing subjection to logic—a concomitant, or perhaps a by-product of all these things, which seems to be a purely moral trait, inwrought into the European fiber and manifesting itself naturally and without specific purpose. The name of it, I think, is patience.

AFTER ALL

A STORY

BY ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

WHEN Paul Berryman and Edna urged him to go walking with them on the hills back of the campus that Sunday morning in the early spring, Allan knew at once that the thing he had been expecting had come; for always before this his sister and his roommate had seemed to find their walks enjoyable enough without him.

There had been a dance at the house the night before, and when Edna came down from the city in the afternoon Allan had met her at the station to escort her to the sorority house where she had friends to offer hospitality.

"How's mother?" he had asked as they went along the curving walk beneath the elms.

"Oh . . . all right, I guess."

"Doesn't she mind being left alone when you come down here so often?"

"She *wants* me to come!"

"Yes, she's that way."

There was something in his tone that made her look at him angrily. "Do you expect me to sit around home and enjoy being gloomy *all* the time?"

He made no answer to this and presently he asked, "Have you seen dad lately?"

"No. But I had a nice letter from him a few days ago."

She seemed to be on the point of saying more; but they had turned in beside the wide lawn by now, and two of the girls were moving toward them from the porch with trills of welcome. Allan set down his sister's bag and got away hastily while kisses were still being distributed.

That night after the dance Berryman sat for longer than usual on his narrow couch across the room, his knees drawn up to his chin, his round face beaming fatuously above them, lighting one cigarette after another and discoursing upon Edna's charms. Finally Allan broke into his rhapsodies. "For the love of Pete, Berry, let a fellow get a *little* sleep. I've known Edna ten times as long as you have, remember. You needn't try to describe her to me."

Berry grunted "Oh, all right" resentfully and reached for the light button.

Then in the morning they wanted him to go walking with them. They struck off into the hills, above the lake, along a road that wound across grassy slopes among scattered oak trees. Edna and Berry were merry and nervous and absorbed in each other. Allan at last demanded of them impatiently, "Have you got something to say to me or did you just bring me along to enjoy your lamb-like caperings?"

Then they told him that they were engaged. Of course he had known it was this. "Well, it's up to you," he said.

Berry laughed rather self-consciously. "Thanks for the congratulations!"

Edna ran her hand under Allan's arm. "Can't you be nice, for once?"

He didn't want to say these harsh things, but there was that tautness within him that would let no other words come. He achieved an uncon-

vincing grin. "Anyway, I didn't call you a couple of fools, did I?"

"Not in so many words!"

Berry gave Edna's arm a pat. "I think I'll run on a way and give you two a chance to discuss me." He went trotting out ahead of them. "Holler when you want me," he called back and was soon out of sight around the bend.

"You might have *tried* to be decent," Edna began sharply, as they walked slowly on.

He halted and faced her, with his arms held out a little from his sides.

"But, Edna, don't you see what a *mess* it all is?"

"A *mess* . . . !"

"With things the way they are at home and all."

"I can't see what that's got to do with it!"

"And I can't see how in the world you could want to get *married*."

She gave an impatient shrug and moved on again. "Oh, if that's all you've got to say . . ."

"Of course I've got *nothing* to say about it. I know that, Edna. But just the same . . ."

"Mother's very happy about it," she told him.

He shook his head slowly, unable to understand.

"And dad," she went on, "has been just fine."

"Dad! What has he got to do with it?"

"He sent me a fine big check."

"Oh, I see." He smiled scornfully.

"Mother and I were afraid," she chattered gaily on, "that he wouldn't have anything to do with the wedding. But he's been very nice about everything."

"What *will* he have to do with the wedding?" her brother demanded again.

"Why, give me away, of course!"

Once more Allan halted and faced her. "You mean, he'll come home?"

"No; it will be at church."

He glared at her a few moments and then he said roughly, "See here, Edna, this won't do. Isn't there any other way?"

She laughed lightly. "What's the matter now?"

"Everyone knows they're separated," he said bitterly, "and now you're wanting them to go through with this—this *farce*—pretending everything's all right . . . marching up the aisle together, I suppose! . . . It seems to me it's mighty selfish of you!"

Her face was growing red. "Do you want me to sneak away and be married by a justice of the peace somewhere?"

"It would be a lot better."

She gave her hard little laugh. "Well, that's not for you to decide."

"No," he said, "don't expect *me* to have anything to do with it."

She called, "Paul!" and they waited in silence together till Berryman appeared, trotting back among the trees. Allan greeted him with forced heartiness. "Well, now that the formalities are over, I can get back to my old clothes and my Sabbath peace." With a fling of his hand for farewell, he turned from them sharply and went down the road, with their happy laughter following after him.

But there was no peace waiting for him that day. He set out at once for the city. He had to talk to his mother about this thing. Edna would stay here on the campus till evening, and his mother would be alone for their talk.

All the way up to the city, as the bus picked its way in the stream of crowded traffic, he kept trying to think the thing through. And he came no nearer to finding an answer than he had come in all the years before.

From his early boyhood Allan Slater had been aware of the atmosphere of tension between his parents. To this he attached no importance in those first years; it was evidently a part of the order of things; he himself was always more or less in conflict with one or the other of them or with Edna. He thought it was only natural that his mother and father didn't shout at each other as he and Edna did; yet one felt,

in their more subtle disagreements, the rushing of unseen torrents.

Later, in high-school days, he came more and more to think of himself as "on his father's side." He resented his mother's watchfulness over his own comings and goings and was warmed by his father's objection to this as "nagging."

"What do you always keep after the boy for?" his father often said. "Are you trying to make a mollycoddle out of him?"

His mother made no answer to these complaints and only set her lips more firmly. Her eyes were troubled. The boy felt sorry for her at the same moment that he felt triumphant for himself. For a few days he couldn't enjoy his father's sly jokes about the "lord high executioner." Life was growing difficult and confused.

The sense of confusion grew in him as the years went by. For he was seeing now what had been hidden before and he knew that his father's gait was sometimes uncertain and his speech unsteady, and he knew why his mother's eyes were often troubled. He was torn back and forth in his loyalty between the two. The only defense was a pose of defiance, towards them, and everyone else, and the feelings that made constant battle in him.

He was glad when it was time to go away to college. Down here on the campus one seemed to be breathing a fresher air. One talked and exchanged experiences and acquired new judgments and grew away from the sentimentalities of home. One learned new ways of facing life. And out of all this grew a tolerance toward his father, a renewed sense of companionship.

This sense was strengthened by his father's occasional Sunday visits to the house. The fellows liked him. They didn't feel constrained and unnatural in his presence as they did with most of the fathers. They swapped tales with him and liked his hearty laughter and liked it when he clapped them companionably on the back. Allan had never before known his father in these moods. At home he was always quiet, making his rare jokes tentatively, abashed when they sank into hostile silence. Down here with the fellows he was a different man. Allan felt proud of him.

It was his father who told him, one Sunday afternoon when they walked on the Quad, that he was "on his own" now, that he had left home and had an apartment downtown. Allan hadn't known anything about it; they hadn't written of this.

"You can't imagine how much better I feel," his father said eagerly, with a hand under his arm. "And I'm sure your mother feels the same way about it. She's a splendid woman, Allan, but we never quite hitched. You know how particular she is about every little thing. I couldn't get used to that. I felt sort of cramped all the time. But now . . . I'm a new man!"

Allan had been at college for three years. He had spent his vacations working all about the state—in summer camps in the mountains, in the orchards and fruit sheds, and in the studios at Hollywood. He felt that he now knew something of life. He could meet his father as a man of the world.

"I'm sure it's the best arrangement," he said gravely.

His father's fingers tightened about his arm. "Drop in and see me whenever you come up, Allan. We don't want to lose each other."

They shook hands warmly over the promise of continued companionship; yet when Edna came the next week the first thing that Allan asked was, "How's mother?"

Edna's frank brown eyes met his own squarely.

"Do you know about it?"

"Yes. Dad was down here last Sunday and he told me."

"It's ever so much better that it came at last."

"But how's mother?" he demanded again.

"She'll be all right. . . . Of course, it's a little hard for her at first."

Edna and he could talk on a new level these last years. He was able to forget at last that she was the little girl whose hair he used to pull. But about the life at home they still talked only in cloaked phrases. It was a thing too close to them to be put into stinging words.

Edna only said, "We just couldn't stand it any more."

He gave a little sniff. "I guess dad felt that way about it too."

"You're not trying to *defend* him, are you?"

"I'm not trying to defend anybody. The whole thing's a mess!"

"You're out of it, down here," she reminded him.

"Yes, and I'm going to *stay* out of it!"

"That isn't so easy," she said.

No, it hadn't been easy. One could say, again and again, "I won't think about it." But all the same one lay awake at night and thought. It had always been this way since he had been old enough to think at all. Always this bitter conflict in him, this swinging back and forth of loyalties. He was always facing away either from his mother's troubled eyes or from his father's wistful ones; and whichever he turned from, these were the ones he saw at night when he lay and looked into the dark.

On his first visit home after his father's going away, his mother had met him in the hall and held both his hands in hers with trembling fingers.

"I just hope it doesn't hurt you children," she murmured.

"Don't worry about *us*. It's time you were thinking of yourself for a change." His tone sounded harsh even in his own ears; but he couldn't amend it with tenderness. Whenever he was moved there was something that grew taut in him, perhaps because through all the years tenderness toward one parent could never come without anger toward the other.

They stood facing each other there in the hall, he and his mother, with the barriers of years of self-repression thickening between them. Only her eyes showed her deep trouble. If she ever cried it would be so much easier to come close to her. Her stern victory over her sufferings set her apart from comforting.

"I suppose this ought to have come years ago," she said, "but we wanted to keep things going for you children."

He could only give her hands a final squeeze and turn away. He couldn't cry out to her that the gift of her years of endurance was this harsh struggle within him and the bitterness that it brought. He couldn't say to her now, when her price was fully paid, that she had paid it for a worthless thing. . . . But could he even be sure of the futility of her sacrifice? What would the alternative have been? He didn't know, he couldn't know. Here again there was no answer.

On a day a little later he cried out to Edna, "The strange thing is they stayed together for *us!*"

She mistook his violence for something like wondering praise. "Yes," she said, "wasn't it fine of them?"

He tried then, in broken groping phrases, to tell her what he had suffered from the dim questionings of all these years. She listened a while and then she laughed.

"Don't blame it on anything but yourself, Allan. You've always been that way. If things didn't go just to suit you you either shut up like a clam or made some mean remark."

Perhaps Edna was right. Perhaps the conflict was in him even before he began to think. Perhaps it was the inevitable warring of a mingled heritage. How should one expect to combine the legacies of a spirit that groped hopefully for happiness with those of a spirit that found it only in a rigid ordering of life?

From all these doubts it grew more and more a relief to turn to his father's cheerful, unworrying companionship. Allan was always glad when he heard the familiar rasp of the auto horn before the house on a Sunday morning. And when

he went up to the city he liked to be with his father in his little sitting room, their legs swung over the arms of leather chairs, filling the room with a fog of smoke and talking as man to man. It was pleasant to have gone beyond the awe and fear one felt of a parent. It was pleasant to regard one's father with understanding and a tolerant liking. Perhaps, Allan thought, his father had found the answer to all the unanswerable things—found it in ceasing to look for it and in easy yielding to the impulses of the hour.

It was on a day not many weeks before Edna and Berry took him for that morning walk in the hills that Allan had last seen his father in the city. When he rang at the apartment door a booming "Come in!" had sounded. He turned the knob and called out "Hello!" His father, looking flustered and sheepish, came charging to meet him in the doorway. "Oh," he was mumbling, "I thought it was the boy with the magazines." He stood there as if to bar the way.

Beyond his shoulder Allan saw a woman in the large chair by the window. She met his eyes with a welcoming smile. "Is this Allan?" Her voice had a high, metallic quality.

His father stood aside, doing his best with a smile. "Yes, this is Allan . . . You'd better . . . won't you come in? This is . . . I'd like you to meet Miss Jewett."

Miss Jewett laid her cigarette in the tray beside her and lifted a heavily ringed hand to Allan. Closer to her now, he saw the harshness of her skin beneath the overdone make-up.

"Well, I'm glad to get a look at you at last," she was saying. He found nothing to answer. There was that tautness in him that held back words.

"I've been hearing a lot about you," she went on easily. "Your father's certainly proud of you."

He caught a laugh in his throat.

"But he's certainly done his darnedest to keep me from seeing you. I don't know whether he's afraid I'll corrupt you, or the other way round." She laughed noisily. "You college boys have the reputation of being regular devils, you know."

There was a moment's silence, and then Allan's father, who still stood near the door, said laboriously, "Miss Jewett used to work in the office."

"Oh, only for a little while," she explained airily. "It got very tiresome." Again she laughed. "It's about all I can do nowadays to keep an eye on this old gentleman. I guess," she added confidentially to Allan, "you know all about *him*."

"Yes," Allan answered flatly, "I guess I know."

She motioned to the chair beside her. "Sit down here now and tell me about college. You know, I used to think I'd go to college some day myself if I ever had time. But somehow I never got around to it. But I always did like college boys."

The bell rang loudly now, and Allan's father turned quickly to open the door.

"I got 'em all, Mr. Slater."

The lanky, sallow bellboy came in with a handful of gaudy magazines and dropped them in the chair beside the woman.

"Here you are, Mrs. Slater!"

She laughed and said, "Thanks, Tom."

Allan went over to stand by the window, fingering the curtain and looking down into the noisy street. When the boy was gone his father, after a few moments of silence, cleared his throat heavily. "Won't you sit down and stay a little while, Allan?" His voice had a quavering note of entreaty.

Allan turned sharply away from the window. "No, I was just on my way out to see mother."

He halted on his way to the door to bow stiffly over Miss Jewett, who was already fingering the crisp pages. She gave him her limp hand. "Oh, I'm sure we'll meet again soon, now that we know each other!"

His father followed him out into the

hall and held the door almost closed. "Come again soon, won't you, son?" The note of entreaty was in his eyes as well as his voice.

Allan strove for a tone of bluffness. "Sure I will!" He went striding down the hall.

That day he had come back to the campus as quickly as he could. He wanted to get away from it all, all that mess! He felt angry and outraged. He was just being made a fool of, that was all! There he had stood like a gawky schoolboy before that woman. As if he hadn't known a dozen like her! And yet he couldn't get out a word. He imagined her and his father laughing together over him. "He's such a dear, *innocent* young chap!" she would say. . . . He was getting mighty sick of the whole business. He told himself that he was through with it all.

And here he was, just two weeks later, riding up to the city to talk to his mother about Edna's wedding! Why *couldn't* he keep out of it? Why must this stirring torment keep alive in him, driving him miserably until he *had* to say something, had to try to *do* something? All the way up to the city his impatience grew and grew, into a mighty sense of grievance.

He found his mother in her sunny little front room, with the potted begonias on the window-shelf and the canary's cage hanging above them. This was the room where he had come as a child to pour out his troubles to her. It was strange to be sitting here now so stiffly and sternly.

"Edna told me about the wedding," he began.

She looked at him as if wondering why he spoke so harshly. "You like Mr. Berryman, don't you?"

"Of couse I like Berry! But just now it's the wedding I'm thinking about—the church affair and all that. What does she want that nonsense for?"

"Every girl wants that," she told him, and smiled a little. "It's something she never forgets."

"I should think some of 'em would *want* to forget it!"

A faint flush was spreading over her gray cheeks. "You mustn't talk to Edna that way, Allan."

"But I can't see what in the world she wants to get married for when she knows . . ." He flung his hands and left the words unspoken.

A quick little spasm of pain moved about his mother's lips. "Don't, Allan! It isn't always . . . like this, you know."

He looked away from her. That rigidness held him again and he couldn't be tender.

"About the wedding," he muttered. "Edna was telling me . . . Do you want to go through with that—farce?"

She looked at him challengingly. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean . . . dad's being mixed up in it . . . marching up the aisle with you . . . all that nonsense!"

She looked down. "Yes; I want to do it . . . for Edna."

"I won't stand for it," he broke out violently.

"We can't let you interfere."

There it was again. They were telling him that it was none of his business. And he didn't want it to be. What was it that kept pulling him, pulling him back when he wanted to break away from it all?

He got up and began to pace back and forth across the room. His mother came to him and laid a hand on his arm.

"It's just one of the hard things we have to go through with, Allan."

For her, hard things were to be gone through with. For his father, they were to be evaded. No wonder that he, the son, with the mingled blood in his veins, could find no answer but must always be torn between two courses.

He paced a while before turning back to her.

"What are you going to do, mother, when it's all over?"

"Going to do?"

"I mean, you won't live on alone here, will you?"

"I haven't thought very much about that yet."

"You could sell this big place, I should think, and be more comfortable in a few rooms somewhere."

Presently, while he paced again, she asked him, "What are *you* going to do, Allan?"

And he too echoed the words, "What am *I* going to do?"

"You'll be through down there in a few months," she reminded him.

"Yes, in June."

"Have you any plans?"

He had a number of possible plans but they were all thrown into disorder by his unrest.

"I'm not sure just yet," was all he could say.

"I don't want to give up the house," she said, "in case you want to come home."

"I don't know what I'll do," he mumbled.

He looked at his watch. If he hurried he could get that next bus down to the campus. He wanted to get away. He felt that he was being subtly bereft of his freedom.

In the lower hall his mother clung a moment to his coat-sleeves. "You've always been such a comfort, Allan."

He thought of his harsh words upstairs. "Pretty poor comfort," he muttered.

"But you *have*, dear. . . . And now you must be kind to Edna."

Edna again! He snatched up his hat. "I've got to be running along."

He felt freer when he got outside. He was away from it all for a while!

And the very next morning, within ten minutes after they got up from the breakfast table, Berry asked him to be his best man.

"Hell, *no!*" Allan shouted at him.

Berry's face grew very red. "Oh, all right, then."

All morning Allan thought about it. He might as well have stayed away from those lectures. At noon, as he went up from the Quad, he saw Berry on the shaded walk ahead of him. He hurried to overtake him and caught him by the elbow.

"I'm sorry, Berry, old man. Of course I'll stand up with you."

Berry wasn't the fellow to harbor resentments. His cheerful smile came readily. As they went up the steps of the house he was telling Allan all about the bungalow he was having built in his little Oregon town. And Allan was clapping him heartily on the back. He felt happier than he had for many months. Perhaps this *was* the way: going to meet things—his mother's way. Only he would try to steer clear of the grimness. He would grin back at the grinning stupidities of life.

It was in this spirit that he made his visits home during the next weeks. He never stayed there long. The house was in a turmoil. Little Miss Murchey, the bent-backed dressmaker, was living there now; and a fellow could scarcely find a chair to sit on without getting into a mess of cloth and pins. Troops of girls were always gliding in and out, going up and down the stairs with excited whispering, intent upon some treasure known as "the things." Helen Parkinson, a robust blonde, who was to be Edna's maid of honor, was almost always there. Her manner toward Allan showed her acquaintance with the tradition that a romantic attachment is bound to spring up between the two seconds. Allan retaliated with all the cynicism acquired in four years of college life. He explained to her fully about the crumbling social order. Sometimes they talked in the sewing room, where Miss Murchey listened with snapping eyes. "Don't you fret," she said one day, "there'll always be weddings as long as there's wedding dresses."

Back at the house on the campus, he had to listen to Berry's long accounts of that bungalow. Sometimes he began the talk himself. "Let's see now, Berry, how many nails did you say there were in the entire roof?" And Berry would grin and, unabashed, explain the con-

venience of the basement's arrangement.

His father came down almost every week-end. When he left again he always said eagerly, "Come up and see me sometime, son." Allan hadn't been back to his rooms since the day he met Miss Jewett there. "Come and see me," his father would beg; and on the next Sunday he would be down on the campus again.

He asked repeatedly about Allan's plans for after graduation; but the young man had nothing definite to tell him. He was one of the great multitude whom a university education prepares for "anything that comes along." But he wasn't worrying. There were some of the "old grads" up in the city who would help him get started. A fellow always found something. What bothered him now was the question of where he was going to live. His mother spoke of this whenever he went home. His father suggested his getting a room downtown, so that they might be near together. He lay awake at night and saw his mother and his father standing there in the dark, each one waiting for him to come.

And he couldn't decide; he couldn't even think about it clearly. Edna's wedding was a constant burden on his thoughts. When that was past, he told himself, everything would be easier; the decision would come of itself.

Now that June was here events were moving with a gathered momentum. All at once he and Berry, with a few hundred others, to the acclaim of gathered friends, were officially patted on the back as products of the university and dispatched into the business of life.

The next day they were in a hotel room in the city that they were to share as headquarters until after the wedding; and on the evening after their arrival there was the rehearsal at St. John's.

"Didn't mother come?" Allan asked Edna when they met in the vestibule.

"No, there's nothing for her to rehearse, you know."

"She's used to her part," he muttered, as he heard his father behind him explaining floridly to the slender gray-haired clergyman the reasons for Mrs. Slater's absence. He caught Berry by the arm and drew him out of the group of nervous, chattering attendants.

"We come in the other way."

The rector followed them down the aisle with a glance that protested against such haste.

They went twice through the wordless ceremonial. The rector gave his instructions with a bland patience.

"After giving away the bride, Mr. Slater, you will step back into the first pew, with Mrs. Slater."

Allan saw that sallow bellboy spilling an armful of magazines onto a chair. "Here you are, Mrs. Slater."

He pulled himself back to hear Berry muttering, "I wish to God he'd say the words and get it done!"

"The ring, Mr. Allan, the ring," the rector was reminding him. He made the motion of extracting a segment of space from his vest pocket. "Damn' farce!" he was telling himself.

But on the next night he had no feeling of being involved in a farce. From the door of the vestryroom, where he and Berry waited, he had seen his mother led down the aisle by a boyish usher. He could see her now, sitting there alone in the front pew. He saw no other face in all that pattern of faces.

The organ boomed out. There was a surge and rustle of the crowd as it came to its feet. He saw his mother's hand fly to her throat. He and Berry were striding forward now; they were on the chancel steps and waiting; the radiant procession was moving toward them down the aisle. At the head of it, Edna and his father. A glowing Edna, with lace like soft light about her face. His father pompous and unconcerned. How easy it was for *him!*

They were gathered now in one close little circle and the drone of heavy words was in their ears. His father held forth Edna's hand and stepped back from them; the ring was safely passed above the cautiously spread book; they were

kneeling now; and then once again the organ was sounding as they turned to march to the door. With the maid of honor's hand on his arm and her warm smile enveloping him, Allan turned to look into the front pew. His mother's one hand clung frightenedly to the back of the seat while the other reached slowly out for the arm of his father, who stood large and smiling beside her.

Home, with its ranks of white tables spreading through all the downstairs rooms, seemed strange and unfriendly. Edna and Berry, in a corner of the sitting room, were doing their best to say very old things in very new ways. His father was moving about from group to group with his ready laugh. His mother was nodding brightly to the eager comment of their Aunt Bertha, a faded lady in stiff satins, who had come from Sacramento. Allan went to his mother for a moment to press her hand before he joined the swirl about the bride and groom.

Later, when they were seated, from his place at the bridal table he could look across to the table where his mother and father sat with Berryman's uncle and aunt, a tall, thin man and a tall, thin woman, who had come all the way from Oregon. Mr. Berryman was beaming across at the young couple; and Allan's father, whenever there came a moment's pause in the hilarity, called out loudly, "Well, well, what's the matter over there? Bride and groom quarreling already?" Allan was careful not to meet his mother's eye.

Then Mr. Berryman arose to express his fervent hope that the young couple, untouched by the restlessness of their times, might know the lifelong, unbroken happiness of their elders. There was a slackening of the quick tension when Mr. Slater's voice came booming out, "Hear, hear!" Relieved approval sounded from all the tables. Allan saw his mother's hand trembling against her glass; but she raised her eyes, wet and shining, to send a quick, grateful glance around the room. . . . Allan was sure now of what he wanted to do. He wanted to stay here with her. . . .

At last it was over; Edna and Berry had gone upstairs to change; the others were marking time with vague talk until their reappearance. Allan sat by himself in a dim corner near the stairway. It was as good a place as any to evade the ardent bridesmaid. He watched the Filipino boy clearing the little tables away.

The doorbell rang, and the boy set down his napkin and went to answer it. As he stepped back from the door a woman came in. There was a group of young people near the door, and she was at once among them. But Allan had seen her face. It was that woman, that Miss Jewett. As he jumped from his corner and hurried toward her, her shrill voice sounded loudly.

"Well, this is a nice family party, isn't it? That's what they told me down at the hotel. But I thought I'd come out and see for myself."

Her glance was moving searchingly through the rooms. Allan, turning his eyes to follow it, saw his father fortunately hidden in a tight little group and then saw his mother moving forward, with an anxious look of surprise. He stepped quickly between her and the woman at the door, catching for an instant his mother's doubtful glance at him as she halted there.

The young people by the door had drawn away from Miss Jewett, and she stood there alone. Allan saw that her lips were slack and her eyes unsteady. "She wouldn't have done it," he thought, "if she hadn't been drinking." He came to stand close before her, shutting off from her view as much as he could of the rooms.

"Well, if here isn't that nice college boy!"

"Yes, here I am," he said in a low voice. "Shall we get out of this?"

"But I just got here," she protested loudly. "I want to stay and see the fun."

He took her by the arm. "No; come

on, let's go," he murmured pleadingly. "I want to talk to you."

She gave him an understanding smile and let herself be turned about to the door. "Good-by, folks," she called back heartily. As Allan went out after her and pulled the door shut, he saw his mother's stern eyes still upon him.

While they went down the steps he murmured, "It's certainly good to see you again," and patted her arm.

Her taxi was waiting at the curb. When he had put her in she caught his hand to draw him after her. But he hung back laughing and shaking his head. "Can't get away from the family just yet," he explained confidentially. As her eyes grew doubtful he hurried to assure her, "I'll see you soon, though."

"I'm getting sick of that old fool, anyway," she muttered.

He got the door closed and, stepping back from the curb, signalled the taxi man. From the rear window she waved to him as the car went down the street.

He stood out there for many minutes, dreading to go in. A blur of voices came out to him. He looked up to the windows, all alight.

At last he went in. He opened the door quietly and stood just within the threshold. Edna and Berry were coming downstairs, halting a few steps above the waiting group. Edna, looking across to him there by the door, called out accusingly, "You've been doing something to the car!"

"No," he said quietly, "I haven't touched the car."

Under the traditional shower of rice and laughter the bride and groom went dashing madly out. Much of the company vanished in pursuit. The others at once began their more dignified departures. Presently Allan and his father and mother were alone together on the displaced rugs and torn flowers of the entrance hall. Aunt Bertha, with a headache from the unwonted excitement, had already gone up to bed. From the kitchen came the faint clink of dishes being washed.

His father lifted his hands above his head in a wide gesture of relief. "Well, *that's* done," and he yawned luxuriously.

His mother went to sit on the low seat beside the stairway. She held her hands before her face. When they came down they brought with them the mask of bright bravery.

Allan's father opened the closet beneath the stairs to bring out their hats and coats. "Time we're getting along. Your mother's tired."

"I was thinking of staying here," Allan told him quietly.

His mother looked up. There were the stern lines about her mouth that he knew so well. "I think you had better go," she said.

His father was holding out the coat for him. He let it be slipped on over his arms. They went toward the door.

"Good-night," his father said lightly.

Allan turned back to his mother. "I don't like leaving you here alone, with just Aunt Bertha. You're sure you don't want me to stay?"

"I think you had better go, with your father," she said, and looked quickly away from him.

His father took him by the arm. "Come on. Don't be a sentimental fool, just because it's a wedding."

They went out together. His mother's voice was low and tired when she said, "Good-night." Before they came to the top step she had closed the door.

The car was a few yards down the street. While his father fumbled at the lock, Allan said, "I thought I heard mother calling."

He went back to the foot of the steps to look up, but the door was still closed. His father was already at the wheel when he turned to the car again.

They rode a few blocks in silence. Then his father said, "You handled that well. A college education pays, all right!"

Allan made no answer. When they had ridden a little farther he said, "If

you don't mind I think I'd like to get out and walk."

"Suit yourself." His father drew up to the curb. "I'm damn' glad that affair is over," he said as Allan climbed out.

"Yes. I feel that way about it too. Good-night."

His father was whistling as he drove away.

Allan turned back toward home. He was still thinking that he had heard his mother call. Anyway, he wanted to walk. A fog had blown in from the sea and he liked the cool soothing of it against his face.

The house was quite dark when he came to it. He stood on the sidewalk for a long time, looking up to the windows. Fog blew across his face and gathered in drops on his lashes. At last he turned away, and knew now, when he still seemed to hear his mother calling, that it was one of those voices that would always be sounding in the silence.

He walked on. The day that he had looked to to ease him of burdens of doubt had come and gone, bringing him only greater unrest. He walked for hours before turning back to the hotel. He wanted to be very weary, and then to sleep. Perhaps, after all, there was only this answer to all deep questioning: weariness that brought a respite from thought.

AQUARIUM

BY HELENE MAGARET

THE silent beauty of the crimson fin,
The blue-lipped mouth, the iridescent side,
The rhythmic floating movement out and in
Among the rocks where rarer fishes hide,
This is the same wan beauty, woven thin
To fish instead of sonnet, made to glide
Through gills, down water, like the words that spin
Opaquely on a crested sonnet's tide.
Think not that there are beauties. Only one
Beauty was born. It draws the same keen lance
Over the snow in dyed December sun
And under wave in wingless things; perchance
These blue-lipped mouths, these lovely fins may be
Fantastic fugue or sculptured fret set free.

THE NEW MASCULINISM

BY LILLIAN SYMES

IT WAS our first day out from Cherbourg, and the two youngish men who had already discovered a mutual alma mater and similar tastes had settled themselves in deck chairs at my right. The wind blew their conversation in my direction. The bearded one fingered a volume by Marcel Proust.

"No one half his size at home," I heard. "Couldn't have written there. Women too damn' influential. They run and ruin all the arts. The American novel has become completely effeminized—no virility left—culture-club stuff. It's the same way in the theater."

Later their conversation turned to their respective careers. The bearded one, as I had guessed, was a writer; but the other man's job interested me.

"I started out in department-store advertising," he said. "Seemed to have a flair for fashion copy and a style sense about women's clothes. Then I went to an exclusive place on Fifty-seventh Street. One day, at my wife's suggestion, I sent an article on style and design under a woman's name to one of the big women's magazines. They snapped it up. I guess you don't read the *Blank Magazine*. Well, I run their fashion section now. They fired the woman who had charge and gave me the job at a bigger salary. I think it's a swell joke on the girls. They think they're so damn' smart, breaking in on men's jobs."

The two of them chuckled together.

I tried to think back to the time when I had last heard some woman exult because she had broken in on a man's job. It had been nearly ten years ago. There was a note of bitterness, even of malice, in the voices of these men as they continued to discuss their feminine competitors that was reminiscent of a few of the old-line suffrage orators I had listened to in my extreme youth—a note which most of us thought would disappear as soon as men and women had had a chance to become better acquainted. One rarely hears those sweeping generalizations from women any more, but the remarks of these men were merely echoes of assertions one can find in half the books, magazines, and newspapers of to-day—and from an increasing number of men among one's own acquaintances.

Can it be that now that the feminist movement is dying of partial victory and inanition, and the feminists themselves are quite ready to throw overboard the nonsense of sex antagonisms, we are to be cursed with a masculinist movement that will fan the dying fires of misunderstanding and postpone indefinitely any genuine attempts to find out what is really wrong with the world?

Certainly an amazing number of otherwise intelligent men are losing their sense of proportion on the subject of Woman and are discussing her in terms of their dim emotional reactions. There is plenty to be said legitimately, on the debit side, about Woman in her present stage of development, but only women are saying it. Most of the men who have rushed into print with rather shrill and dogmatic "interpretations" of the modern woman, during the past few years, have shown an amazing lack of knowledge of the social and economic

forces back of her. Half a dozen intelligent women I know could make out a far better and fairer case against their sisters, but it wouldn't satisfy the masculinist who enjoys the privilege of blaming all the difficulties and complexities into which modern life is plunging both men and women, upon the advent of Woman to a place in the sun. Many of these difficulties have arisen during the past ten years, and it has been within the past ten years that Woman has achieved some degree of social and psychological emancipation. Why go any farther for an explanation? To the somewhat bewildered male whose egotistical security has been badly shaken by the events of the past decade or two, the explanation is in the nature of a wish-fulfillment.

Not since Otto Weininger committed suicide after writing *Sex and Character* has there been such a sweeping attack upon the ladies. Women are lawless because they drive past traffic signals and then try to get away with it. Women have no sense of moral responsibility because they lie on the witness stand. Women are inconsistent because, having struggled for the vote, many of them fail to use it. Men, of course, do none of these things. Women are parasites who kill men's dreams by keeping their noses to the economic grindstone. Women are losing their charm because they insist on earning their living and competing with men in the business world. From the realists—women can't reason but arrive at conclusions by the unreliable process of intuition. From the mystics—women are hard-headed, practical realists without the spiritual insight and cosmic consciousness of the more sensitive male.

Among the literati, the feeling is particularly high. Have not Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer and Mr. Louis Bromfield blamed the devitalized state of the modern novel on the baneful influence of the modern woman? Others are echoing their assertions. When St. John Irvine, acting as guest conductor of the New York *World's* dramatic column, blamed women for the decay of the drama in America, he was merely bringing to a somewhat ridiculous head a long series of similar charges which seem to be heralding the birth of a new movement. To be sure, Mr. Irvine's assertion that the ladies are so partial to musical comedy and so indifferent to the beauty of tragedy that the drama is dying a slow death in this matriarchal land, called forth chuckles of derision from his most hardened male colleagues. Even they know that there is nothing the average woman enjoys so much in the theater as a good cry—nor the average man so much as a shapely pair of legs. However, this was merely the *reductio ad absurdum* of a whole host of neo-Adamist slogans.

The intelligent modern woman could afford to be amused at these verbal antics if she did not know how unfortunate, for both men and women, is the state of mind behind them and what a red herring is this new sex issue across the trail of mankind's slow and painful progress. She had come to expect from her more enlightened brethren a certain intellectual perspective and an ability to distinguish between rationalization and ratiocination. Instead, she finds large numbers of these men regarding women with an embittered apprehension that cannot be disguised behind facetious "wisecracks" or seemingly lofty and impartial diagnoses of "the sex." Sometimes this apprehension is directed toward woman in general. More often its object is "the modern woman," without any very definite conception of who or what the modern woman is.

Recently a young newspaper man complained in my hearing that "all this stuff about the modern girl is sheer bunk—she wants all the old privileges and all the new rights as well and she wants the man to pay the bill." A few questions elicited the fact that he had been going about of late with a certain young lady of the chorus who had insisted on her right to a string of "boy friends" but who had exploited him for expensive dinners, drinks, and taxi rides.

A young woman in the group probably diagnosed his case correctly when she replied:

"You know perfectly well that there's nothing 'modern' about that chorus lady, but you get a big kick out of being seen with her. You know plenty of attractive, interesting, and square modern girls who don't expect you to spend your whole week's salary on them, but you're afraid of them because you can't feel superior with them. You might have to do a little thinking if you took one out to dinner. That's why you always pick flappers and dumb-bells. Poetic justice is what you get."

II

One cannot understand the background of this new antagonism without a brief glance at the present position of the sexes—a position which is shifting rapidly and which may assume different proportions within a few years.

The somewhat Utopian pre-war feminist who envisaged a clear-eyed, independent womanhood living in a state of sweet reasonableness and mutual cooperation with a broad-minded and sympathetic manhood did not realize that the pressure of social change was bringing about a certain kind of emancipation more rapidly than either men or women could adjust themselves to it; nor that in the following chaos men and women would find themselves bewildered, resentful, and eager to blame their mutual frustrations upon each other. These resentments have found expression in our industrial, social, and intellectual life.

Each year, as the increased mechanization of industry, a higher cost, and higher standard of living cut down the economic security and real earnings of fathers and brothers, new hordes of girls and women pour into stores, offices, and factories. Some of them do this with a conscious appreciation of their new position and an understanding of their new relationship to the world. Most of them, however, know nothing and care less about "economic freedom." They are working because they have to—in order to support themselves or to pay for the family radio or their own silk stockings. Just as soon as they can marry some man who can support them they quit work. Unfortunately, many modern young men can't support them, in which case, they grudgingly keep on working. There is nothing "new" about these girls, except perhaps their clothes and their mannerisms.

Nor is there anything new about many thousands of home-loving wives, mothers, and bridge-players who are now voting—just like their husbands. These, too, have acquired a modernist patter. It is of bridge scores and child welfare, rather than of crazy quilts and colic; just as their husbands talk of trade cycles and service, rather than of booms and panics. They practice birth control in their homes and fight its endorsement by their woman's club; just as their male representatives drink wet and vote dry. They smoke, drink, and vote because these have become the things to do, but actually they are "truly womanly" in the worst sense of the word. They are Woman, as man has chosen her, for several thousand years. What right has he to complain about her? She is as inconsistent, as superficial, as intolerant as her husband or brother. Modern life has merely given her an opportunity to merge her ignorance with man's in running the world. She is the old Eve living under a new economic dispensation about which she can do nothing. If her manners and morals have undergone the inevitable post-war metamorphosis, this represents no change in philosophic concept, no actual mental and moral emancipation. When the modern man points to her and her shortcomings and says, "Look at her. That's the modern woman for you!" he is merely being silly. She is about as modern as the late Mr. Straton.

On the other hand, there are many thousands of middle-class women who

have used their new boon of leisure to raise their level of cultural and general information far above that of their male associates. Even before the War the smallness of middle-class families and the introduction of various labor-saving devices in the home had left the average wife and mother of this group with a large margin of spare time. The War taught many of these women just how much time they had for outside activities. They joined by the thousands the various women's clubs which were already flourishing throughout the land, devoted to a thousand causes, from foreign relations to better sewers, from baby care to culture. In many cases their activities were superficial and futile, sometimes even meddling and pernicious; but often a genuine desire for wider information and better understanding would be met by intelligent programs and interesting discussions. Funny and pathetic as were many of the early (and even present-day) gatherings of so many little culture clubs, there can be no doubt that in many cases they stimulated their members to a consideration of both books and events which would otherwise have remained outside their interest. The middle- and upper-class woman, constituting America's great leisure class, became also America's great reader and playgoer. In the meantime, the American husband devoted himself all the more assiduously to the business of making money and enabling the family to keep up with the Joneses, devoting what small leisure he thought he could afford to a few rounds of golf and an occasional fishing trip. A quiet evening at home in a typical family of this sort might reveal Mr. Robinson perusing a copy of the *Hardware Monthly*, *Liberty*, or an Edgar Wallace murder mystery, and Mrs. Robinson absorbed in the latest choice of the Literary Guild.

If the tastes of Mrs. Robinson are slightly more enlightened than those of Mr. Robinson, she deserves no credit for the fact. Her leisure rests upon his industry, her cultivation upon his absorption in business. She has time to go in for Little Theater experiments, to take Extension Courses at her club, to indulge in interior decorating or to listen to visiting lecturers from New York and England. If her grade of culture is second-rate and imitative, a mere parlor trickery, she cannot indulge even in imitation without some widening of her intellectual horizon. To be sure, the native wisdom and direct simplicity of the completely untaught and unread human being may be preferable to cultural assumptions founded upon either Emil Ludwig or *The Saturday Evening Post;* but we are not now dealing with that portion of the American public which does not read at all.

At one time when I was very young and optimistic, I was part owner of a circulating library in a Western city. The library had been started by three young enthusiasts with the idea that we should carry on our shelves only such books as we, the owners, considered adult reading matter, and that those who didn't like it could go elsewhere. Ethel Dell, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Talbot Mundy, James Oliver Curwood, and a host of mystery, heart-throb, adventure, and "wholesome" story writers were rigidly excluded. We built up a small, interesting and intelligent clientele, composed mostly of women—working-class and professional as well as leisure-class women—with a slight sprinkling of young newspaper men, a few artists, and writers. The average man would come in, look about a little helplessly, and then go out again. Later, when a change in policy became necessary because of an increase in expenses and it was thought advisable to add a section of more popular fiction, the number of male subscribers took a sudden jump.

III

Am I arguing from this that the American woman is more intelligent than the American man? Not at all.

She may be more or less so, for all I know. But I think it is obvious to almost every intelligent person who has taken the trouble to make a few inquiries that, because of certain special conditions of our social life, the *average* American woman is better informed in literary and artistic matters and is interested in better books and better plays than is the *average* American man.

It is at this point that the male intelligentsia arises *en masse* to assert: "Exactly, and that's where the trouble lies. It is because the literary and dramatic market in America is so governed by feminine tastes that the American novel and play are so lacking in virility."

No adequate answer to this statement could be made without a comparative study of woman's position in various countries and its relation to the literature of those countries. In the last analysis the elements of personal tastes and opinions would enter to discount whatever conclusions might be arrived at.

However, before such a charge can be accepted, it is necessary to show that our literature and drama are actually more effeminate than those of other nations in which women are less literate or have a less important influence on the literary market. Without waving any flags for the plays and novels we have produced in the past ten years, I think it can hardly be said that their outstanding characteristics are refinement, romanticism, and effeminacy. They would seem rather to have been a brash and slightly strained assertion of masculinity. From the profane "What Price Glory?" to the Rabelaisian "Front Page," the New York theater—which is unfortunately, perhaps, the American theater—has been passing through a veritable orgy of hairy-chested offerings in which the "love interest," if any, is of the crudest or most flippant variety. One of the greatest successes of the past year, at which as many women as men may be seen nightly, is an English war play without a single woman in the cast.

But it is in fiction, according to the new masculinists, that the feline influence of both women writers and readers is most obvious—and most ruinous. Because American women are prudes or romantics (take your choice), the American novel has gone to the dogs. In view of the very obvious vitality of the American fictional scene it would seem almost unnecessary to ask, "Has the American novel gone to the dogs?" For in spite of the flood of printed "tripe" which emerges from our presses each year and almost swamps the literary market, even some of our captious European critics are willing to grant that woman-ridden America has produced an unprecedented share of the most virile and significant fiction of the past few years. Some of it has even been written by women.

But if Mr. Bromfield thinks that women are ruining fiction because they are prudes, Mr. Robert Herrick thinks they are doing the same because they are perverse. In an article in *The Bookman* on "The Effeminization of Fiction," Mr. Herrick declares:

"Women know the neurotic sides of sex which do not eventuate in either marriage or maternity, as well as what was once called (with a hush) the perverted side, the wooing of one's own sex. A disturbing number of recent stories by women deal with this taboo and are not overly vague in the handling of it. We must assume that it interests many of their readers."

Undoubtedly the neurotic aspects of sex life have bulked large in the literature of the last ten years, but I think that it would be difficult to prove that they bulk larger in those countries where women exert the most influence than in those in which women "know their place"; or that they are more common to novels written by women than to those written by men. France is the country to which all young literary *révoltés* flee when they want to emancipate themselves from prohibition and "the rule of women," and yet more than any other country its current litera-

ture is largely preoccupied with the pathological and the exotic—so much so that if one knew the country only through its recent novels one might conclude that normal sexuality was confined to the proletariat. The literary stature of Proust and Gide may be higher than that of Dreiser and Hemingway, but one could scarcely maintain that this superiority is due to greater robustness and impersonality. No one has described more accurately than Proust the devious reactions of the neurotic introvert, nor has anyone played more delicately and eloquently upon the homosexual theme than Gide. If Italy, in which of all Western nations women seem to know where they belong, has produced a robust modern literature in the last few years, it has so far failed of translation. Aldous Huxley has certainly done better by the erotic posturings of the decadent intellectuals than any Anglo-Saxon woman; and if he writes in a savagely satiric vein of which most women novelists seem incapable, his numerous brethren of the same school have also failed to match his intellectual virulence. Space forbids a comparison of the young lesser lights of American and European fiction; but I think that the trend described by Mr. Herrick as feminine and obnoxiously feline may be found on closer examination to be universal and modern instead. The introspective dissection of personal emotions, the preoccupation with pathological subjects, the fine-spun analyses of trivial phenomena—all these are typical of the modern intellectual temper, whether male or female. Undoubtedly this tendency received an impetus from the discoveries of the new psychology, but it is a legitimate child of early twentieth-century intellectualism. Already, new preoccupations are apparent.

In all this, literature is merely reflecting life. We are finding ourselves in a difficult situation. Old values are giving way to what seems a loss of all values. Intellectually and socially we are in a chaos of conflict—perhaps the most trying transition civilized man has known. In the past, while terrifying changes were taking place in the physical and intellectual world, there were certain spiritual and social dogmas in which man could clothe his nakedness and warm his soul. God, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or Mohammedan, was in His heaven, and woman was in her place beside the fire. To look at her there, to feel her dependence on him, to know that he was the source of her well-being and safety, and that no matter how inferior a role he might play in the world outside, here he was the center of a little universe—the superior among inferiors—all this was the assurance man so greatly needed in order that his ego should survive the eternal struggles and disappointments of the outer world.

Modern life has robbed him, very largely, of these small assurances and satisfactions, just as it has robbed woman of her old security and protection. Whether he or she likes it or not, they are living in a new dispensation. The family, in the old-fashioned sense, seems to be disappearing. Machine development has so affected the economic status of men that women have been forced to take their place beside them in the industrial world—a world in which one slender girl can operate a lever that will do the work of twenty brawny men. Girls are being educated side by side with their brothers. Men and women are being played upon by exactly the same forces and they find themselves unadjusted, bewildered, and insecure. Just as woman has needed to cloak the hard realism of her present position with a certain philosophic glamour, man, in an effort to recapture his old social value, must continually find fresh excuses for the loss of his old prestige.

Because her present position has given her egoistic yearnings a certain degree of fulfillment, woman is feeling less resentful than man. She may be bewildered, but she is also somewhat excited; and this excitement for the present, at least, is carrying her over many difficulties.

Man, particularly the modern, intelligent man, has no such first aid to adjustment. However broadminded he may have been about "the woman question" in the past, whatever intellectual convictions of equality he may have held, he now *feels* that something is wrong. He is meeting the new woman on an equal basis and he finds it isn't comfortable. Ten years ago, before she held an office next to his, wrote novels as good as his, ran against him in politics, he could afford to be loftily generous about her. Now that he finds her a competitor in a world none too generously stocked with opportunity, he begins to look about for arguments to the effect that perhaps, after all, she isn't as bright as he thought she was. He finds himself getting more and more irritated at this continual need to adjust himself to a new pattern of woman. He thinks back wistfully to his own mother and to the peace and comfort of a family circle in which woman's position didn't need to be thought about. If he finds himself somewhat ineffectual in his own relationship to the practical world (as many intelligent and sensitive men do), he needs all the more this sense of superiority which an adoring mother, wife, or sweetheart can give. There must be someone who looks up to him; and to the average man this someone has always been woman. The sensitive and somewhat neurotic male has a deeper need than most men of these two things from woman—her admiration and the comfort and peace of her arms when the world has battered and belittled him. The average modern woman is having too difficult a time finding her own way and keeping her own head above water to have much time to furnish either of these things. Perhaps she hasn't found so much to admire, and unlike her more helpless predecessor, she scorns pretense.

And so one finds as many evidences of the new masculinism in life as in literary criticism. I know of a man and a woman, both novelists, who had been happily married for six years. Neither had received great recognition until a year ago when a book of the wife's achieved sudden popularity. Since that time there has been a perceptible change in the man's attitude, both toward his wife and toward woman in general. Formerly a fearless champion of feministic ambitions, he has adopted a line of somewhat facetious and patronizing attitudes toward the ladies. I once saw his wife wince at an unconsciously sarcastic remark about her own work, made before a group of people. She spends much of her time now, "plugging" for her husband's latest book, in the hope that some success on his part will remove the unconscious antagonism which has marred her happiness in the past year.

A few weeks ago I met on the street a young writer who is something of a literary radical. When I asked him about a certain girl with whom he had been in love a few months previous, he replied quite frankly:

"That's off. I don't see her any more. She was a swell girl, all right, and I guess I was pretty far gone, but something told me I ought to break it off. She'd helped me with my work and she didn't make any demands on me. I don't know just why it didn't work. Maybe I resented it when she would point out the weak spots, even if she was right. Anyway, I've got a notion that if I ever really settle down with anyone for good it will be with some nice little *hausfrau* who doesn't know what it's all about and who will have half a dozen kids and get fat in a few years. I'll be bored to death with her and probably go off on jaunts occasionally, but it will be peaceful, and I guess that's what an artist needs—to have that side of life settled for him sort of peacefully. Then he can give all his energy to his work . . ." Here he noticed my grin. "Yes—I know. I guess I'm rationalizing. But anyway, I like to be comfortable."

From the purely biologic point of view, Nature may know what she is

about when she makes the somewhat unadjusted male and the somewhat competent and psychically (rather than physically) maternal female irresistibly attractive to each other. But it is unfortunate that she cannot at the same time eradicate from the masculine soul the bitter resentment which is the almost inevitable corollary of his attachment. Occasionally, when the old Eve flares up within the modern woman and she needs a shoulder to lean on, she has her resentment at that shoulder's absence. But her pride is not involved in this resentment because, unlike man, she is accustomed to playing second fiddle.

IV

Masculine resentments are not, of course, altogether confined to the realms of personal relationships or literary prejudices. Every business man knows how fatal it would be to his organization to place a woman executive, no matter how able, over a group of men. Much has already been written on this subject. Occasionally a very brilliant woman, with years of experience and a proved record behind her, like the present Industrial Commissioner of the State of New York, receives a political appointment which places her in charge of a large number of men. But practically the only open objection made by any New Yorkers to Frances Perkins's appointment was based on the fear that men in the department might not like to work under a woman, even a woman so preëminently fitted for the job.

It is certainly significant, however, that much of the new "anti-woman" sentiment has shown itself among what may be called, for want of a better term, "the intellectuals." To be sure, these are the articulate members of the community and they are in a position to express what others may feel. However, as I have implied before, the reason seems to lie deeper. The man in the street may grumble that times have changed, but he does not, as a rule, blame those changes on woman. Nor is the longshoreman likely to discourse excitedly on the effeminization of his trade. The ladies have not invaded the water front. His feelings about women go unchallenged and undisturbed. Furthermore, being as a rule a simple "he man," he has no inner conflict with any so-called feminine characteristics within himself. Unlike his more sophisticated brethren, he has no need of any belated masculine protest.

Somewhere, Heywood Broun has said that most attacks upon the modern woman come from men under five feet seven. The statement of course is not literally true. But it undoubtedly has a symbolic psychological veracity. The man who, whatever his physical size, feels secure in his own masculinity and in his own relation to life is rarely resentful of the opposite sex. He can understand the differences between men and women and the reasons for those differences, without a depreciation of either. Experience has taught him, perhaps, what the misogynist Weininger guessed many years ago, that psychologically there are no pure males and no pure females, but merely sexual majorities. That virile publicist, Mr. H. L. Mencken, emphasizes this fact in his ironic "In Defense of Women," when he says:

"Find me an obviously intelligent man, a man free from sentimentality and illusion, a man hard to deceive, a man of the first class, and I'll show you a man with a wide streak of woman in him."

One can as truthfully say:

"Find me a woman of the first class, and I'll show you a woman with a wide streak of man in her."

The strength of the current masculinist movement among the writers, artists, and in the artistic fringes, is probably due to these two things: first, it is in these circles that one is most likely to find the largest proportion of unstable, hypersensitive personalities—men who find difficulty in adjusting themselves to a machine civilization, who have a fairly

large proportion of the so-called feminine qualities and who, instead of making peace with this happy combination, are constantly at war with these elements within themselves; second, it is in the arts that women have been free to compete most effectively with men. In the literary arts, particularly in the novel form, they have shown themselves especially proficient.

The rationalized fear of woman, of the feminine principle, is not a new thing in history or in the creative arts. The need to dominate woman, to surpass her at all costs, is a deep-rooted need of the male psyche. Robbed of this satisfaction, this affirmation of power, the male ego becomes seriously wounded. That there are more of these wounded egos wandering about at the present time than at any previous period is probably due to woman's growing independence in the past few decades.

Dr. Alfred Adler, one of the most realistic of the psychoanalytic pioneers, has also delved most deeply into this question of sex tensions and antagonisms. In his *The Neurotic Constitution*, he writes:

"The wonderfully effective charm which many myths, many creations of art and philosophy possess for us, is in line with this—the fault of the woman, the banal '*cherchez la femme*' in all evils. . . . The *Iliad* is based upon this foundation as well as *The Thousand and One Nights* and, if one examines closely, every great and small artistic creation. What is its leading thought? Nothing less than to win a standpoint in the uncertainties of life, in the conflict with love, in the fear of woman." And again, "There is no better way of judging the reaction of the neurotic psyche than from the answers to questions showing estimation of the opposite sex. It will become apparent that every stronger denial of the equality of the sexes, every detraction or over-valuation of the opposite sex is invariably connected with the neurotic disposition and neurotic traits. They are one and all expedients of human thought to enhance the feeling of personal worth."

Undoubtedly many of the complaints against woman at the present moment have a legitimate basis. A large number of women are trying to make the best of two worlds—the old and the new. But would not men of the same class do the same thing in a similar situation? Large numbers of superficial and repressed middle-class women are devoting their new-found leisure to minding everybody's business except their own. It is quite probable that their husbands who have the same mental caliber would be quite as meddlesome if they had the time. Witness some of our best-known vice-crusaders. Modern women are reading and writing tons of trash, but are modern men doing so much better? For every copy of the *Love Story Magazine* one sees in the subway or street car, there is an equally childish Western or Action Story magazine across the aisle.

As life grows more precarious and intellectual values more confused, this new outburst of sex antagonism may become more accentuated unless the modern man realizes that it is much too late in the day to put woman back into the kitchen or the bedroom where he may think she belongs. She has moments of discouragement when she may even want to go back herself, but that road is closed. There is nothing either he or she can do about it. He had much better devote his energy toward helping her over this worst stage of her progress, as a journeyman mechanic would help a young apprentice in his shop, and in enlisting her aid in fighting the very real battles that lie ahead of them both. The intelligent and thoughtful man and woman have a common enemy. It's about time they turned their attention in its direction.

In an article written for HARPER'S five years ago, Dr. Beatrice Hinkle wrote:

"We have heard much of sex antagonism and the fundamental enmity between the sexes, but from long experience

I can say that there is no sex antagonism between persons who have freed themselves from their infantile desires and mechanisms and are emotionally mature. The struggle in the soul of man between love and power is the basis of sex antagonism and is at the same time the condition which operates to destroy the whole fabric of human relations."

This struggle is not confined to man, as a sex, but is common to every human soul. But because all through history man has acquired the habits of superiority and because that superiority is now being challenged, he is suffering more than woman from the ravages of this conflict. If it is ever resolved, the new masculinism will go the way of the old feminism.

VULNERABLE

BY DOROTHY ALDIS

NOW with a sudden passion of green leaves
Summer has come. The grass is far too tall
And thick for April; and the willow grieves
For its soft tassels; and the birds that call
Are too tender, and the winds too sweet. . . .
Oh, stop, stay back, warm slowly rolling tide—
I am not ready for the buds and heat;
There is too much, too much on every side.
Unarmed, I cannot bear this lovely pain
Of Beauty filling up her cup again.

WHERE IS AVIATION?

BY FRANCIS D. WALTON

NOT MORE than two months ago the aviation business in the United States was in the grip of another crisis. Crises have not been rare in the brief years wherein the flying machine has struggled to make an industry of itself. But this one seemed the worst of all. The leading manufacturers and operators of aircraft were thoroughly despondent. Bankruptcy was overtaking the little fellows, and even the big combines could not look on the prospects for earnings in 1930 save with a wan eye. Extreme over-expansion of factories and payrolls in 1929, extreme inflation of the industry's business ambitions, and the sudden discovery that American "air-mindedness" had been a golden illusion were the causes of the collapse and the despair. The general retreat of national commerce following upon the market disturbances of October contributed, of course, to the unhappiness of the situation.

As the summer comes in, however, something that is recognizable as optimism begins to spread through aviation. The survivors of the low-moments estimate, with a new and refreshing conservatism, that at least as many planes will be sold to the public this year as last—and that drastic economies may make the net profits a little larger. They have given up the delightful fancy that Americans can be converted to the airplane overnight by the simple pressure of the industry's desire. They have become aware that good, honest salesmanship—with a touch of inspired brilliance here and there—must replace urgent dreams if the airplane is to become a general vehicle of transport. They begin to talk now of the long pull, and even to chart with businesslike curves the normal acceptance of the flying machine by the public; and they are making their predictions for 1935 instead of for 1931.

The airplane business, as a matter of fact, is rather good. It is better than it was last year at this time. There is nothing exciting about it; but it may be observed that the leaders in the industry have about given up the idea that it will be exciting. Instead, they have begun to think in terms of even, steady growth, based upon gradual acceptance by the public of this new method of getting about the country.

However, if we are really to advance in the effort to find where aviation is now, we must look a little into the foundations upon which the industry is built.

It was in 1927 that the new industry really began. Nearly a quarter of a century had passed since the two Americans, Orville and Wilbur Wright, had proved that the ancient hope of human flight was not an idle dream. In those twenty-five years little had happened that was to be of lasting significance in the development of the airplane except the engineering impetus which came with the World War. The rest had been a story of false starts, lack of conviction, and lack of faith: ample proof that during the vain years of yearning to travel with the birds man had formulated no definite idea as to what he wanted to do with the ability to fly should he ever

achieve it. Until the War came along the airplane never rose above the modest role of a circus stunt for drawing crowds to country fairs.

The World War challenged airmen to prove whether their contraption could serve any really useful purpose. The genius and money of all the nations was turned upon the job of answering this question. Designers, plane builders, and governments labored frantically to improve airplanes. Pilots were trained by thousands—many of them to die violently, but the survivors to emerge with a prodigious faith in the machine they had learned to control. And the airplane itself came out of the conflict almost as well designed, mechanically and theoretically, as it is to-day.

But the reward for the airplane's final excellent performance in the war of the nations was that it was branded as an instrument of war. For a long time after peace had come it continued to bear this brand. The flying machine was no longer an attraction even at fairs and shows, which were devoted to more peaceful pleasures. There was no room for an instrument of war in a world that was sick of fighting. Lean years followed for all of the disciples of the Wrights. The United States Navy showed that the Atlantic could be crossed by heavier-than-air flying machines—and the people were bored with one more reminder of military efficiency. Alcock and Brown made the first non-stop flight from America to Europe—and a world that was weary of heroism yawned. The United States Army flew planes round the world—and the event is not remembered at all to-day, although it has never been duplicated by any airplane. Eight disheartening years passed for the war flyers who came out of the conflict alive and full of hope that their mastery of the air, learned in danger, would have a definite value in peace.

Gradually the war stigma wore off. The government launched the experiment of air mail, and the public used it half-heartedly. Still, however, the people who must use airplanes if they were to be built at a profit had no real interest in them.

Then—presto!—Charles A. Lindbergh took-off from Roosevelt Field and thirty-three and one half hours later was in Paris. Aviation was reborn, and everybody at once discovered that the foundation had been laid for a new industry. If all the people who were talking about airplanes could be persuaded to get into them the manufacture of the new vehicle ought to be profitable.

The phrase "air-mindedness" was coined, airplane factories were opened, aviation stocks were offered by the million, and press agents began issuing statements that So and So would build a thousand planes this year, and that regular airplane service across a couple of oceans was a reality in the minds of the Such and Such board of directors. Everything happened so quickly that the birth pains were not felt until two years later.

It was inevitable that the haste and excitement of this new life for aviation should produce an over-inflated, chaotic, and unsound condition.

II

A few sound companies were already established in the business of manufacturing airplanes and engines. (Oddly enough, the making of planes and the making of engines were almost separate industries; there were virtually no concerns manufacturing both—a state of affairs which led to much confusion in the public mind and much difficulty in merchandising, and is only now being rectified by the forming of such combines as the Curtiss-Wright Corporation.) The pickings of these companies, between the end of the War and the beginning of the Lindbergh era, had been lean indeed, but enough to sustain life. Practically all their orders, and the funds to carry on experimental work and improvements, had come from a handful

of wise men in the Army and Navy who carried out literally our governmental policy of liberal encouragement for aircraft builders. These companies immediately enlarged their plants four- and fivefold. They established modern production methods, engaged the best engineers obtainable, and set up sales organizations in the good American tradition of big business, with advertising men, service outfits, contact men, and trouble shooters.

But they were not to have the field to themselves. Dozens of shrewd fellows, scenting the gold, set themselves up in the aircraft manufacturing business. With neglected barns converted into airplane factories, they went out—armed with nothing more substantial than vague drawings of projected planes and engines—to sell stock; and they raised their capital with practically no effort at all. It was a time of widespread speculation in common stocks, and thousands of investors who had failed to have faith in the automobile industry made up their minds that they were not going to lose two such chances in a generation. Hardly a day went past without the announcement of a new aviation company.

Everybody was going to fly—because Lindbergh had crossed an ocean—and the future was a beckoning golden glow. Thirty or forty thousand men went on the payrolls of aviation corporations.

At the beginning of 1929 estimates for the year's production were almost impossible to obtain. Prophecies from irresponsible fly-by-nights poured in together with prophecies from reliable builders. The best estimate that the Department of Commerce could make was 10,000 airplanes of all types for the year. This was to be the total product of 232 factories engaged in the production of ships and engines. In its most expansive days, the automobile industry had never comprised more than 95 separate manufacturers at one time.

Actually, about 7,000 planes were produced, 200 per cent more than in 1928; but this figure would have been much greater if sanity had not been forced upon the new industry by a few conservative leaders who saw that no real market had been created for their novel machine.

Between August, 1928, and August, 1929, the public absorbed $48,200,000 worth of aircraft stock offerings. This of course is not the total of financial support given to carry forward the idea of commercial flight after aviation wakened from its twenty-five year slumber. It represents the offerings of eighty-two companies, the stocks of which are either listed on the New York Stock Exchange or Curb Exchange, or are frequently quoted in over-the-counter transactions. It does not include privately controlled companies or scores of projects which seem likely to provide work for investigators for years to come. The eagerness of the investing public is further shown by the fact that in six months in 1929 the stock market value of forty-five aircraft corporations was raised seven million dollars.

The industry woke up in the late fall of 1929 to find that it was turning out airplanes at the rate of 150 a week without any market in sight. It was difficult to believe that no more than six months before everything had been rosy in a seller's market and planes could not be made fast enough to meet the demand. The year closed in gloom with all factors of the industry engaged in retrenching. Everyone became woefully aware of the emptiness of the old phrase "air-mindedness." The public was air-minded to the extent of watching airplanes, reading about them, talking about them, and buying stock—but not to the extent of riding in them. The industry realized that no markets had been soundly established, and that the idea of flying and actually using airplanes had never really been "sold" to the public at large. The time had come for a serious study of possible outlets for the products of the new business.

III

The great task which now faces aviation is that of improving its merchandising methods and developing its markets. What are these markets?

First, there is the market for privately owned and privately operated planes. While this market is limited at the present time, more arguments revolve about its future than about any other in aviation. For there are two schools of thought within the industry regarding the future of flying. One school holds the airplane to be essentially a vehicle for sport and private transportation, and expects to create virtually another automobile industry. The other school contends that commercial aviation is a new form of organized transportation comparable to the railroad industry, with the airplane the future common carrier on great systems of regularly operated airways. Of course the more far-seeing realize that both fields are fertile for development.

Next to the pilot-owner market and similar to it in many respects is the market represented by business organizations. There are nearly one hundred corporations in the United States at the present time which employ airplanes as tools of business in the sense that delivery trucks, typewriters, and adding machines are so used.

Then there is the fixed-base operator—the owner of the local airport. Until recently he was the most important factor in aircraft operation. Although recently he has been superseded by the operator of scheduled air lines, his position is still enormously important. Fixed-base operators are now in the process of being organized into national groups by the larger manufacturers for the purpose of rendering standard airplane and engine service.

The fixed-base operator is potentially a large revenue producer. He has been purchasing the greatest percentage of all the small, single-engined planes. His airport has been the chief available showroom for aviation; and, more important, he has been practically the only link between the aviation industry and the air-minded public. Through the airport operators the mass of people who grew excited when Lindbergh flew the Atlantic are having their first personal experience with flight. The joy hop, the short sightseeing trip—taken not so much to see sights, but as an experiment to determine what flying is really like—has been a profitable source of revenue to the airport operator.

The Department of Commerce estimated that some 3,527,000 persons flew during 1929. Only 165,263 of these were air line passengers. Most of the remainder were joy-hoppers or aerial sightseers.

Yet there is a limit to the educational value of what the fixed-base operator provides. For a long time it had been believed that the five-dollar joy hop was doing the selling trick for the whole industry. But a little study of the psychological reaction from the first airplane ride shows fairly conclusively that the airdrome flight of five or ten minutes' duration does not sell aviation. The value of traveling through the air is not "sold" to the novice who flies simply for the excitement of doing something new; it is "sold" only when he actually goes by plane to some destination, and for a purpose in which the speed of the airplane over any other vehicle is conclusively demonstrated.

The next potential market is the air mail system, which could never have reached its present status without vigorous government aid. In fact, the whole aviation industry has been held on its feet for years by wise government support and patronage. Americans who point in contempt at the financial failure of European aviation say, and perhaps believe, that commercial aviation in the United States has been making its way without government subsidy. Such a statement holds very little water. Although the form which financial aid for the aircraft industry from Washington has taken differs from

that frank budgeting for air which goes on in the countries of Europe, it is only an expert in definitions who can make it appear that federal support in this country can even be called indirect.

In the U. S. Air Mail the government started one of the few completely successful aircraft operations to be found in the world. When the government had demonstrated the feasibility of such an airway system it stepped out of the field and turned the work over to private contract operators; and up to the beginning of the present year it had paid out nearly seven million dollars to the operators in differentials between the postage revenue from air mail and the contract cost for flying it.

The system is the most remarkable in existence. Nearly fifty air-mail lines cover the country to-day, and in 1929 one company alone had a total of 3,600,000 miles flown. The operations of this single line equal the combined air transport mileage of Russia, Italy and Great Britain, and are only three-quarters of a million miles less than the total of France, and half that of Germany. The American air-mail operators with their enormously competent achievement have taken great strides toward their goal of making their planes the common carriers of all the first-class mail of the nation. When this objective is realized and when new and lower contract rate schedules have been fixed (a problem now being considered), it is probable that the government's indirect subsidy to the air mail will be considerably reduced. But by that time it is more than likely that the government will be called upon to give further assistance to organized air-passenger transport, which has recently assumed outstanding importance in American aviation and which represents the final great aircraft market.

When we compare passenger travel by air on regularly operated lines in America with that in Europe, the first fact which we notice is the greater age of the European systems. Like most other aviation developments in the United States, the air transport of passengers was not begun until after the Lindbergh flight. The start was delayed for a number of reasons. Of these the most important was that the extensive air-mail program laid down by the government was sufficient to absorb for several years all available equipment and all available initiative and capital.

The possible profits in sound air-mail hauling were apparent. The government was liberal in the awarding of contracts. An air-mail line did not demand the purchase or maintenance of luxurious, expensive equipment. Safety factors had to be maintained only for dead loads. In fact, air-mail operators discouraged passenger carrying, preferring not to accept the additional responsibility. So in the end the prosperity which came with the development of a system for the transport of mails through the air retarded plans for the establishment of a national passenger air-transport system.

Passenger carrying on regularly operated lines was started only when there were no more profitable mail routes available, and when the suddenly accelerated production of planes made it necessary to find a use for the larger types of ships. Most of this began in 1929, and the beginning in one sense was a compromise. To date there is no all-air transcontinental passenger system. The start was made with a new form of transportation which has been called "air-rail," the combination of existing railroads with air lines. Air-rail travel is still the main strength of organized passenger airways to-day. All of the larger air lines have traffic agreements with railroads which traverse the territory served by their airways, so that passengers can transfer from plane to train and *vice versa*.

Which of these markets holds the greatest promise for the industry? One is inclined to agree with those who pin their chief hopes to organized air transport, if only because it is difficult to

imagine a time when every householder of means will have his own plane as he now has his automobile. The absence of a completely safe plane, and of the "back yard" plane—which we shall not have until someone discovers the principle of slow perpendicular descent and absolutely vertical take-off—gives the large transport system the advantage of the argument at the moment.

However, individual and sport flying have been advancing steadily. The youth of America is determined to learn to fly. The use of the private plane has increased despite the discouragement of accidents, despite the high initial cost of planes, the equally steep charges of upkeep, and the necessity of locating airports at great distances from the centers of population. By the end of the present fiscal year, the Department of Commerce estimates that there will be 50,000 flyers and flying students under federal license to fly planes in this country. Nearly every college now has its courses in aeronautics, its aviation club, and a student or two owning a plane.

IV

One great handicap to the development of organized transport systems has been, until recently, the almost prohibitive expense of travel by plane. The average tariff on air lines until the beginning of 1930 was fourteen cents a mile. This did not compare very favorably with the average of three and a half to four cents charged by most railroads. It did not produce any substantial volume of traffic. At the beginning of 1930 most of the lines which had been carrying an average of three or four passengers in ten-passenger planes manned by a crew of three decided to make a definite bid for volume of traffic. There was a wholesale rate reduction. Airplane fares were cut from twenty per cent to fifty per cent. In some cases the experiment had the desired effect immediately. But many of the lines found themselves little better off, as capacity loads with the existing equipment and existing expenses cannot produce a profit at the tariff of five to seven and a half cents a mile.

The economics of the average air-line operator, who is without an air-mail contract and who must depend on passenger business solely, has never been particularly sound. A survey made in 1929 showed that all of the aircraft equipment of the transport companies was being used an average of only one hour and forty-five minutes a day. The rest of the time it was on the ground, being written off under the item of depreciation at the rate of 33⅓ per cent a year. And much of this equipment represented an outlay of $50,000 per plane. Any good railroad executive, accustomed to figuring closely on costs, would tell you that this was not the way to make air transport pay.

There will always be airplane accidents, of course, just as there will always be accidents in ox carts and canoes and automobiles and trains and steamships. Kinetic energy is a difficult thing to harness and cannot possibly be made fool-proof. A fool can kill himself on a bicycle moving at ten miles an hour. An airplane, going a hundred miles an hour, makes it ten times easier for him. Even so, engineering improvements must be sought to remove some of the element of risk now present in human flight. Perhaps a step in this direction is the Curtiss Tanager, which won the $100,000 Guggenheim prize for safety. Plans are already under way to incorporate several of its safety features into standard commercial designs.

We must also look forward to a great development in what is known as "ground organization" for air transportation. Much as has already been done in the construction of airports and the marking of airways, there is an immeasurable amount of labor still ahead. It is a truism that the automobile is where it is to-day because of the macadam or hard-surfaced road. The millions spent in road construction

are seldom counted in estimating the cost of promoting the automobile, yet they were necessary—and they came very slowly. In actual dollars and cents it seems quite unlikely that the airplane will ever demand such a toll. But for completely safe airplane operation, airports and emergency landing fields must be increased many fold. Nor will it be enough to have these located at intervals along the direct "sky roads" from one major airport to another. The new traffic lanes marked by beacon lights (and in most instances following the existing routes of surface transportation) are far too rigid. They are robbing the airplane of one of its greatest assets, its independence of fixed highways. A plane ought to be able to steer around a storm or to lose its way and still be within easy reach of a safe landing-place where it can be refueled or repaired. Such ground organization will undoubtedly come—but not overnight.

Again, men of science have not yet brought together radio and aviation to the fullest advantage of flying, although much of value has already been accomplished here. The day should come when radio will be the guiding hand of planes, when knowledge required for safe flight will be constantly available in the air by the turn of a tuning knob in the cabin of every ship that flies. This and other developments will come inevitably. The automatic pilot, already proven experimentally, will practically solve that other great hindrance to regular plane operation—fog.

V

So much for the processes by which aviation has come this far, and for the chief problems of the immediate future. We may sum up the situation by saying that development must lie, hereafter, along three main lines: 1. The aviation business must be given that touch of efficiency which has for its chief element a sound merchandising plan. 2. The airplane itself—a satisfactory machine in the hands of trained pilots—must be improved and simplified if it is to be flown generally as the automobile is driven generally. 3. Ground organization—which takes in everything from airport facilities to radio weather reports, light beacons, transportation between cities and fields, and repair service—must be tremendously expanded.

I have already indicated that the first of these three essentials is becoming a reality. It has been recognized—particularly by the bankers who provided aviation's money—that the conversion of 120,000,000 people to the use of a new transportation medium is no simple task. With this fact established, the worst obstacle has been cleared.

The government, through the Army and Navy and Marine Corps, and through the air-mail contracts, will provide for 1930 enough business to keep the principal companies on a sound basis. One of these corporations alone, for example, has $10,000,000 of government orders on its books. Export of airplanes and engines, particularly to South American countries, provides another excellent market which is being developed in most businesslike fashion. And the domestic commercial market is showing signs of healthy growth.

As a machine, the airplane cannot possibly be abandoned, now that it exists. In common with most things that sharply change human habits, such as the railroad train and the radio, its course will be marked by much confusion and the lack of any apparent pattern. It will penetrate human life not by a sudden, well-organized attack, but by the process of infiltration, until at last we are all using airplanes without knowing quite how we happened to accept them. Man has always feared the new thing that would move him a little faster than he was ever moved before. But he has always, in the end, conquered that fear.

The problem, now, is chiefly with the engineers and the business executives of

the industry. Can they, or can they not, demonstrate that the current airplane is the basis for the ultimate airplane? Can they bring the present business organization to a sound and profitable footing? These are questions which none but a very daring prophet would care to answer.

ON THE LAKE

BY V. SACKVILLE-WEST

A CANDLE lit in darkness of black waters,
A candle set in the drifting prow of a boat,
And every tree to itself a separate shape,
Now plumy, now an arch; tossed trees
Still and dishevelled; dishevelled with past growth,
Forgotten storms; left tufted, tortured, sky-rent,
Even now in stillness; stillness on the lake,
Black, reflections pooled, black mirror
Pooling a litten candle, taper of fire;
Pooling the sky, double transparency
Of sky in water, double elements,
Lying like lovers, light above, below;
Taking, from one another, light; a gleaming,
A glow reflected, fathoms deep, leagues high,
Two distances meeting at a film of surface
Thin as a membrane, sheet of surface, fine
Smooth steel; two separates, height and depth,
Able to touch, giving to one another
All their profundity, all their accidents—
Changeable mood of clouds, permanent stars—
Like thoughts in the mind hanging a long way off,
Revealed between lovers, friends. . . . Peer in the water
Over the boat's edge; seek the sky's night-heart;
Are they near, are they far, those clouds, those stars
Given, reflected, pooled? Are they so close
For a hand to clasp, to lift them, feel their shape,
Explore their reality, take a rough possession?
Oh, no! too delicate, too shy for handling,
They tilt at a touch, quiver to other shapes,
Dance away, change, are lost, drowned, scared;
Hands break the mirror, speech's crudity
The surmise, the divining;
Such things so deeply held, so lightly held,
Subtle, imponderable, as stars in water
Or thoughts in another's thoughts.
Are they near, are they far, those stars, that knowledge?
Deep? Shallow? Solid? Rare? The boat drifts on,
And the litten candle single in the prow,
The small, immediate candle in the prow,
Burns brighter in the water than any star.

The Lion's Mouth

WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

SOME time ago a man came to us saying he represented a firm of Appraisers. His experts, he said, would make a valuation of everything in our house, and then we should know how much property insurance to take out. Most people, it seemed, carried far too little. At first sight this looked like an obvious dodge to make business for the insurance companies. When he told me that they would accept his firm's valuation, I decided to test him.

"What would you say is the value of that rug?" I asked.

He picked up a corner of the rug, scrutinized both sides, and then named a figure which I knew represented twice the value of the thing. Then and there I decided to be appraised, to be insured, and to have a fire.

And so the appraisers came and spent a day and a half examining our household goods. The result of their labors was a monograph of some hundred pages, beautifully typewritten, and elegantly bound in limp something-or-other. We were greatly impressed. We belong to the impecunious professional class, and everything in our house is, I won't say shabby, but at least well-worn. And so, making a virtue of necessity, we have scorned merely material goods and staked our self-respect upon a devotion to Higher Things. But a reading of the Appraisers' work disclosed that we were persons of property, with a mansion. (Nothing like it has happened since the time when, by a dreadful error, we were asked to pose for the *House Beautiful*.)

Just to give you one example. My bedroom, an undistinguished affair, was referred to as a master bedroom. I don't know whether that means that it belonged to the master, or that, on the analogy of the expression master-key, the room was used indiscriminately by every member of the household. In any event, it had a fine sound. And then my wardrobe. My wardrobe consisted of two complete suits and parts of another, some evening clothes—none of them unblemished by anonymous stains—and a few badly assorted socks and things. But the Appraisers had written, "Master's Wardrobe: $600." Do you wonder if after this sort of thing people noted the slight swagger with which I carried myself, even though the crease in my trousers were no more than a memory from some Golden Sartorial Age?

This glow of assurance and superiority lasted for some time. Then my brother-in-law came to see me. He is a large, active man, very good in dealing with machines and the brute forces of nature. (I fear machines, and as far as possible I avoid nature in her more intractable forms.) The lawn needed mowing, so he volunteered to mow it for us. The lawnmower proved to be capricious. It would cut all right for a few yards and then give a hilarious and irresponsible skip and pass over a stretch of grass harmlessly. Of course I knew I should have adjusted it long ago; but as I can never remember whether you tighten that rear screw and loosen the front one

or vice versa, I had allowed the matter to fall into neglect.

"Where's your screwdriver?" asked my large relative fiercely, after some ineffectual lunges at the grass.

Opinions varied. Some reported it last seen in the attic where the children had been fooling with it. Others, on top of the ice-box. (We sometimes lose our ice-pick.) Others, again, said it was broken. We finally discovered a screwdriver that we had borrowed long ago from a neighbor. The blade, or whatever you call the working portion, was curved, curved with the sinister grace of an oriental dagger. A beautiful thing, in its way, but no one would think of calling it a master screwdriver. Lawnmower, screwdriver, and, inferentially, myself, were consigned to the limbo of useless things.

Brother-in-law was still seething with unexpended energy, and he next discovered a post of the pergola leaning at an eccentric angle. It had been leaning that way for years. It had never occurred to me to straighten it. The Pisa complex, I suppose! "Let's jack this thing up!" he exclaimed. The operation called for some rope, some billets of wood, and a number of tools. As I could not supply these, my large relative decided to do the job with nothing but an axe and brute strength stimulated by utter contempt. He asked for nails. He seemed surprised that I did not have a box of assorted nails. But how does one acquire nails? Does anyone ever set out deliberately to buy a collection of nails of various sizes? I mean, do you ever coolly put "nails" on your shopping list? I don't. When I want a nail I go down to the cellar and hunt up an old packing-case and hammer out the nails and then partially straighten some of them until I draw blood and call it a day. Brother-in-law regarded the paucity of nails as a deplorable thing. Our house, he felt, and declared, lacked most of the necessities.

Reflecting on his criticisms, I have been led to do some inventory work of my own. I have gone over some of the domestic departments that the professional appraisers missed. Here are some of my results.

Item: Two axes. (a) The head of this one flies off whenever you use it. None of my wedges seem to wedge. Value: nil. (b) Split down the handle. Value: nil. Appraiser's comment: Where does one buy axe-handles, and how does one attach them when bought?

Item: Two saws. (a) A beautiful new one that I had last year, but I lost it. (b) A small one, copiously rusted. Value: Not worth a damn.

Item: Master's bathroom door. Lock out of order. I took all of it off without discovering the trouble, and got most of it back on. Can't think of sending for a locksmith for just one door. Have been waiting three months for another lock to collapse. Value of door as a protector of privacy: nil.

Item: Electric light in kitchen ceiling. A problem in overhead. The chain by which you pull the thing on and off broke close up to the root of the fixture. Result: The only way to turn the light on or off was to climb on a high stool and screw or unscrew the bulb. Same feeling about sending for electrician as about sending for locksmith. For eight months lighting-system has remained obstinately free from any defect that would justify invoking expert repair. During that time maid has ascended the stool whenever light was needed. Value of electric fixture: nil. Salary of maid: $15 a week. Value of maid: $50 a week.

I could give you many more samples. There is, for instance, that cute arrangement of half a brick and some string by which we regulate the back draft of the furnace, and the complicated and precarious device I have invented for filling my fountain pen; but these will be enough to give you some idea of how the gross material side of life presents itself in our house.

Do you wonder that I am dejected, that all the delusions of grandeur aroused by the Appraisers' moving

brochure have been punctured? I look for consolation only in one direction. If some of those whose households are as dishevelled and incomplete as ours will write and tell me about it, then I shall know that I am not abnormal or alone. If I get enough letters I shall accomplish what a questionnaire might accomplish with much more trouble and expense: I shall have data for an article in *The Gentlemen's Home Companion* on Inefficiency in the Home, Its Cause and Cure. But, what is more important than that, I shall recover my self-respect, so that when I enter my Master Bedroom I shall not feel that the term is bitter irony; rather shall I exclaim,

"Oh, how that name befits my composition!"

THE PROFESSOR HAS AN IDEA

BY R. S. COTTERILL

THE Professor was dazed but triumphant. He had that day read fifty Freshman papers and still believed in God. This showed how firm the Professor was in the Faith, for the things his class had told him on the test were enough to make a strong man weep. They had told him about the sack of Rome by the Scandals, and had given him various bits of collateral information about an eminent medieval institution which they called the Holy Roller Empire. One bright youth had identified Urban II as an Italian city, while another had volunteered the information, probably never before offered, that Don Quixote was a Spanish veterinarian. They had mislaid kingdoms and continents and hemispheres, and the Professor meant to thank them personally to-morrow for not losing the solar system. He reflected ruefully that an examination was one of those things which it was more blessed to give than to receive. It apparently did his students no good but it prevented *him* from becoming vain. Whenever he began to feel a bit of complacency about his teaching, the remembrance of his last set of examination papers always restored him to a proper state of humility. To-day his spiritual barometer was very low. He wondered what would happen to plumbers and painters and even garagemen if they had no better results from their work than he did from his teaching.

There was but one balm for the Professor in his Gilead of discouragement: he knew that his colleagues were having no more success than he. His friend in Mathematics complained that his classes were not sure of anything except the principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. This probably appealed to them because it sounded like a labor-saving device. The Sociology professor, who united a gift of language with a deep bitterness of soul, was accustomed to say that the continued existence of his students was a contradiction of the old axiom that nature abhors a vacuum. It was only in athletics that the students seemed to be meeting the demands made on them.

The trouble was that everybody was in pursuit of knowledge but nobody was overtaking it. But even in his valley of humiliation the Professor realized that the reason latter-day students were losing out in the race was not because they couldn't run but because they didn't want to. He reflected that students being what they were, the only practicable way of inducing them to take Pope's advice and drink deep of the Pierian Springs was to lay a pipe line or start a bottling factory. Then they could drink without effort. He remembered that above the door of a recitation hall in his old University the words were cut in Greek, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He thought that if he had the choosing of an inscription for a modern temple of

learning he would select the verse from Proverbs, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

But, reflected the Professor, there must be something good in education or else everybody (except teachers and students) would not go on having faith in it. For they evidently did have faith in it and showed their faith by their pocketbooks. Greater faith could no man have. He resolved to examine the whole subject again and try to find out what it was in education that called forth all the effort and faith and expenditure.

Of course, as the Professor saw at once, the people who advocated education and supported it were not the students, but their parents. They had been students themselves at one time and so could be under no delusion as to the efficiency of education, so they must have some other reason for their enthusiasm. At this point in his musings the Professor caught his first glimpse of a vague and fugitive idea. In great perturbation of spirit he filled his pipe and set off hot-foot in pursuit.

The idea that had occurred to him was that parental enthusiasm for education was due to the fact that it kept their children busy. From this point of view, the significant thing about education was not that it took the young people to school, but that it took them away from home; it was the effect of their absence from home and not the result of their attendance at school that was the essential thing about education. Thanks to a wonderful system of public instruction, parents were relieved from the care of (and association with) their children for a term varying from eight to sixteen years. Children graduated from family life at the age of six. With their children out of the way, parents had leisure and opportunities for a variety of other things. The Professor began to feel the glow of a philosopher over the birth of a new theory. He proceeded to look around him mentally and to enumerate the ways in which parents might be affected by the absence of their children.

The first thing to occur to him was that the parents would be able, obviously, to devote themselves more wholeheartedly to the chase of the Almighty Dollar and to lay up for themselves greater treasures on this earth for rust to corrupt and thieves to break through and steal. Mightn't this be the reason why the United States was so prosperous and millionaires grew so luxuriantly? Big Business and public schools had entered our civilization at practically the same time. The Professor remembered the prominent man on the Board of Trustees of his own university who refused to employ college graduates in his hardware business but kept his own children at school; he wasn't so inconsistent after all. He reflected that those people who employed their time making up long tables to show how much more successful college students were in after life (that is, after leaving college) than other people were, were doing a vain thing. Statistics like that were irrelevant. What was needed was a table of statistics showing how much more successful were the parents whose children went through college than those whose children remained at home under foot. It would be interesting to know how much greater chances of success a father had whose children stayed away from home long enough to finish college than one whose children merely finished the grades. These would be vital statistics with real vitality to them. It was a wonder that sociologists had neglected such a promising field of research.

The Professor continued to meditate. He saw that it was education, grade education in particular, that had brought about the emancipation of women. Before the days of compulsory education the mothers were usually tied down at home with the debilitating task of taking care of their children. Now that it was possible to raise children by proxy (thanks to education) women had the leisure to indulge their humanitarian

instincts by going into business and taking part in politics. Both these great fields of endeavor had expanded tremendously as a result. Business and politics had the same place in modern life that bread and the games had among the Romans, reflected the Professor; in the final analysis they were pretty much the same thing. Woman suffrage had followed closely in the wake of public schools, and the relation between the education of children and the formation of women's clubs was obvious. He thought he could see now why it was that women were so active in educational work and so enthusiastic in their support of the kindergarten movement. The men, he had noticed, had never seemed much interested in the kindergarten; children of that age, even if they did stay at home, would inevitably fall to the care of the women, anyhow.

Then, too, there were the sports. Surely the truant officer of the public school deserved to be an honorary member of every golf club and bridge club in the country. For without compulsory education the tired business man would have to spend his leisure hours in disciplining his unregenerate offspring, and the distaff side of the household would have to go regularly to the mat in the same worthy, but time-consuming, cause. Similarly, organized baseball would never prosper if the public schools, by taking charge of the children, did not give the Old Man a chance to attend the games. The rise of sports had swiftly followed upon the development of education. In pre-education days, the circus and the zoo had been the chief sporting events: children could be taken to both.

Finally, there was the great field of ethics and morality and religion. It was only on minds set free from household cares that the uplift got in its deadly work. It was the fact that the children were busy elsewhere that gave parents (particularly mothers) leisure to agitate for pure food laws, and Mann Acts, and to make genial old John Barleycorn dive for the storm cellar. There had been of late years much talk about the breaking up of family life. The Professor wondered if it wasn't because the family was no longer needed for looking after the children: they were cared for during most of their waking hours (and, in higher education, frequently when they were asleep) by the State. In the train of education there followed the collapse of home life, impermanency of marriage, frequency of divorce, and the deplorably one-sided delights of alimony. The family, thought the Professor, seemed to be going the way of the vermiform appendix; it was rapidly getting to the place where it had no function to perform.

The Professor had been traveling fast and now had his quarry in full view. He could see that it was education that had built up the motion picture industry, that was responsible for the cults of psychoanalysis and spiritualism, and contributed, at least, to the demand for automobiles and good roads. With a little more leisure (which, being a teacher, he would never have) he thought he might show the relation of education to Einstein and even to the Quantum Theory. But he perceived suddenly that he had done enough: he had found the justification of education. Previous investigators had missed it because they had looked for it in the wrong place. They had looked for results of education among the students, while as a matter of fact they were to be found only among the parents. Students fulfilled their mission in life by their absence; they contributed to progress by making a vacancy. If schools could be kept going all the year around, six days a week, the world would truly be a lovely habitation. If to this could be added a compulsory Sunday school for all under the age of eighteen, culture would spread itself like the green bay tree, and the millennium would hurry into its seven-league boots and come a-running.

Editor's Easy Chair

WANTED: INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION!

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE is need of better co-operation in international affairs. It is sought earnestly in London at this writing in an effort to limit or reduce the world's supply of warships. Then there is the matter of our wheat, which has been on the mind of the Farm Board. Our farmers have been advised by their government not to sell at too low a price, therefore, at this writing a lot of American wheat is held in elevators, and predictions are made that more and more will so accumulate, so that the new crop which begins to come in in July will be embarrassed to find storage.

So we seem to have too much wheat, particularly since our crop has been held back and other nations, Canada and Argentina among them, have caught the market. We seem to have too much wheat; but China, by all accounts, has not enough. The accounts we get of people dying there in the streets of starvation are highly picturesque but not at all pleasant. If we could connect some of our surplus wheat with that starving population it might be a profitable association.

But the main trouble in China, according to the accounts we get, is not primarily a lack of food or a lack of money to acquire it, but the chaotic political condition of that huge country which makes a proper distribution and protection of supplies impossible. China is overrun with soldiers, bandits, and revolution. The Nationalist government at Nanking is not strong and its existence depends a good deal upon the support of the foreigners in the treaty ports and especially at Shanghai. The Nationalist Government keeps its money at Shanghai in the banks of the foreign settlement, which is the only convenient safe place for money that it knows of in China.

The foreign legations and embassies to China are located at Peking in North China, seven hundred miles away from the seat of the present government of the country. That is where residence is provided for our new Ambassador, Mr. Johnson. If the Nationalist Government is going to survive and the capital is to remain at Nanking, which is up the river seven hours distant from Shanghai, the diplomatic personages now resident at Peking will have to move to Nanking. At present in China, it is as though the capital of the United States were moved to St. Louis or Kansas City, and the diplomats all remained in Washington.

For centuries China's great trouble was from Tartar invasions, and the government was domiciled at Peking near the Great Wall as being a handy place from which to stand off invaders. But that peril has passed, and if invasions should come now they would come from the sea, and the place most necessary to protect and defend is Shanghai, the New York of China, and the port of Nanking with the vast Yangtse Kiang River, navigable to warships, connecting them. About a quar-

ter of the population of the world lives in China, lives, that is, or starves; and the problem of reorganizing that country is about the biggest and most important world problem now claiming attention. The old conventions in China about politics and religion on which Chinese civilization was based are pretty well gone to grass, owing not a little to the ministrations of Protestant missionaries. The job of replacing them with something better is colossal, and one of the leading agencies in its prospective settlement is the United States.

So we may just as well give a little thought to China and even study her map a little, because we shall have to, shortly, whether we like it or not. She is the greatest market in the world. When she is moderately modernized and put in order and becomes productive according to her capacity and able to buy and sell and trade in proportion to her industry and resources, all the world will be enriched. Brazil needs her to buy accumulated coffee, just as we do to buy wheat. So on that account she is worth helping.

And also on another account—her very able and industrious people are so different in race and tradition from the Europeans that they are not acceptable in quantity as additions to populations of European descent in any part of the world. The more reason for helping to make home happy for them. We need them as producers and consumers. They have stopped consuming silver, and in consequence silver cannot be produced just now at a profit. There seems to be rather too many of them, but if that is really true, Protestant missionaries will in due time no doubt provide them with instruction in birth control and other modern policies.

A big job, China, very, very big and worth doing! We must all give more thought to it, even Mr. Borah. And as to wheat, though that detail is difficult, it is worth noting that we happen to have as President just now the greatest living expert in feeding starving people. He probably knows about what one hears of as "the new political economy," which seems to take more thought than has been hitherto bestowed on the detail of increasing the competence of possible consumers to buy the objects that mass production can produce. Henry Ford is interested in that. Senator Grundy, of Pennsylvania, seems a little backward about it. He has not yet seen the vision of immense world production and a corresponding exchange of commodities among all the nations. None of the Protective Tariff gentlemen is as advanced in these matters as one might wish. Just as France is imperfectly conscious of the rest of Europe, so Pennsylvania, for example, seems imperfectly conscious of the rest of the United States.

Whether anybody in China would be more favorably disposed to us for sharing our wheat with them is uncertain and, of course, does not make much difference. If our measures meet the approval of Wisdom that crieth in the gate that is all we ought to want.

THERE is also another imaginable use for surplus wheat near at home. One does not have to read the newspapers to learn about unemployment. As April begins, he sees it in the street: bread lines in some places, and wherever there is construction going on, more or less unemployed men about watching other men work. One gets news of unemployment also in the mail. Suggestions of all kinds from organizations, long-established or impromptu, that money is needed to tide people who are out of a job over hard places. Our social organization is still imperfect, as are all others we know about which are operating in this world at this time. The most radical experiment is in Russia, and the idea underlying it is to secure to the real creators of wealth the wealth that they produce. That is a very ambitious purpose, complicated by the fact that the greatest factor in the production of wealth is brains; the brains which give employment to hands and

make their labor profitable. The Russians have Karl Marx and Stalin, who is said to be letter-perfect in Marxian theories, and the United States has Henry Ford and mass production. Russia is going to put her mark on the twentieth century. Henry Ford has already put his mark on it. Stalin and Henry are both fairly ruthless people. But that is nothing. What they stand for—the ideas and ideals that they work for—is the important thing. Owen Young made a speech in California and said that isolation of America, either economic or politic, is impossible. That means that whatever is going to happen to the rest of the world is going to happen in a measure to us also. We are not going to remain rich, comfortable, and tidy while the rest of mankind, or any very large part of it, goes ragged and hungry. We have got to take large views in this world and try to realize that we are a responsible part of it, responsible in the exact proportion to our prosperity and power.

France does not seem to be of a mind to agree with Owen Young's veto of isolation. France is for France—French life, French knowledge, French art, French habits, French morals, French food, French drinks. Well, there is so much appreciation of all these French treasures that perhaps it may be possible to keep France as a sort of museum piece in a reconstructed world; but it will never be possible so to keep the United States.

There is more than usual determined effort proceeding in Chicago to put a stop to racketeering and quite a strong disposition in the same direction in New York and doubtless elsewhere. Racketeering is when persuasive persons with guns come to grocers, clothing men, restaurant keepers, speak-easy keepers, market men and other persons in business and offer protection at the price of tribute. The persons who offer protection are called racketeers. If the offer is declined, the practice is to put a bomb on the doorstep, start a fire in the cellar, or otherwise impede the natural course of business of the reluctant merchant. The effect of racketeering is to put up the price of things, so it constitutes a tax on contemporary life. Of course, there are objections to it, but it seems a very natural process. It is just the Good Old Rule—that those shall take who have the power and those shall keep who can.

For consider the new tariff discussion! Gentlemen interested in various products get together in some purlieu of the Senate and agree upon something. Then the gentlemen interested in oil vote to pass the tax demanded by the gentlemen interested in sugar and vice versa, and both do something for lumber in return for having lumber do something for them, and so on, and so on, and so the price of living is raised by the cost of protection just as it is in the case of the racketeers.

The more one examines this contemporary world the queerer it is, and the likelier it seems that it is on the way to radical reconstruction. What is the matter with it? Just one thing—man. The plant is good enough. It seems to have about everything that is necessary or desirable for human life, and if things do not go on as they should it is because men have not yet learned to live as they should. Some have. There are some really creditable performances.

AN UNUSUAL number of notable people have died recently: Clemenceau, Balfour, Chief Justice Taft, Doctor Hadley, and others. Mary Wilkins Freeman was one of the others. Her stories were very acceptable to a generation now passed. Her publishers know whether the current contemporary generation reads them or not, but probably not. But they were good stories in their day.

The most interesting of the recently departed was Lord Balfour. He was a tall, long-legged man and seemed to live in an atmosphere somewhat superior to that in which ordinary mortals func-

tion. The range of his interests was extraordinarily wide, and his mind seemed to work well on any job he put it to. The most prevalent and usual employment of mankind he never had to be concerned with. He never had to make a living. He got his ready made and apparently ample for all his requirements. Harold Begbie complained of him that he seemed indifferent whether anyone else had any money or not, which may have been true, but only because it was a subject to which his mind was not much called. In spite of that complaint he was kindly, sympathetic, and interested in his way in everything that concerned human life, from psychical research to golf. He was Premier of England for two or three years and he almost always had conspicuously to do with government in some capacity or other. He came to the United States, as we all remember, to help us get into the War and again at the time of the Washington Conference to cut down navies. He was always ready apparently to take a hand in any useful job, and yet life never seemed to worry him. Perhaps he was a man of faith. He behaved as though he were. His life seemed geared to spirituality. When he dined with Mr. Choate toward the close of his War mission here, the dinner-table talk turned on immortality, the prospect, that is, of the survival of personality. If greatness in a man is measured by understanding of life, possibly Lord Balfour will be rated as the greatest Englishman of his time. He was certainly one of the most charming. But who is greatest is not very important, and the conclusion of one generation about that is apt to be reversed by the next.

Doctor Hadley was like Balfour in the great variety of matters that his mind worked on. It was an extraordinary mind, very able and tireless. If one set out to criticize him it might be said he was too busy; but probably that would not be true, for he was meant to be busy. His mind was hardly of the brooding sort, which is perhaps its greatest variety, but was a tremendous organ for the acquisition and application of knowledge. Moreover, he was a kindly and affectionate human being and a good preacher. He seemed to know as much about religion as he did about railroads. As a college president he was not quite a brilliant success, but he was far from being a failure, and his kindliness of spirit and understanding of the details of the pursuit of knowledge must have made him very agreeable to his colleagues to work with.

Yale may be said to have lost her two most illustrious graduates within a week, Doctor Hadley one, the other Mr. Taft.

Mr. Taft seemed to have chosen for his job to be a public servant. He held office nearly all his working life and nearly always by appointment. He was a man other men liked to use. In character and ability and capacity to work he looked very good to them and he was so kind and amiable as to gain credit for any administrator who succeeded in enlisting him.

CANNOT something be done towards keeping acceptable bishops of the Episcopal Church on their job in this life for a longer period? Three valuable bishops, all highly regarded, have gone to glory within a few months at ages not much exceeding sixty: Bishop Brent of Buffalo and Europe, Bishop Slattery of New York and Boston, and Bishop Shipman of New York. To be a bishop in a large diocese of the Episcopal Church seems to call for an athlete in the pink of physical condition and certainly not over forty years old. Men are wanted who can sprint about the country, sleep in damp beds, eat strange food, and still keep in the running. St. Paul could have done all that. How old was he when he started his apostolate? Doubtless not over forty, probably younger. But nowadays the Episcopal Church doesn't catch bishops as young as that.

Personal and Otherwise

THIS is our eightieth birthday. The first issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE appeared in June, 1850.

That first issue, as one turns its yellowed pages, makes a curious contrast with the present one. How different it was in outward appearance you may see by glancing at the frontispiece of this number. It was as different within as without. The type was so small that one wonders how readers' eyes stood the strain. There were no advertisements. There were a few line-cut illustrations, including several fashion-plates of ladies in straw bonnets and dresses embodying "the present tendency . . . to adopt the extreme ornamental elegance of the middle ages." And the reading matter consisted almost wholly of material reprinted (unsigned) from the British journals of the day—stories, articles, essays, book-reviews (and among other things a death-notice of William Wordsworth).

The editors' foreword explained that "the design of the Publishers in issuing this work is to place within reach of the great mass of the American people the unbounded treasures of the Periodical Literature of the present day." In other words, HARPER'S MAGAZINE began as a monthly miscellany of items selected from other publications, mostly British.

To-day the Magazine is dressed in orange instead of dull brown; the columns and cherubs of the original cover, after having gone through various modifications at the hands of John W. Alexander, Maxfield Parrish, and other artists, have given way to Mr. Dwiggins's modern type-design; the print has grown in size and legibility, and the illustrations (including the fashion-plates!) have departed. We are now able to publish the Magazine at a price which—if we take into account the shrinkage of the dollar—is only a fraction of the three-dollar rate of 1850, which the publishers of those days regarded as very low. The practice of reprinting material from foreign sources was given up as American writers gained in skill and power; and although the Magazine naturally still draws upon England and the Continent for contributions, its tone and the majority of its contents have long been unqualifiedly American. In 1850 there were few magazines in the United States, now there are over two thousand; and as a result HARPER'S has inevitably become more individualized. Varied as are its interests and its contents, it has become first of all a vehicle for the free and lively discussion of those problems which concern the leaders of the best sort of American public opinion. In a sense, then, the HARPER'S of June, 1930, is as different from the HARPER'S of June, 1850, as the America of to-day is from that of fourscore years ago.

Yet in another sense there has been no change at all: the spirit is the same. The editorial foreword of that first issue expressed a desire that the Magazine might "make its way into the hands or the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States." The emphasis then as now was upon intelligence, upon the satisfaction of cultured tastes, upon providing the best for those who know enough to recognize the best when they see it. During all these eighty years the aim of Harper & Brothers has been not merely to publish a profitable magazine, but to publish, profitably if possible, a magazine of the highest quality.

It is with some reluctance that we admit to being octogenarians. For pleasant as it is to hear from those old friends who knew and enjoyed us when we were young, it is still more pleasant to be told that we are young to-day. The only sort of magazine worth publishing or reading is the magazine every issue of which comes as a fresh sur-

prise, a fresh stimulus, a fresh look forward into the future. So if you feel kindly toward us as we light the eighty candles on our cake, wish us, please, a new birth every month for another eighty years.

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The success of *A Preface to Morals*, one of the most influential books published in recent years, has made the name of its author, ***Walter Lippmann***, familiar to a great number of readers, not all of whom may be aware that Mr. Lippmann is also the editor of the New York *World* and one of the shrewdest political analysts in the country. Among Mr. Lippmann's other books are *A Preface to Politics*, *Public Opinion*, *The Phantom Public*, and *Men of Destiny*.

Stella Benson's work is on the whole better known in England than on this side of the water, but American readers of *The Poor Man*, *Pipers and a Dancer*, and *Good-Bye, Stranger* are acquainted with her unusual gifts. Many HARPER readers will recall her strange story, "The Man Who Missed the Bus," or the amusing tale entitled "The Prank" (about the man who played the hose into a stateroom window on shipboard). As the wife of J. C. O'Gorman Anderson of the Chinese Customs Service Miss Benson has lived much in China—which accounts for the background of her present story.

We could wish nothing better for ***Leslie Roberts's*** article than that it might be read by every Senator and Representative in Washington and by every office-holder whose acts might in any way affect the relations between the United States and Canada. Mr. Roberts is a Canadian newspaper man who has served on various newspapers in Canada and New York and for the past three years has been free-lancing—contributing to Canadian magazines, writing *These Be Your Gods* (a collection of satirical portraits of Canadian leaders), and working on a forthcoming novel. He served overseas during the War; and, as he puts it, "after getting along fairly well for four years with nothing but superficial markings, contrived to attract all the scrap-iron flying in the vicinity of Cambrai in October, 1918, and has a fairly useless arm and similar leg as a result."

Mary Borden was born and brought up in the United States but has lived under the beneficent influence of the English climate since her marriage to Brigadier-General Spears. Her novels include *Jane—Our Stranger*, *Three Pilgrims and a Tinker*, *Jericho Sands*, and *Flamingo*. In an article in our April issue she ably defended French morals.

As in the account of "Roosevelt and the 1912 Disaster" which we published last month, ***Owen Wister*** combines narrative with interpretation in his story of his friendship with Roosevelt during the dark years of the War. These recollections will form the concluding part of Mr. Wister's forthcoming book, *Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship*, which will take a place alongside *The Virginian*, *Lin McLean*, *The Seven Ages of Washington*, *The Pentecost of Calamity*, and Mr. Wister's other distinguished volumes.

In "The Daughter of a Princess," ***Charles Caldwell Dobie***, the San Franciscan whose stories have appeared consistently for many years past in anthologies of the best American short fiction, brings before us again a character with whom readers of his work have already become familiar—the engaging baker, Josef Vitek.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York, which is now completing its new home on Riverside Drive, is perhaps the most influential American preacher of our day. In this issue he carries on a discussion to which he contributed last December with his paper entitled "Religion Without God?" Since that article appeared we have published two others on the same general topic from different points of view: Professor Allport's "The Religion of a Scientist" and Elmer Davis's "God Without Religion."

Stewart Edward White's recollections of his boyhood hunting excursions will appeal to dog-lovers, to hunters, and to many who never owned a dog or walked the woods for grouse but enjoy the outdoors as Mr. White and his companion did in those well-remem-

bered days of a generation ago. Nobody writes more delightfully than he of life in the open, as readers of *The Blazed Trail, The Forest, The Mountains*, and his other more recent books will bear witness.

The endlessly fascinating subject of European contrasts with America offers a theme perfectly suited to the analytical skill of ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould,*** whose essays and short stories appear frequently in HARPER'S. Mrs. Gerould spent last summer in Europe.

Roland English Hartley is a coming California fiction-writer whose mordant story of "Office Hours" (in a dentist's office) appeared a few months ago. This is his second appearance in our pages.

It was ***Lillian Symes*** who wrote "What Shall We Tell the Children?" in our April, 1929, issue, and followed it with "Still a Man's Game" and "The Last Frontier" (a paper on the migration of young hopefuls to New York). She is a Californian who lives in New York and has divided her time between journalism and industrial research. In her subtitle to "Still a Man's Game" she called herself a "slightly tired feminist"; tired or not, however, she has little sympathy with the masculinists.

The past winter has been a critical time for the aviation industry and a confusing one for those who knew that flying had a future but saw company after company going to the wall. Just what is its status to-day and what problems must it solve to achieve a real prosperity? These questions are answered by ***Francis D. Walton,*** aviation editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

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The first poem of the month was found recently among the papers of the late ***Katherine Mansfield*** (Kathleen Beauchamp, later Mrs. J. Middleton Murry), who was brought up in New Zealand, had an all-too-brief literary career in London, wrote some of the most poignant stories and letters of our time, and died in 1923. The other poets are ***Dorothy Aldis*** (Mrs. Graham Aldis) of Chicago, a new contributor who has to her credit three books for children; ***Katherine Garrison Chapin*** (Mrs. Francis Biddle) of Philadelphia, whose recent HARPER poems have won much praise; ***Helene Magaret*** of Omaha, who is now studying at Barnard (and has made one previous appearance in our pages); and ***V. Sackville-West,*** the English novelist and poet whose long poem, *The Land*, won the Hawthornden Prize for 1927.

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This is professors' month in the Lion's Mouth. ***Charles A. Bennett,*** a veteran contributor to this department, is professor of philosophy at Yale; ***R. S. Cotterill*** represents the faculty of Florida State College.

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An error in John Gunther's article, "Funneling the European News," calls for correction. Mr. Gunther said the New York *Sun* had one correspondent abroad; we are informed that it has now more than twenty-five representatives in foreign capitals and larger cities, with special arrangements for coverage in other news centers. On January first of this year, the *Sun* discontinued an arrangement for the use of the Chicago *Daily News* foreign service and began national distribution of its own service through the Consolidated Press Association.

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Stuart Chase's article on "The Mad Hatter's Dirty Teacup" brought forth a chorus of applause and of corroborative testimony. "I wish the article could be read over every radio in the country every night for a year," wrote a Milwaukeean. A physician at a state hospital in New York State, writing "to say amen to every word of it," reported:

> Our public roads, hospital roads, and woods are littered and desecrated. I scavenge in summer, seething with rage. When I remonstrate, people are insolent or indifferent—they say if they are on state property it is no one's business. They used to climb and batter down chestnuts, build fires, take up little evergreens we had set out; and they gather 150 trilliums (one person), emerge with them all wilted, then throw them away. They break down dogwood, *cut* bittersweet vines to get at them. . . . In a quiet country road I saw a

party of motorists rapidly gathering sweet corn, and I have often seen them take boxes of vegetables from our hospital farm. Even our sap-buckets were carried away when people found them near the road.

Similar instances too numerous for quotations are cited by other readers. Our correspondence reeks with indignant references to banana-peels, contaminating sewage, broken dishes, leaky tins, peanut shells, river-banks encrusted with debris, etc.

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The Tulsa *Tribune*, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, devotes two columns to a violent attack on us and on Frances Woodward Prentice, whose "American Crude," it charges, is an attempt to "kick the slats out of" Tulsa. The reply is too long to quote in full, but the following representative paragraphs will show that the *Tribune* itself can kick slats with the best of us:

"American Crude" is what Mrs. Prentice, a former resident of Tulsa, calls her description of types she attempts to picture. She probably would not deny that she had Tulsa definitely in mind. Knowing seaboard editors to have a high-hat attitude toward the "low-hat" West, as they see it, she carries to their market the wares she thinks they will buy. And HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE buys them. The crudeness rests less upon the writer than the editors of HARPER'S who pay real money for the privilege of broadcasting the crude attempt at cleverness.

The "American Crude" that this writer, these editors, and publishers hold up to ridicule is not a tenth as crude as the purveyors of the false picture. For the "crudes" delineated are themselves empire builders. They invest themselves in the cause of commonwealth making. They are awakening to a growing intelligence and a perfecting integrity. If that be crude Americanism, then the whole fabric of our flag is colorless gunny-sack stuff, for of this our every state is made, including New York whose great seal screeches "Excelsior."

HARPER'S MONTHLY and its paid defamers of state builders are the evidence of the real American crude. It is no disgrace, as we comprehend America, to build a great state in twenty-three years, to convert the wilderness of the century into towering towns and commonwealth colleges. They are crude who revel in seeming frailties which are themselves virtues because they are but the evidences of an aspiration that is rapidly finding direction to a positive cultured end. The wheat pit and the pig pen of Chicago's food mart built one of America's greatest art schools. The same ascension is in process right here in Tulsa. HARPER'S is ridiculously crude not to see and reveal that fine romance but instead harpoon it. . . .

Out here in this "crude" Oklahoma we are doing something more than convert range land into perfected farms. We are doing something more than pump crude petroleum out of the bowels of the earth. We are fostering a petroleum chemistry. We are subsidizing physicists in research to find the by-product that will be fed by crude bulk production and which refinements will bring art to Tulsa as the meat packers brought it to Chicago, as the timber cutters of Minnesota developed symphonies, and all of which has been making the magic Manhattan, which the provincial Manhattanite thought he himself had made. . . .

We are conscious of our crudities. Sure we have them. We suffer from an overproduction of them. But even those of us who are subjected to ridicule are contributing more to the social integrities and commonwealth aspirations than the very writers who for profit assassinate aspirations. And we are building bigger than the editors, who to gratify an ingrown egotism publish slander against those who by a purposeful living are trying to make the stars on our flag shine with greater luster.

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Readers of Harold J. Laski's recent essays in HARPER'S may be glad of the reminder that several of them are included in his new book, *The Dangers of Obedience*, which has just been published by Harper & Brothers.

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We have received so many comments on "The Barren Twig Protests"—including more than twenty articles written in reply, several of them by "fruitful branches" or "fruitful vines"—that we shall have to postpone printing any of them until next month. You can't celebrate your eightieth birthday and conduct a symposium on modern marriage in the same department in the same month.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

The Banker's Personal Touch

By PAUL TOMLINSON

"CONSULT your banker," and "Before you invest, investigate," are two pieces of advice that investors familiar with financial literature have encountered, probably, hundreds of times. Perhaps they are tired of such advice. Perhaps they have followed it on occasion and do not consider that the results have been particularly satisfactory. Perhaps they do not have an especially high regard for bankers, feeling that their recommendations may be prejudiced in favor of securities in which they themselves have an interest.

IT may be that objections to this advice are justified. Certainly no one would pretend that all bankers are infallible, or that all investigations, no matter how thorough, are going to protect the investor from loss in one hundred cases out of every hundred. On the other hand, it is undoubtedly true that those who have followed this advice have on the whole fared far better than those who have not; it is also a fact that organizations like the Investment Bankers Association believe it to be sound, and their opinion is expert, based on long experience, and in the interests of investors. What is more, can anyone offer advice that is any better?

NOW, if an investor consults his banker he is, of course, investigating before he invests; if he investigates before investing he will naturally have to consult his banker in the process. Is his banker going to give him sound and unprejudiced advice? Can he rely upon his banker's recommendations? Are results, in other words, going to be happy? The answer to his last question, it seems to us, depends not only upon the banker, but upon the nature of the relationship between the banker and the investor.

OBVIOUSLY there are all kinds of bankers, just as there are all kinds of lawyers, or doctors, or dentists. Some have more knowledge of investments than others, more experience, and keener judgment. Some have better connections than others, and are closer to the sources of investment information, which is a point to remember, for in the last analysis no person can form a sound

opinion of investment values merely on the information he himself possesses.

THERE are, of course, many different classes of bankers: the man who is connected with a bank, for instance; the investment banker; the investment counsel; and for the purpose of this discussion, the broker should probably be included. All of these people have their place, and their legitimate functions; the problem for the investor is to find the one who will give him the best advice and look after his interests most effectively. How shall this be done? Who of these various people is going to be the best one for the investor to consult, before whom to lay his problems, whose advice he can most advantageously follow?

THE ordinary banker—the man in a bank—is not concerned, of course, exclusively with investments. His duties require him to give a considerable portion of his time to other things: loans to customers, commercial paper, trust matters perhaps, new accounts, and many of the other ramifications of a modern bank's business. Not giving all of his time and attention to investment matters, can he be expected to know as much about them as the man who is concerned with them to the exclusion of all else? On the face of it, the answer would seem to be negative, and it would look as if the investor might do better to lay his case before someone who is more of a specialist. The ordinary bank, on the other hand, has connections which make high grade information available, and while it may take a little longer to get it, it is probable that when it is forthcoming it will be sound.

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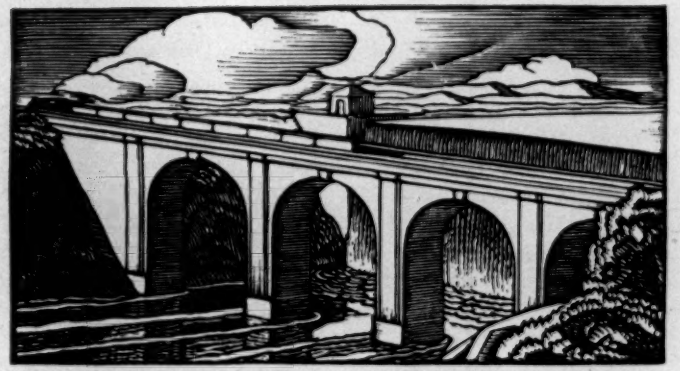

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Investing in Electric Power

GROSS revenues of the electric light and power industry in the United States have increased each year during the last decade. The annual rate of increase has varied from 7% to 18%, and the average per year has been 10.8%. This industry deals in a necessary commodity for which the demand is but moderately affected by periodical business declines. The uses for electricity are constantly broadening and distribution is constantly widening. More people are buying electricity, and the average consumer is buying more of it.

United Founders Corporation has important investments in the electric light and power industry and other divisions of the public utility field. Through its principal utility investments its interests extend to electric power and light, gas, telephone, water or transportation service furnished to communities in forty states of the Union. With the increasing population and widening use of electricity and other services, its investments in the public utility field should ultimately enhance greatly in value.

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UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

This advertisement is the second of a series outlining the investment activities of United Founders Corporation

WHAT about the investment banker? Here is a man who is in the investment business, and is concerned with nothing else. All of his time and attention are focused on securities; he thinks, and talks, and studies securities all day long, and probably dreams about them most of the night. He is an underwriter and a distributor. Facts about all kinds and varieties of investments are at his finger tips, or readily procurable from the statistical department in the adjoining room. True, he has securities of his own to sell, and if he recommends them to you, you may be inclined to think he is prejudiced in their favor and is trying to make a profit out of you. But why shouldn't he be prejudiced in favor of his own securities? If he is the right kind of an investment banker it is fair to suppose that he would not put his own money into securities he did not think were good. And why shouldn't he make a profit? Men are in business for the purpose of making profits, and why should an attempt to realize this ambition be held against an investment banker any more than against anyone else?

THEN there is the investment counsel. He is a comparative newcomer in the investment field, and service is the commodity he is principally concerned in selling. Sometimes he keeps actual physical possession of your securities, and buys and sells at his own discretion. Sometimes he merely has a record of what you own, and makes recommendations which you can follow or not as you see fit. His reputation and his future rest upon the success of his advice, however, and it is safe to say he is going to do his best for you. And, like the investment banker, he lives and breathes in the atmosphere of securities; and he, too, has facts and figures con-

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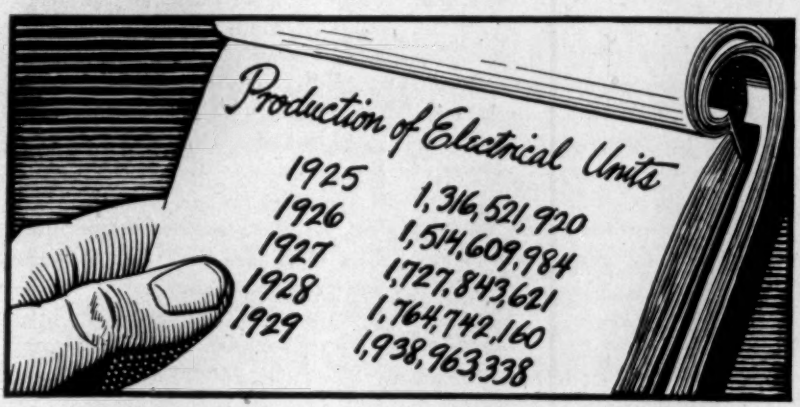
How to Figure the investment values behind the securities of the American Water Works and Electric Company



Expressed in Terms of Human Relations—

This means that there is a constant increase in comfort, convenience and well being in scores of thousands of homes.

It also means that the opportunity for work and the earning power of hundreds of thousands of men and women are enlarged because of this steady gain in power consumption.

Such is the social significance of these figures that they are of profound importance not only to the investor whose funds provide the service, but to the public which furnishes the ever increasing demand.

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WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
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cerning them ready to hand. He may be the man you are looking for; certainly he is doing a lot of investors a lot of good.

THE broker, of course, is concerned primarily with the buying and selling of securities on commission. In the strict sense of the term he is merely an agent, and recommendations are outside his province. True, some brokers do recommend investments to their customers, but many of them are very careful not to do anything more than execute orders given them, refusing absolutely to make suggestions of any sort.

WHICH of these various types of people in the investment business is the best one for investors? Like everything else, it all depends. Are you a big investor, or are you one of the little fellows? It is natural that bankers who make a profit on the sale of securities are going to try to make big sales. There is more profit for them on a big sale than on a small one, and it is human nature to pay the most attention to the accounts which bring in the largest profits. On the other hand, the rich man is likely to have a wider personal knowledge of investments than the man of small means; the very fact of a man's having large investments means that much of his time is taken up in looking after them, and as a result he is bound to become more or less of an investment expert himself. He does not need as much advice as his less fortunate fellows, and is more likely to go it alone. He is sought after by sellers of investments, of course, but he is not always in need of their advice, being qualified to decide for himself whether the securities offered him are what he wants or not. It is the average investor, the ordinary man, who has only

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Established 1899

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The rise of CITIES SERVICE to its present rank as one of America's greatest industrial enterprises is one of the romances of modern business.

CITIES SERVICE growth has been continuous for nineteen years because it is engaged in highly essential undertakings—the production and distribution of such everyday necessities as electricity, gas and petroleum. CITIES SERVICE grows with the Nation.

So wisely have CITIES SERVICE capital investments been made, and so ably has this capital been managed, that, since its formation, net earnings of CITIES SERVICE COMPANY have grown from less than $1,000,000 in 1911 to over $43,000,000 in 1929.

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Securities of CITIES SERVICE COMPANY and its subsidiaries are today held by more than 750,000 investors—institutions and individuals, more than 350,000 of whom are owners of CITIES SERVICE Common stock.

At the current market price, CITIES SERVICE Common stock yields, annually, over 6½% in stock and cash—payable monthly.

When you invest in CITIES SERVICE Common stock you become a partner in one of the largest industrial organizations in the country, with a record of nineteen years of growth—and an assured future of greater usefulness.

Mail coupon below and we will send you, without obligation on your part, an interesting booklet describing CITIES SERVICE and its investment securities.

The Warren Plant of The Ohio Public Service Company

THE OHIO PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

Operates modern generating plants with combined installed capacity of 130,000 kilowatts. Owns over 2,200 miles of transmission and distribution lines, including 225 miles of 132,000 volt steel tower transmission line which is interconnected with the high tension transmission systems of other utilities.

The Company supplies, at retail or wholesale, all the domestic lighting and substantially all the commercial light and power requirements of 180 communities in northern Ohio, having an estimated population of 395,000.

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60 Wall Street △ New York City

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Cities Service Radio Program—every Friday, 8 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time—N.B.C. Coast-to-Coast and Canadian network—33 Stations.

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY,
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Send copy of booklet describing the Cities Service organization and the investment possibilities of its securities.

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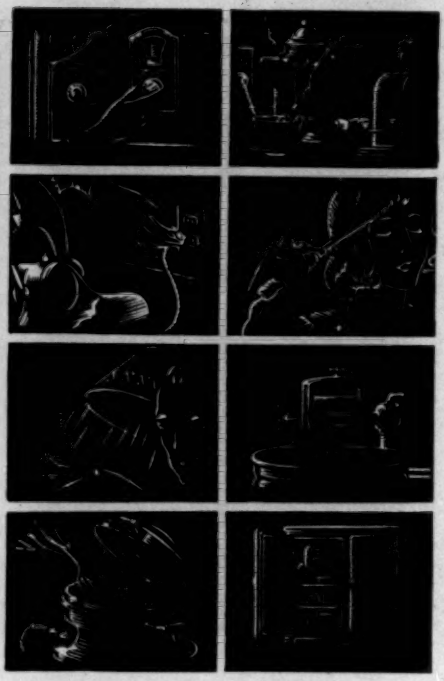

ESSENTIAL TO MODERN LIVING

INCREASING are the uses of electricity. Think how many times you turn a switch . . . press a button.

Commonwealth Edison Company, serving Chicago electrically, had 950,800 customers on December 31, 1929. The sale of electricity per capita for 1929 was 1,190 kilowatt hours, an increase of 8.2% over the preceding year. Steadily the use of electricity becomes more widespread . . . more essential to modern living.

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230 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO

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occasional funds to invest, who needs assistance. Investing is not a frequent enough activity of his to have gained him more than a bowing acquaintance with its problems.

INVESTING is a very intricate business. In the first place, no two investments are exactly alike, and in the second place no two investors have identical requirements. In order to invest most advantageously, therefore, it is necessary not only to know investment values, but to know what investments are best suited to the peculiar needs of the individual investor. Tax exempt bonds might be best for one man; another might profit most from common stocks; still another might find it desirable to own part stocks and part bonds. Who can decide these questions most intelligently? When we say that a banker can, what kind of a banker do we have in mind? Well, we should say a banker who knows not only securities, but who knows you, too.

A BANKER, owing to the nature of his business, is the recipient and possessor of many facts of the most confidential kind. A good banker respects this confidence, and an investor can talk as freely to a banker about his material condition as he can to the family doctor about his physical status. As a matter of fact, it seems to us that a banker—it doesn't make much difference which kind—to whom you can go and unburden your soul is the banker who can prescribe most effectively for your financial requirements. In other words, a personal touch between banker and

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and still growing

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Efficient service to three or four diversified territories has led within the past six months to the acquisition of Albuquerque and Santa Fé, New Mexico and Fayetteville and Bentonville, Arkansas. More new business is in sight.

There are many practical reasons for the increasing demand for natural gas. It is the world's cheapest fuel available in readily usable form and in sufficient quantity. It contains approximately twice the heat units of manufactured gas. It is easily handled and transported, requires no storage space and no tie-up of capital in fuel inventory, leaves no residue and gives off an even and easily controlled heat.

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INVESTMENT INFORMATION

A list of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

THE HUDSON RIVER BRIDGE OF TOMORROW: An economic study of the new Hudson River Bridge in its relation to the communities served. The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE?: This much-asked question is answered and a solution given in a booklet which bears that title. Offered by the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

"OUR INSTITUTION," an illustrated booklet describing the various types of securities and the varied services available to investors, is offered by Peabody and Company, 10 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet containing information on Public Utilities Securities of special interest to all investors is offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 230 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will gladly furnish complete information of the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

THE SEAL THAT CERTIFIES SAFETY is the title of a booklet that gives complete information of guaranteed investments; it may be obtained by addressing General Surety Company, 340 Madison Avenue, New York.

INFORMATION ABOUT NEW ENGLAND will be gladly furnished to those interested by the First National Bank of Boston, Boston, Massachusetts.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the American Founders Corporation for the fiscal year ended November 29th, 1929, may be had by addressing Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN BUSINESS, 1904–1929. A brief, conclusive survey of recent business history is offered by Hornblower & Weeks.

SAFETY AND STEADY INCOME is the title of an informative Booklet on Investments offered by R. H. Arnold & Co., 1009 Graybar Bldg., New York City.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries. It also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Offered by Henry Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

UNITED BONDS: A name given to the real estate bonds secured by high-grade properties in Detroit, and issued by the United States Mortgage Bond Company, Detroit, Mich. Interesting booklets on request.

NEW YEAR BOOK: Offered by Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago, Ill.

WATER SERVICE—THE ARISTOCRAT OF UTILITIES is an interesting booklet describing water bonds as a sound form of investment offered by P. W. Chapman & Company, Inc., 170 West Monroe Street, Chicago, or 42 Cedar Street, New York City.

SECURITY BONDS: Secured by real estate first mortgages that bear a $40,000,000 guarantee, are described in a circular which J. A. W. Iglehart & Company, 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md., will be pleased to send to you upon request.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY is the title of a new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

STOCK AND BOND REGISTER: A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior St., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

EXPERT COUNSEL both to industry requiring new capital and to those seeking sound investments in securities of the Middle West is offered by Keane, Higbie & Company, 535 Griswold St., Detroit, Michigan.

WHAT IS THE CLASS A STOCK?: This booklet gives specific facts regarding the Class A Stock and a brief analysis of the company. For copy address Associated Gas & Electric Securities Co., 61 Broadway, New York City.

A STATEMENT OF CAPITALIZATION, EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., will be mailed upon request. Offered by American Water Works and Electric Co., 50 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

CANADIAN INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES: Definite investment recommendations offered by Cochran, Hay & Co., Ltd., Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto, Canada.

client is of the utmost value; it gives the client confidence, arouses the banker's interest, and the combination is ideal.

SUPPOSE, for example, that one of your financial problems is to provide money for your son's college education six years from now; a banker can probably suggest how you should plan your investments so as to be ready to meet this obligation when the time arrives. Suppose you are buying a house; should you use all your capital in paying for it, or would it be advantageous to give a mortgage for part of the purchase price and retain some of your securities? A banker fully cognizant of your circumstances can help you with such a problem. Suppose you personally would choose only common stocks as investments; a banker, knowing your position or business and the requirements of your family, might possibly convince you that a different distribution is advisable.

THE more a banker knows about you the better he can prescribe for you. Just as a doctor must know your physical history and present condition before he can help to make you bodily sound, so a banker must be acquainted with your material circumstances if he is to make you financially fit. Further, if periodic visits to doctors and dentists are accepted as a matter of course by most people nowadays, why could not regular and even more frequent calls on one's banker profitably be added to this routine? What is more, bankers don't send bills for their advice, but it is entirely possible that by following their suggestions it would be easier for you to meet the bills which inevitably follow visits to these other professional ministrants.

Growth Adds 681,000 New Customers

NORMAL growth of the same properties has increased the number of customers served by the Associated System from 687,000 in 1920 to 1,368,000 at the end of 1929.

An interesting feature of this growth is its regularity. Year in and out, the number of customers has increased at an annual rate of about 10%. This steady growth in customers has been accompanied by a similar growth in earnings. Since 1920 gross earnings have increased 109%—number of customers 99%.

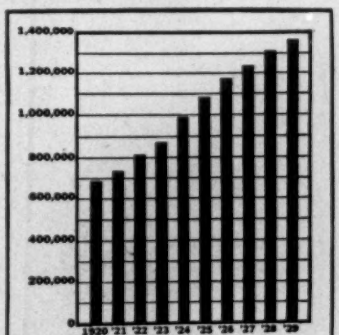

Chart shows number of customers.

To make an Associated investment write for Folder F-1.

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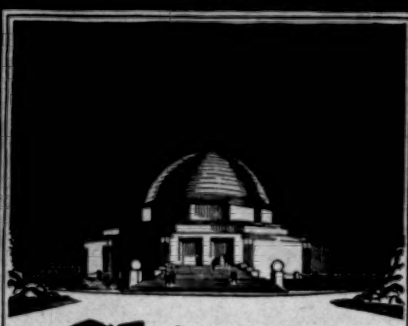

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made an island in Lake Michigan as the site for America's first planetarium—the new Adler Planetarium. It contains the famous German scientific apparatus which will bring the vastness of the heavens within normal vision, by finger-touch electrical control. Commonwealth Edison Company provides the dependable electric service.

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Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 161 consecutive quarterly dividends to its stockholders. Send for Year Book. Stock listed on The Chicago Stock Exchange.

YOUR

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It is not "What shall I buy?" but "What do I need?" The National City Company will be glad to recommend high grade securities which are suitable for your individual requirements. Offices in 50 leading cities.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

A CAMP

FOR YOUR BOY OR GIRL?

If you are planning to send your boy or girl to a camp next summer, we would commend for your consideration the announcements that appear in the Summer Camp Section which will be found in the front part of this issue.

The facilities of our School Information Bureau are also at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the summer camp best suited to your demands. Address

School Information Bureau

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street New York, N. Y.

ONLY the other day a man told us that he had adopted the practice of discussing his list of investment holdings with a banker friend every two or three months. The very first conference resulted in a revision of his holdings, which meant an increase of fifteen per cent in annual income, and an appreciation in capital value after two months of nine per cent. How could anyone make money easier than that? The sole cost was a little time and effort, and yet this man now has safer investments than he had before, a larger income, and increased capital assets. What can be done for one man can be done for others. Few of us have any well defined program or scheme of investing; we buy this or that, hit or miss mostly, with little or no thought to the relation of one part of the structure to the whole. And after all most laymen have knowledge of only a very limited number of investments at best. Possibly, probably rather, there are scores of others which could be owned to better advantage, and the chances are we should never hear of them unless we gave a banker an opportunity to introduce them to us.

BANKERS are not all infallible; they are not all one hundred per cent expert by any means. They do know more about investments than we do, however, and a personal relationship established with one of them is practically certain to result beneficially. The right man may be your local banker, perhaps some investment banker or investment counsel; but whoever he is, or of whatever kind, personal contacts with him will in an overwhelming majority of cases work out to your financial advantage.